FEBRUARY 1951

COMMENTARY

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

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The Flowering of Judaism in America *Leo S. Baeck*

The former Chief Rabbi of Berlin, now in residence at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, gives the grounds for his faith in America's capacity to develop a Judaism that, without being identical with the Judaism of Frankfort or Vilna, will yet belong authentically to the Jewish religious tradition—and meet the needs of modern man. An answer to the questions raised by David Daiches's personal view of American Judaism in this issue.

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A leading authority on modern Russian history, author of *Three Who Made a Revolution,* offers an analysis of the American Revolution, explaining why the "American Experiment," instead of succumbing to counter-revolution and hardening into a new rigidity, has continued as a "permanent revolution" still very much in progress.

Report from Indonesia *Peter Schmid*

A traveler in a nation which has recently realized its aims of complete independence and self-government reports on the paralysis and disorder that is overtaking daily life, and suggests that there is more to running a modern state than many nationalists have yet dreamed of.

British Intellectuals and British Socialism *Stephen Spender*

As a group, the British intellectuals have largely been friendly to the socialist movement, and many played an active role in assisting the Labor party to power. Yet since 1945 there has been evident a marked irritation with the life of the artist under socialism. Mr. Spender here reports on the situation of the British intellectual today, with special regard to the impact of a socialist regime upon the creative mind.

The Mind of the Executioner *L. Poliakov*

From an intensive examination of official and personal documents of Nazi Germany, Mr. Poliakov draws a picture of the thousands of Germans—some criminals, some fanatics, and some just obedient soldiers—who carried out the murder of six million Jews.

The Family *Annie Nathan Meyer*

Memoirs of a New York childhood in the years following the Civil War. Life was comfortable and respectable, but not without its occasional scandals that even a young girl could not help hearing about.

The Israel Philharmonic *Chemjo Vinaver*

The noted musical scholar and conductor of the well-known Vinaver Chorus reviews the New York performances of the Israeli symphony orchestra now touring this country.

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COMMENTARY

TOWARD ANGLO-AMERICAN UNITY ON ASIA

The Disagreements Are Real But Not Irreconcilable

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON

THE new year has begun with a meeting of the British Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London, and with another United Nations retreat in Korea. The two events have an important bearing on one another. The British Commonwealth is now very largely an Asian affair, and India in particular has been exercising pressure upon the other members not to get involved in any kind of full-scale conflict, declared or undeclared, with China. This attitude has been confirmed rather than shaken by the latest military events in Korea. The Prime Ministers of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, South Africa, and Southern Rhodesia, who met at No. 10 Downing Street in the first half of January, had before them what amounted to a choice between going along with the United States in possibly deepening the conflict with China, or adopting a line which would localize the Korean struggle and gradually bring it to an end. The indications are that they have decided to choose the latter course, even though they may vote for harmless "sanctions" at the UN.

In this attitude, India's influence plays at least as big a part as the inevitable tendency of the British government to treat the European theater as paramount. There are influential organs of opinion in this country—the *Economist* is one of them—that favor the American viewpoint, i.e. that of the State Department. Those belonging to this school have on occasions voiced criticism of what they regard as signs of European parochialism on the part of the British government. But even these critics do not deny that Britain must march in step with the Commonwealth. And the Commonwealth, for our present purpose, means India and Australia.

The Indian attitude is well known. As regards Australia, it has been stated on very good authority that the Australian government has offered to send troops to the Middle East, even as far as the Suez Canal, but will

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THE intervention of the Chinese Communists in the Korean war has faced the United Nations with the necessity of making grave decisions on a matter about which its members—even excluding the Soviet bloc—are far from united. Most troubling of all for hopes of concerted action is the fact that the British Foreign Office sees the problem in a rather different light from the American State Department, to say nothing of certain members of Congress. Some Americans have been ready to raise accusations of "appeasement" against the British government. These charges, GEORGE LICHTHEIM says, are unjustified, and he here indicates the possible lines on which a unified Far Eastern policy may yet be established. Mr. Lichtheim has contributed to numerous British periodicals as well as to COMMENTARY, in which his most recent article was "British Labor's Half-Way House," January 1950.

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not on any condition become more deeply involved in the Pacific theater. Australia did send one battalion of troops to Korea, has steadily refused to send any more, and is now engaged upon a very moderate expansion of its armed forces—the aim being a regular army of 19,000, a total regular force of 46,000, and a militia of 50,000—for the sole purpose of home defense, plus the dispatch of token forces to the Middle East, if necessary. The Australian government also continues to oppose the rearming of Japan, incidentally without incurring any of the (frequently violent) criticism in the American press which has been the lot of Britain since the Labor government came into office. Commonwealth opinion, therefore, is behind the British attitude at the UN, and frequently in advance of it. This does not mean that all the Commonwealth governments have recognized the Peking regime or favor its entry into the UN —some have not and do not (South Africa is an example). It does mean that all are equally determined to avoid a full-scale war with China, and that is what counts at the moment.

PLAIN speaking on this issue is the more necessary because Britain is being made the whipping boy for what is called "appeasement" but is better described as "disengagement." The present muddle in the UN is compounded of two different sets of disagreements: on strategy and on policy. There is disagreement over the military means to be adopted if China embarks on further aggression, and there is disagreement over the admission of Peking to the UN. The latter issue, however, seems gradually to be losing importance, as it becomes obvious that the Chinese are not trying to force their way into the UN, but have substantially adopted the view that the UN itself is the enemy. This change has weakened Nehru's plea for what might genuinely be called appeasement, i.e., making China a present of UN membership at a time when her armies are busy "liberating" other countries. It does not affect the British view that the conflict must be localized, even at the cost of losing face.

It is felt here that the UN discharged its moral obligations when it organized the "police action" in Korea. (Whether the management was up to the job is another question.) There is no moral disgrace in having been defeated, though it is disgraceful that defeat was helped along by the alternately half-hearted and adventurous conduct of the campaign—for example, crossing the 38th Parallel without having decided what to do if China should intervene. If the Chinese should try to capitalize on their victory in Korea by advancing into the rest of Southeast Asia, they will have to be fought, but there seems to be no point in formally declaring war on them, or even solemnly branding them as aggressors, in advance of such action. It is arguable that the risk of the war with China should have been faced, and an ultimatum delivered to Peking, *before* the Chinese army crossed from Manchuria into Korea, i.e. in October. But that is water over the dam. So, in all probability, is the argument that formal recognition of China by the United States a year ago, and admission of the Peking government to the UN, might have averted the Korean disaster. Very likely it would have. Very likely the Kremlin launched the Korean campaign last June in order to forestall just such a development. But it is too late now to make good these mistakes.

The British line, therefore, is one of firmness without provocation. Keeping the war undeclared and localized as long as possible is regarded here as a dictate of ordinary prudence. The Chinese revolution is now in the first great phase of expansion which generally follows an internal upheaval. London's policy from the start has been a judicious mixture of firmness and conciliation. The accent will from now on have to be on firmness, but conciliation should never be ruled out. It is hoped here that the United States will adopt a similar line, and will not be deflected from it by internal domestic pressures —especially since most of these pressures come from groups which couple their adventurism in the Orient with a stiff dose of isolationism where Europe is concerned.

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THE Korean war undoubtedly brought to light important differences, not only between the British Commonwealth viewpoint and that of the Republican opposition in the United States, but between the British and American governments as well. It might be stressed that this difference has nothing to do with the curious notion, said to have been held by some influential Americans at one time, that the Peking regime is not really Communist. The British, who never idolized Chiang Kai-shek, indeed who never took him and his regime very seriously, have never on the other hand mistaken Mao Tse-tung for anything but a Communist. Where they differ from many informed Americans is with regard to the "authentic" character of Chinese, and Asian, nationalism—even where it takes a Communist form. There is no disposition in London, as there seems to be in Washington, to draw artificial distinctions between "Communism" as such and "nationalism" as such; there is far too much evidence that all national-revolutionary movements at present are liable to develop a Communist wing, so that the real dividing line runs between those nationalists who follow the Soviet pattern and those who do not. The fact that the Chinese nationalist revolution is now in a Communist phase does not, in British eyes, render the present regime any less genuinely Chinese than was the Manchu dynasty.

It makes a considerable difference, even to your tactics, if you regard Communism as in opposition to nationalism, or if you regard it as one of the forms which revolutionary nationalism in Asia at present tends to take. To most leading Britons—Conservatives included—there is little to choose between the attitude of the Truman administration and that of the Republican opposition. (Even so orthodox a Tory as Professor Keith Feiling—Chamberlain's biographer and the leading Conservative among British historians—has flatly condemned the Allied retention of Formosa, and the support given to Chiang Kai-shek, as immoral as well as inexpedient.) And one of the more entertaining by-products of the Attlee-Truman conference was the surprise of the British on being confronted by a Mr. Acheson quite unlike the "appeaser" of the Peking government that his domestic critics had represented him to be. The British regard the Chinese revolution as a synthesis of both nationalist and Communist elements, and while they naturally hope that the synthesis won't last, they are prepared to reckon with it as, at worst, a permanent factor in the new Asia. All of which seems rather remote from the present American viewpoint upon the subject.

It is easy to underestimate the significance of these Anglo-American differences. Most of them can be temporarily smoothed over, and some have already become less noticeable with the apparent lessening of General MacArthur's influence in Washington. But the real divergence remains under the surface, untouched by the rise and fall of public excitement over Korea or by sectional pressures in both London and Washington. The British "China Lobby," unlike its American counterpart, is pacifist and favors admission of the Peking regime into the UN; but Hong Kong, whatever the Hearst press may say to the contrary, counts for much less in British policy than does the greater stolidity of the British, their dislike of military adventures on the Asiatic mainland, and the empirical cast of mind which eschews arguments starting from some abstract premise about totalitarian regimes in general. Britain has no emotional stake in China and finds it difficult to sympathize with the American disappointment over the failure of Chiang Kai-shek's regime; it suspects missionary influence behind much of the outcry. Finally, where the Far East is concerned, Whitehall is just as anxious to keep in step with India as with the United States. And "India" in this context means the Anglicized intelligentsia, which—for all its "neutralism" as between Russia and the West—is the country's only hope and, incidentally, its governing class. What else can it mean? In the East, revolutions are led by the intelligentsia. American journals and politicians who deride Nehru give proof of no great discernment, to put it mildly.

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UNTIL the Korean war, British governmental opinion had been content to treat the neighboring existence of Communist China and non-Communist India as an opportunity for the West to prove the superiority of its own techniques over those of a Soviet regime. This attitude still persists, though long-term planning has naturally been pushed somewhat into the background: it is a question now whether the ambitious six-year development plan adopted at the conference of British Commonwealth statesmen last September-October in Colombo, Ceylon, will get a chance to bear fruit.

Under the plan, which comes into effect next July, India and the other Southeast Asian countries—though Burma and Indonesia only sent observers and are not formally associated with the decisions—are to undertake a capital investment program costing over five billion dollars, a large part of which is to be provided by foreign loans and grants, including releases of blocked sterling funds in London. Although falling short of the goals originally set by some of the governments concerned—India, for example, had worked out projects costing almost twice the amount allotted to her under the plan—this program has evoked considerable hope, and will certainly have to be pushed forward regardless of military expenditures, since its main object is a vital one: to improve Asia's shockingly inadequate food supply.

The official report, published at the end of 1950, on what is known as the Colombo Plan, gives an inkling of the problem's size by pointing out that the population of Southeast Asia is likely to grow by 150 million between now and 1970. This figure takes in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Indo-China, and Indonesia. Concurrent with this population growth, standards of living have been falling in all these countries (except Malaya and Thailand) for the past several decades, probably for half a century. This brute fact, hitherto known only to readers of such specialized works as J. S. Furnivall's *Colonial Policy and Practice* (Cambridge, 1948), is now proclaimed to the whole world on the authority of the British government. The report minces no words on the subject:

"The necessary statistical data do not exist for a reliable estimate of the extent to which production is keeping pace with population growth in South and Southeast Asia, but it is highly probable that the events of the last ten years have caused production to deteriorate. As far as the land is concerned, this is not a new process, for in undivided India agricultural yields per acre had been falling before 1939. While the area under rice rose slightly from an average of 66 million acres in 1914-19 to an average of 69 million acres in 1934-39, the average yearly production of rice actually fell from 27 to 25 million tons."

What is true of India is true, more or less, of the whole area. Oddly enough, Thailand (Siam), the only country in the region which never lost its independence, is not affected by the general adverse trend. On this subject, as well as on the relative success of Japan's industrialization compared with the experiences of other, foreign-dominated Asian countries, the report is tactfully silent. On the other hand, the experts of the assembled Commonwealth governments were quite explicit about the seriousness of the actual situation:

"From such information as is available, it appears that the average income per head in most of South and Southeast Asia ranges around £20, whereas in the United Kingdom it is over ten times as large, and in the United States it approaches £400.

"By far the largest element of national income . . . is derived from agriculture, which in all the countries provides the livelihood for more than half, and in some for as much as 80 per cent, of the population. The heart of the problem is the under-employment which results from the pressure of population on the land. In Ceylon, for example, there are nearly 1,200 people who depend upon agriculture for every 1,000 acres of cultivated land. This contrasts with about 60 in Great Britain.

"The human and material resources of the area are large enough to solve its problems.

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But if they are not brought into effective use, the position will become worse. Even the present inadequate standards of nutrition will not be maintained, for the pressure of increasing populations will bring them still lower. . . ."

These are the commonplaces of Asian politics. The Lucknow conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations last October, which fell into the midst of the Colombo deliberations (and of the Korean war), had these commonplaces all spread out by speakers from a dozen Asian countries, for the benefit of the American, British, and Australian delegates present. At the end, the Manchester *Guardian* correspondent summed up the consensus of opinion as follows:

"Political stability is brittle, since it needs for its survival a satisfactory economy, but the economies are being drowned in a flood of new-born children, and except in Siam and Malaya the standard of life has been declining all over monsoon Asia. The population increases at one and a quarter per cent yearly, but production in India and Pakistan is roughly pre-war and in much of Southeast Asia still ten per cent below. The standard of living creeps steadily down, exports are cut, imports controlled, and people's hopes for the promised Welfare State dwindle. The common man loses faith."

It is against this background that London has to view the Asian problem.

THIS set of concrete problems contrasts bizarrely with the type of thinking hitherto common in the West, in which the "abolition of imperialism" or its benevolent continuance were seen as the definitive answers to the "colonial question." Actually the "abolition of imperialism" is as little a solution for Asia as is the simple re-imposition of foreign domination—no matter how well-intentioned. Indeed, the issue in Asia is no longer imperialism, a corpse flogged by some and lamented by others. The delay in recognizing this fact is a consequence of the 19th-century preoccupation with political independence. In terms of British party politics—and the Americans have taken over the relevant terminology from the British, chiefly from the Radical school of British thought—the Conservative party was imperialist because it denied the ability of Indian and other nationalists to replace the British Raj. The Liberal party's claim to anti-imperialist consistency—never fully established, since the party contained an imperialist wing—was derived from its being committed to the principle of self-government, not at some time in the distant future, but at the earliest possible moment. What was called "liberal imperialism" represented a compromise between the traditional Tory attitude and the Radical rejection of imperialism as evil and retrograde. The latter view was held only by a small minority of Liberals, its most distinguished theorist being J. A. Hobson, from whose writings Lenin freely cribbed when he wrote his pamphlet *Imperialism,* during the First World War. The essence of Hobson's argument was that imperialism harmed the backward countries without benefiting the imperial metropolis, save for some favored financial groups and their political supporters. When the Labor party came to the fore, it substantially adopted Hobson's view, at least with regard to India, which is the main reason why the Indian settlement of 1947 was possible. But even Labor contented itself with the belief that self-government would cure all evils. That the new liberal-national governments of India, Pakistan, Indonesia, and Burma would have to meet an entirely fresh revolutionary challenge was not foreseen by anyone.

It is important to realize that the controversy which raged around the subject of imperialism in Britain from about 1900 onwards was more concerned with the actual or supposed benefits of self-government to formerly backward countries than with their ability to modernize themselves once independence was given. Indeed it was frequently assumed that independence would come only after modernization had been carried through by the occupying power. Because Britain was modernizing India, its rule was held to be progressive. That was the essence of the liberal-imperialist case. With some modification

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it may also be said to have been the view of Marx, as his articles in the New York *Tribune,* written in the 1850's, show. Within limits it proved correct, but the limits are now becoming apparent. Indian independence was the great achievement of liberal imperialism, but it was also its tombstone, for the new India is racked by social tensions which neither its present leaders nor the British had adequately taken into account. India *could* go the way of China. Therein lies the crux of the present problem in Asia.

Liberal imperialism was a British invention; it belonged to the 19th century and cannot readily be imitated by American admirers of its last surviving representative, Winston Churchill. The Attlee government's Indian settlement of 1947 was a turning point in that it brought the liberal-imperialist era of British history to a close. Whether its principle can be revived in the United States, under the combined patronage of General MacArthur and Mr. Henry Luce, is more than doubtful, though argument will presently be adduced to show that a new and different American "imperialism" of *some* sort is necessary if the Western world is not to collapse. But it is important to steer clear of the narrower controversy between imperialists and anti-imperialists, which raged in Britain from about 1900 onwards (with most of the Fabians, incidentally, on the imperialist side—a fact not generally known). This issue is dead. It never concerned anything but India and since 1947 the issue has been supplanted by the worry whether India (and other Asian countries) will "go Communist." This is the genuinely modern issue, as distinct from the old-fashioned wrangle over national self-government. And here it is useful to distinguish between those who hold that Communism need not win if "private enterprise" rises to the challenge, and those who frankly do not believe that the Indian bourgeoisie, to give it its Marxist name, can direct the industrial revolution, and who are protagonists of planning without often admitting as much. The upholders of the latter view apparently include Mr. Nehru, the majority of socialists in Britain, and a good number of conservatives. Even so anti-socialist a journal as the *Economist* has felt compelled to state, in estimating the chances of the Colombo Plan, that "capitalism in these countries is an increasing liability to the anti-Communist."

For various reasons, the fate of Asia vis-à-vis Communism is an issue on which the British feel less inhibited by ideological considerations than do the Americans, many of whom seem to suffer from a private-enterprise fixation. The British—especially those who know something about the area—quite plainly do not think that private capital, native or foreign, can do the trick. They are looking for state-controlled investments to fill the gap and so are the various Asian governments whose representatives, after all, signed the Colombo Plan. The Colombo Plan's goals are modest. All in all, it aims to increase the acreage of irrigated land by 17 per cent, the production of food grains by 10 per cent, and the generation of electricity by 67 per cent. Most of the capital is to be put into transport and agriculture. Industry and mining come a bad second. For all that, it is quite clear that it will require a great deal of central direction and probably some compulsion. Modernizing Asia's agriculture in the space of six years is not a task for an old-fashioned liberal government. As one writer has put it:

"Leaving aside external financial assistance, only very slow changes can occur, unless the government pushes investment beyond the amount which people wish to save at each level of income. . . . An increase in the purchasing and consuming power of the mass of the population could be secured by recasting the structure of taxation which in most backward countries is very regressive; land reform would have similar effects. But the need for an expansion in capital equipment would necessitate at the same time an increase in savings. The redistribution of income, therefore, would have to go hand in hand with a policy of collective saving imposed by the State." (K. Mandelbaum, *The Industrialization of Backward Areas,* 1945.)

Since the state must raise the needed cap-

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ital, its representatives will have to direct its investment. Indeed, there is no one else to do it, since "private enterprise" in Asia is both weak and notoriously unenterprising:

"Almost all of the expected foreign assistance will be coming from public sources. On the whole, this is fortunate since, although the personal integrity of foreign businessmen is often appreciated, the atmosphere of South and Southeast Asia increasingly favors State rather than private action. The reason lies with the local capitalist, who is often all that the Communists make him out to be, merely a speculator, unwilling to persevere with genuine investment, a black marketeer, and lacking in the kind of enterprise likely to benefit the rest of the community." (*Economist*, December 2, 1950.)

No one can say that the totalitarians don't know how to deal with this particular issue. What is called Leninism-Stalinism is perhaps nothing more (or less) than a systematic solution—very brutal but highly effective—of just this problem of raising capital and directing investments in a backward country. At the very least it is an alternative to 19th-century liberal economics, and one which all Asian countries must consider, especially if the Chinese experiment should prove successful. The Colombo Plan is an attempted response to this challenge. But, like any other program formulated by experts, it takes social motivations and political instruments for granted. The motivating force behind this economic revolution, apparently, is to be nationalism. But of what kind and directed by whom?

It is at this point that one comes up against a political problem which Western thinkers have hitherto been reluctant to face. The rapid modernization of backward countries means forced savings, even if some external assistance is provided. Since there is little economic margin for such savings, it is almost impossible to get popular consent for them. Dictatorial government is therefore at a premium. The long delay—one consequence of colonialism—in modernizing the agrarian structure has created a situation in which only an extremely strong central authority can hope to make headway.

All Asiatic countries are plagued by the overcrowding of badly farmed, submarginal land by an expanding number of impoverished peasants, working with antiquated tools on fragmented holdings, in debt to moneylenders, and unable either to increase the yield of their lands or to find employment in urban industries and services. The problem is both economic and social, since it is only by withdrawing the surplus workers from submarginal land and employing them in industry that a net addition can be effected to the community's total output—provided the additional income is not frittered away on unproductive purposes. Moreover, it is a problem which only the central authority can tackle effectively, because voluntary savings are inadequate to finance the necessary additions to the stock of private and national capital—land and equipment, roads, railways, public utilities, and the like. Thus, wherever the need for industrialization becomes urgent, while private enterprise is lagging, an irresistible pressure towards revolutionary dictatorship will be generated, for the simple reason that only the state can push the job through.

It is this kind of situation which gives rise to the phenomenon of revolutionary nationalism. Whether the state merely underwrites private risks, whether it extends its investment activity to the private sector, as until recently it did in Turkey and is now doing in Yugoslavia, or whether it essays the total reorganization of society on Soviet lines—in every case there will be an initial concentration of political authority, and consequently a struggle to obtain control of the state. The victorious faction—Fascist, Kemalist, Titoist, Stalinist, or whatever it may be called—will then proceed to distribute the available resources in accordance with a preconceived scheme, i.e., it will start to reorganize society in its own image. Depending upon which faction of the revolutionary movement succeeds in gaining control, that society will be in the Western or the Soviet camp. But whatever camp it may be in, it will be governed

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on centralist lines, because no other form of government is possible in a backward country that seeks to modernize itself at a pace commensurate with the demands of our epoch.

The reluctance to recognize this fact is at the bottom of a great deal of the nonsense currently being talked and written on the subject of East-West relations. There are admittedly degrees of centralism, and it is probable that the more fortunate countries in this class can escape totalitarianism. But it is inconceivable that they can modernize themselves on private-enterprise lines. Even in Japan, which had two generations to do the job, it had to be done from the top. In China it is now being done by the Communist party, whose chief qualification for the task is its success in riding the wave of agrarian revolution. The core of that party is a revolutionary and centralist organization, namely the army. In this respect at least, Chinese Communism is closer to the original Kemalist regime in Turkey (and to the Tito regime in Yugoslavia) than it is to the Soviet model. The centralist apparatus is of course common to all three. So is the reliance upon revolutionary nationalism. The latter is simply an expression of faith in the state as the instrument of social change. It is the belief that only the state can shake society out of its rut which impels national revolutionaries to seek power. And it is the West's inability or perhaps unwillingness to utilize the state in the same measure which places it at a disadvantage in competing with the Soviet challenge.

IDEOLOGICAL confusion plays its role here. Nationalism is still regarded by many Western intellectuals as a *bourgeois* ideology —mainly because Lenin said so, and because Western policy-makers have late in the day taken to studying Lenin. In actual fact, nationalism is strong in proportion as the bourgeoisie is weak. It seems pretty obvious that if the entrepreneurs were able to direct the flow of capital investment, and therefore the process of modernization, on liberal lines, there would be no need for national revolutions, national dictatorships, national organizations of capital and labor, state factories, state parties, national youth movements, and the other paraphernalia of modern dictator-controlled politics. Turkey, which had most of these typically modern institutions, is now gradually getting rid of them because they are no longer needed—in other words, because a modern class of businessmen and administrators has been trained which can do without them.

We must recognize that the common bond linking all factions of the national-revolutionary movement in Asia, from the Communists to the fascists, is the conviction that centralization of economic activity under state direction is "progressive," i.e. represents the *sine qua non* of modernization. But for this common conviction there would be no common anti-imperialist platform, no united front, no Trojan horse, and no chance for the Stalinists to gain control of the movement. All disagreements within a revolutionary movement of this kind are in the last resort disagreements among nationalist intellectuals regarding the kind of political regime best suited to the purpose of rapid industrialization. All party conflicts aim at the more or less forcible imposition of some form of centralization, which will determine how much scope is to be left to private enterprise, what is to be the role of the former governing classes, what part labor is to play, etc. In general the faction which can secure the adherence of labor and of the largest number of people in the managerial stratum will tend to come out on top. The more socialist its ideology and the more centralist its organization, the better its chances.

It does not follow that the Stalinists are always bound to win in this kind of competition, but they are clearly in a position of advantage, even where they are not backed by Soviet arms. For Stalinism provides both the organization and the ideology for a revolutionary state party of the kind required—and every state party naturally tries to group the national-revolutionary movement around itself. Therefore, to talk as though nationalism and Communism were somehow destined to conflict in all cases is to misread the situation. Communism is one particular solution—

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a brutally effective one—of the problem that confronts all national-revolutionary movements in the East. It is wrong to say, as do the Communists, that it is the *only* solution; but it is equally wrong to deny, as Americans seem to, that it offers one possible and workable solution for a national movement. Until this is grasped, realistic policy-making cannot even begin.

WHEN one raises the question of what American policy in Asia should be in order to be effective, one therefore asks what form of revolutionary nationalism is compatible with the wider interests of the Western community. And the obvious answer is: *any* form that is not controlled by Moscow. There seems to be a present American tendency, evident in Persia, the Arab countries, Indo-China, and elsewhere, to make *status quo* anti-Communism the yardstick, and to regard all forms of revolutionary nationalism with distrust. After what has been said, it is hardly necessary to stress the weakness of this approach. The Chinese debacle seems to have had curiously little effect, save to embitter the partisans of Chiang Kai-shek and to render their speculations a degree more unreal than they were before. It is still not realized that the split of 1927, when the Communists left the Kuomintang, was a factional struggle between two wings of the same revolutionary movement, and that the Communists won because they increasingly integrated themselves with the main body of nationalist opinion. Suggestions that the course which the Chinese revolution has taken is largely determined by the Kuomintang's failure to carry out the common nationalist program are denounced as "appeasement." This kind of blindness does not augur very well for the chances of an effective United States policy in Asia.

But can and should there be any kind of American intervention at all? For an answer one has only to turn to Greece and Turkey and compare their present condition with what it was before the United States in 1947 undertook to modernize the economies—and the political regimes—of these two countries. Backward countries cannot fail to profit from the introduction of *modern* capitalism, and not least because the system that today goes under the name of capitalism in America is in fact a mixed economy which embodies a considerable degree of planning and public control. It is noteworthy that in countries like Italy and Greece the Marshall Plan administrators have found themselves in the position of urging upon governments and industrialists policies long advocated by local socialists, while in Turkey—which had already been modernized by Kemal—the influence of the United States has been in the direction of democratizing both the political and the economic structure.

The success of the Marshall Plan in Europe was *inter alia* a success for the progressive ideas embodied in the organization of ECA, while the corresponding failure in the East has been clearly the result of reliance on reactionary and corrupt political cliques of the type dominant not only in Kuomintang China, but also in Persia, Siam, and the Philippines—where, as the official Bell mission describes the situation, maladministration and a reactionary economic policy have brought the economy to the verge of collapse. Some of these regimes have applied a little liberal window dressing; others choose to dispense even with this harmless precaution. Few have as yet accepted the commonplaces of modern democracy—full employment or its equivalent; the maximum expansion of productive resources; planning and public control of the mixed economy; the establishment of social services as an integral part of the "welfare state," etc. The event has shown that acceptance of these features—whether officially described as "socialist" or given some other name—is today the essential condition of civilized life in a stable society. It is the height of folly to try to dispense with them in Asia, after their successful encouragement in Europe, because they happen not to fit the "free enterprise" dogma.

WHAT, then, should America do in Asia? Notwithstanding such hopeful schemes

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as the Colombo Plan, the major economic burden of reorganizing the Asiatic economy will have to be borne by the United States, now that Britain has shot its bolt as a major capital-exporting country. It can be safely predicted that this will necessitate worldwide American intervention of a type very different from the classical imperialism built up by 19th-century Britain. The British economy then exported capital for two very good reasons: because it rested upon domestic underconsumption at home, and because Britain's place in the international division of labor compelled it to exchange machinery and finished goods for foodstuffs and raw materials. So far as the United States is concerned, there is no question of repeating this British experiment. Foreign trade will continue to play a minor role in the American economy, and American investors will continue to fight shy of foreign countries which, in the nature of things, can never offer them as high and secure a return as their own home market. A full-employment economy, in which business prospers, is unfavorable to the private export of capital, and ERP has shown that American manufacturers will pay extra taxes to subsidize their European clients rather than risk their money in foreign investment (which is very wise of them and also happens to fit in with Europe's interests). The great age of private investment, which was also the age of free trade and liberal imperialism, ended in 1930. It cannot be revived, and the flow of American capital to Africa and Asia must take a different form. It will have to be public capital, not private, and its recipients will be states, not businessmen. This is implicitly recognized in the recent Gray Report on America's foreign-aid policy, a document of importance for anyone curious to discover what shape the American Empire is likely to take. For there will of course be an American Empire, only it won't be called that. It won't resemble previous empires. Part of it already exists. It is called the Atlantic Community.

The chief defects of American policy-making seem to spring from a time lag between the realism of the planners, as manifested in documents like the Gray Report or the State Department's White Paper on China, and the state of public opinion, as expressed in the confused debate occasioned by the recent setbacks of American policy in Asia. Not all the fault, it seems to this writer, is on the side of those who banded together in the extraordinary campaign against "appeasement." To men who had grasped the nature of totalitarianism it must have been maddening to encounter the wooly-minded or dishonest plea that the Chinese Communists were "just agrarian radicals." But where the self-appointed defenders of the American Century seem to have gone wrong is in not grasping the chance they—and the world—were offered when Roosevelt and Truman launched America on a new course.

ONE does not need to scan *Life* very carefully to realize that the hypnotic effect of Churchill's personality on certain influential Americans has helped to create a new myth. The liberal-imperialist crusade has got off to a bad start in the measure that its sponsors are dominated by the ambition to imitate, and outdo, Great Britain. If they had their way, the American Empire would be run to gratify the ideas of the private investor—a personage whom only the Communists credit with the will to export his capital. The truth is surely that America can stabilize the world only by helping to make its own and other countries' mixed economies—which means planned economies—work, and that to this end the Marshall Plan has already done more in Europe than any other factor. The Asiatic counterpart of ERP should be a program for aiding any regime not absolutely controlled by Moscow which shows genuine promise of doing effective work, even if its leaders choose to call themselves Socialists or Communists. (They will probably do so in any case, since the appeal of "socialism" releases dormant energies required for the task of modernization.) There should be no nonsense about regimes of this kind being "liberal" or "merely agrarian." Their centralist, and in some instances even totalitarian, character should be frankly recognized, as is al-

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ready the case with Tito's Yugoslavia and as was once the case with Kemalist Turkey.

Is this really impossible? Must the West sit with folded hands and blinded eyes, while Moscow runs away with the national revolution in the East, and Americans argue among themselves about the degree of assistance that may, without moral impropriety, be extended to revolutionary nationalist dictators?

THIS is a subject which calls for a degree of clear thinking not yet manifested on the democratic side in the present world struggle. What the West has to counter is neither a conspiracy nor a spontaneous popular rebellion—these are the unreal alternatives dominating the present debate—but a systematic attempt to organize the national-revolutionary movement in Asia around the highly centralized and totalitarian Communist party, whose peculiar structure enables it to treat all pressure groups—particularly workers and peasants—with a ruthlessness unmatched by its rivals; but which also enables it to run a totalitarian state apparatus and to direct the industrial revolution so effectively that "bourgeois" leadership can be dispensed with. It is not by propping up a decaying society that the West can hope to meet this challenge. Nor can it make much headway while, through inaction, it permits the myth to gain credence that the Communists are concerned with something called the "proletarian revolution." (There are no labor leaders among the Chinese Communists; neither were there any among the Bolshevik Central Committee which launched the October Revolution.) The problem of Western statesmanship is not to beat the bushes for some mythical "pure" nationalists who can be trusted to defend property rights —in the present epoch no nationalist can be trusted to do that—but to help the nationalist movement carry out its revolutionary program while exercising ingenuity to see to it that this does not result in a regime tied to Russia. Where there is a revolutionary but non-Communist nationalist faction—as there is in India and as there was, a few years ago, in Indo-China—the West should support this faction without attempting to hinder it in its revolutionary tasks. Where no such faction exists, i.e., where the fight is between the Communists and the representatives of the old order, Western policy simply lacks the instrument it requires for its purpose. Situations of this kind are hopeless and had better be left alone, as General Marshall had occasion to find out in China. Here, one can only be patient, play one's cards carefully, and wait for—and encourage—a "break." Who, after all, foresaw Tito? And one Tito is worth ten Syngman Rhees.

It would be wholly false to imagine that the Communists are insincere in their claim to represent the vanguard of the "proletarian revolution." This notion forms part of the ideology of that totalitarian elite whose untrammeled rule is prefigured by the organizational structure of the Communist party. Like every myth, it has real power to move people to act. It therefore deserves to be taken seriously, and even to be treated with respect, insofar as it represents a conviction for which men are prepared to lay down their lives. But it ought not to be believed. The greatest mistake the West can make is to think of the Communist challenge in terms of class, and to pit against a wholly mythical "proletarian" movement the governing groups of the old regime.

The real issue lies between revolutionaries independent of Moscow and others who can envisage the transformation of a backward society only in terms derived from the experience of revolutionary Russia. It may also be as well to realize that dictatorship of some sort or other, for short or long periods, is scarcely to be avoided in Asia, and that no nationalist movement, however friendly to the West, will renounce the hope of making the fullest use of the centralized resources of society to overcome the dreadful squalor in which over half of mankind lives at the present day. In the race to prevent Moscow from capturing the entire national-revolutionary movement in Asia, only those stand a chance whose determination to use power for the good of society is as strong as the will of their rivals.

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IS HITLER REALLY DEAD?

A Historian Examines the Evidence

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

IN SEPTEMBER 1945 the circumstances of Hitler's death or disappearance had been for five months dark and mysterious. Many versions of his death or escape had become current. Some stated that he had been killed fighting in Berlin, others that he had been murdered by officers in the Tiergarten. He was supposed by some to have escaped, by air or submarine, and was alleged to be living now in a mist-enshrouded island in the Baltic, now in a Rhineland rock fortress, sometimes in a Spanish monastery, or on a South American ranch, or among the friendly bandits of mountainous Albania; and the Russians, who were in the best position to illuminate the facts, had they wished to do so, preferred to perpetuate the obscurity. At one time they declared Hitler dead; at another they doubted their declaration; later they announced that they had discovered the corpses of both Hitler and Eva Braun and had identified them by the teeth; later still they accused the British of concealing Eva Braun and probably Hitler in the British Zone of Germany. It was at this stage that the British Intelligence authorities in Germany, believing that such mystification was an unnecessary embarrassment, decided to collect all available evidence and to determine, if possible, the truth. I was appointed to carry out this task. I was given all necessary facilities in the British Zone; and the American authorities at Frankfort promptly and generously offered to put all their material at my disposal, to allow me to interrogate their prisoners, and to ensure the cooperation of their local counter-intelligence organization, the CIC.

WHAT was the state of the evidence at this time? The ultimate authority on which the report of Hitler's death seemed to rest was a broadcast statement made by Admiral Doenitz to the German people on the evening of May 1, 1945. In this statement Doenitz had announced Hitler's death that afternoon, fighting at the head of his troops in Berlin. This statement had been accepted as true at the time, at least for certain practical purposes: an obituary notice of Hitler had appeared in the London *Times* next day, Mr. de Valera had expressed his condolence to the German minister in Dublin, and Hitler's name (unlike that of Martin Bormann, head of the Nazi party from 1941 on, about whose fate there had been no such statement) had been excluded from the list of war criminals to be tried at Nuremberg. On the other hand there was no more valid reason for believing Doenitz's statement than for accepting certain other assertions. Doenitz's statement

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AFTER the end of the war in Europe, there was real doubt as to whether or not Hitler was still alive, especially in the absence of a *corpus delicti* and since there were so many conflicting accounts of his presumed death. The Oxford historian H. R. TREVOR-ROPER was assigned by British Army Intelligence to examine the evidence. His results were reported in his book *The Last Days of Hitler,* which became an immediate best seller upon publication in 1947, and which seemed to demonstrate rather conclusively that Hitler had committed suicide in his Berlin bunker and his body had been burned in the courtyard. Nevertheless, sensational rumors continued to flourish. The Russians announced that they had secret evidence showing Hitler to be still alive, and the Polish translation of Mr. Trevor-Roper's book was banned, the Bulgarian translation confiscated, and a Russian translation not allowed. In addition to the Russians, journalists in various other countries began to turn up with reports that Hitler was alive and hiding in the mountains of Albania or in South America. In this article, which forms the major section of the introduction to a new edition of his book just published in England by Macmillan, Mr. Trevor-Roper analyzes the "new evidence" and discusses to what extent, if any, it affects his previous findings. Mr. Trevor-Roper was born in Northumberland in 1914 and at present teaches modern history at Christ Church College, Oxford.

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was indeed supported by a certain Dr. Karl Heinz Spaeth of Stuttgart, who deposed on oath during his holiday at Illertissen in Bavaria that he had personally attended Hitler when he was wounded in the lung by Russian shellfire at the Zoo Bunker on the afternoon of May 1, and had pronounced him dead; but another authority, a Swiss woman journalist, Carmen Mory, deposed at Hamburg with equal protestations of veracity that Hitler, to her certain knowledge, was living on an estate in Bavaria with Eva Braun, her sister Gretl, and Gretl's husband Hermann Fegelein. Carmen Mory offered to investigate this matter herself, through numerous channels at her disposal (for having been imprisoned as a spy in a German concentration camp she was well supplied with means of information); but she warned the British authorities that any attempt to dispense with her services would be fatal: at the approach of anyone in uniform, all four would infallibly commit suicide. Since both these stories could not possibly be true, it was clear that mere affidavits could not be accepted as evidence in this matter.

Anyone who undertakes an inquiry of such a kind is soon made aware of one important fact: the worthlessness of mere human testimony. It is a chastening thought to a historian to consider how much of history is written on the basis of statements no more reliable than those of Admiral Doenitz, Dr. Spaeth, and Carmen Mory. If such statements had been made and recorded with reference to the disputed death of Czar Alexander I in 1825, plenty of historians would have been ready to take them seriously. Fortunately in this case they were made by contemporaries, and it was possible to check them.

The English historian James Spedding said that every historian, when faced with a statement of fact, must ask himself the question: Who first said so, and what opportunities had he of knowing it? Subjected to this test, much of historical evidence is found to dissolve. In search of Dr. Karl Heinz Spaeth I went to the address which he had given in Stuttgart. I found that it was not a private house but the Technical High School. His name was unknown there, nor did it occur in any Stuttgart directory. It was clear that he had given a false name and address; and since his affidavit was mendacious on this subject, there was no reason to credit it in other matters where ignorance would have been more excusable. As for Carmen Mory, her whole saga dissolved at the mere touch of criticism: she had never seen Hitler or spoken to anyone who could have known the facts. The facts she gave were demonstrably wrong, and the arguments whereby she connected them with her conclusions demonstrably illogical. Her whole statement, like that of Dr. Spaeth, was pure fantasy.

Why did these people make these false affidavits? Human motives can never be confidently interpreted, but they can sometimes be guessed. Carmen Mory, while in a German concentration camp, had become an agent of the Gestapo, selecting victims for its murders and experiments from among her fellow prisoners. This fact was well known to them, and when the camp had been captured by the Allies and its occupants liberated, it could only be a matter of time before Carmen Mory was accused of her crimes. Probably she thought that by inventing a story which she herself would be required to investigate she might both delay retribution and acquire British supporters. If so, she thought wrongly: her assistance was not required, and shortly afterwards she was condemned to death by a military tribunal, and forestalled execution by suicide.

The motives of Dr. Spaeth seem to have been less rational. The source of his story is clear. It is an amplification, with circumstantial detail and a personal part assigned to the narrator, of the broadcast statement by Doenitz. Doenitz had said that Hitler had been killed fighting at the head of his troops on the afternoon of May 1: Dr. Spaeth had accepted and embellished this minimum of apparent fact, had added local color and detail, and had introduced himself as a central figure. His motive was probably not rational but psychological: a delusion of vanity such as leads raconteurs to introduce themselves into the anecdotes they repeat, or convinced George IV that he had personally led a cavalry charge at the battle of Waterloo.

For mythopoeia is a far more common characteristic of the human race (and

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perhaps especially of the German race) than veracity; and the evidence for this statement has increased formidably since these incidents made it obvious to me. Even in December 1947 a German airman calling himself Baumgart deposed in Warsaw that he had flown Hitler and Eva Braun to Denmark on April 28, 1945. The story is plainly fiction. One of my earliest steps in the inquiry had been to trace Hitler's two pilots, SS Obergruppenfuehrer Hans Baur and SS Standartenfuehrer Beetz, and I had established that both of them had left the Bunker with Bormann on the night of May 1. Beetz had been last seen on the Weidendammer Bridge, and his wife and friends had never heard of him since. Baur had been captured by the Russians, and his wife had shown me a message which had been conveyed from him in Poland to her in Bavaria in October 1945. Besides, we have Hitler's own signature on his will and marriage certificate "given in Berlin on April 29," the day after Baumgart claimed to have flown him to Denmark. But reason is powerless against the obstinate love of fiction, and although Baumgart afterwards retired to a lunatic asylum in Poland, those who wish to believe him will no doubt continue to do so.

Of course not all legends are pure fabrication: there are degrees of human invention, and some myths have a basis of fact or at least of wishful thinking. Such was the legend spread by Schellenberg after his surrender in Sweden, and eagerly accepted by the credulous. Schellenberg maintained that Himmler had poisoned Hitler. But how did he know? Schellenberg had not seen Hitler since 1942. His sole evidence was his own wish: he wished to believe that Himmler had accepted his advice, and by a judicious and selective misinterpretation of Himmler's remarks he had succeeded in persuading himself that he had done so. A few questions to Schellenberg, an examination of Himmler's entourage, a reference to the contemporary reports of Count Bernadotte, and Schellenberg's legend dissolved as completely as those of Spaeth and Mory.

THUS the evidence of Hitler's fate shrank on examination to the statement of Doenitz. But what opportunity had Doenitz of knowing the facts? It was known that Doenitz had left Berlin on April 21, and had never seen Hitler since. His broadcast speech had been made from Ploen, 150 miles from the incident which it claimed to describe. How then did he know? The answer to this question was easily discovered. When the so-called "Flensburg government" was arrested, all its papers were also seized, and among these papers was a series of telegrams which had passed between Doenitz and Hitler's headquarters. The last in this series was a telegram from Goebbels to Doenitz on May 1. This telegram informed Doenitz that Hitler had died "yesterday" —i.e. on April 30—"at 1530 o'clock." Doenitz had no other evidence, for none of those who had been with Hitler at the end had been able to join him: the last eyewitnesses who had reached him from the Bunker were Ritter von Greim and Hanna Reitsch, who had left nearly two days before the end. His statement that Hitler had died fighting at the head of his troops was pure invention, and his statement that Hitler had died on May 1 was unsupported by the only evidence at his disposal, which clearly stated that he had died on April 30. Thus Doenitz too joined Spaeth and Mory and the imaginative journalists as a worthless and rejected authority. The only evidence of Hitler's death was a telegram signed by Goebbels, who could not be cross-examined because he was dead, and his body, unlike Hitler's, had been found by the Russians.

THERE was, however, at least one other possible source of evidence. On June 9, 1945, Marshal Zhukov, the Russian commanding general, had announced to the press that before his death or disappearance Hitler had married Eva Braun. This startling fact (for Eva Braun had hitherto scarcely been heard of even in Germany) was revealed, Zhukov said, by the diaries of adjutants which the Russians had found in the Bunker. These diaries, if they existed, would clearly be an important source of evidence, and I therefore decided to ask the Russians for access to them; but I decided first to collect such evidence as I could find in the areas under British and American control, and to use this to elicit from the Russians both the diaries and any other evidence that the Russians might be shown to possess. For if none of those who had offered information could survive the tests

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to which they had been subjected, there must be others who had really been in a position to observe the events in Hitler's Bunker before it was captured by the Russians.

For certain facts could be established with certainty. There were in Allied custody several men who had been with Hitler until about April 22—including Doenitz, Keitel, Jodl, Speer, and several lesser figures—so that up to that time there was no mystery. But on April 22 Hitler had held the famous staff conference at which his nerve had at last given way, and after which he had ordered his staff to leave while protesting that he would stay in Berlin. It was the period from April 22 until the Russian occupation of the Chancellery on May 2 that was the dark period of which no witnesses had come forward. And yet there must have been witnesses. The question was, Who were they? The task was to find them.

Neither such a question nor such a task is really difficult. Those who remained with Hitler were simply those of his customary entourage who had been with him before April 22 and had not left on that day: generals and politicians, civil servants and adjutants, secretaries, guards, and soldiers. A list of those who customarily attended Hitler in the Chancellery was not difficult to draw up: it only remained to find those who had left on April 22, most of whom had been captured either in Flensburg or Berchtesgaden, and by cross-examining them to discover whom they had left behind them in Berlin. It was necessary to look for representatives of all classes—for guards and typists were as likely to prove good witnesses as politicians and generals. I therefore began by locating as many of the fugitives as I could find, whatever their status, in accessible Allied captivity. I was soon rewarded. Politicians and generals were represented by the Flensburg prisoners Keitel, Jodl, Doenitz, and Speer. Two of Hitler's secretaries, who had left on April 22, Fräulein Wolff and Fräulein Schroeder, were found at Berchtesgaden. Hitler's detective guard was called *Reichssicherheitsdienst Dienststelle 1;* about half of its members had been evacuated to Berchtesgaden on April 22, and captured there. I was able to interrogate them in their camps at Ludwigsburg and Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Hitler's SS Guard, the *Fuehrerbegleitkommando,* had remained behind in Berlin, but one officer from it, SS Hauptsturmfuehrer Bornholdt, had left on a special mission on April 24 and had not returned: in due course he had become an Allied prisoner and I was able to question him about his comrades, at Neumunster in Schleswig-Holstein. Thus from every stratum of society in Hitler's Bunker representative members were found who had left on or about April 22; and these, under cross-examination, were able to designate the comrades whom they had left behind in Berlin. From their answers it was possible to construct a complete list of all those men and women, of whatever status, who had stayed behind in Berlin after the great exodus of April 22. These, if they could be found, would be the witnesses of the dark period.

How could they be found? Here again the problem is less difficult than may appear. They were all described as "missing"; but in fact people do not disappear or evaporate, even in a period of catastrophe. They either perish or remain alive: there is no third possibility. The word "missing" applies not to them but to the evidence. If they are dead, their value as witnesses is over; if they are alive, they are either prisoners or free. If they are prisoners, they can be found in prison camps—at least if they are prisoners of the Western Powers; if they are free they must be sought elsewhere, and most probably in their own home districts, where friends and local knowledge will enable them to survive, but also where enemies (and German enmities are strong) may easily betray them. In collecting the names of possible witnesses I was therefore careful to obtain all possible information about their homes, and if their names did not occur in the registers of Allied prison camps, they were sought and sometimes found in their homes. By these methods seven witnesses of the dark period, from different and independent groups, had been located and interrogated, and other relevant material had been discovered and centralized, by November 1, 1945, when the report of my conclusions was due. The seven witnesses were Hermann Karnau, a

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policeman from the detective guard who was imprisoned at Nienburg and had been examined by Canadian and British authorities before he was cross-examined by me; Erich Mansfeld and Hilco Poppen, two other policemen, who were detained at Bremen and Fallingbostel; Fräulein Else Krueger, Bormann's secretary, who was detained at Ploen in Schleswig-Holstein and interrogated by me; Erich Kempka, Hitler's transport officer, who had been captured at Berchtesgaden and was interrogated both by American officers and by myself at Moosburg; Hanna Reitsch, the test pilot, who was detained in Austria and was interrogated by American officers; and the Baroness von Varo, a casual visitor in Hitler's Bunker, who had been discovered by a British journalist in Berlin, and who was traced and interrogated by me in her mother's home at Bueckeburg. Other relevant material included the diary of General Koller, since published (Karl Koller, *Der letzte Monat*, Mannheim, 1949), the diary of Count Schwerin von Krosigk, captured with its author at Flensburg, and the papers of Admiral Doenitz and his "government." Based on evidence from these sources my report was submitted by the Intelligence Division in Berlin to the British government and to the Quadripartite Intelligence Committee in Berlin. At the end of the report I suggested certain other sources of evidence which might still become available: in particular I mentioned that Hitler's pilot Hans Baur and the head of the *Reichssicherheitsdienst* Brigadefuehrer Rattenhuber, who had ordered the burial of Hitler's body, were reported captured by the Russians in an official Russian communiqué, and that certain other important witnesses might have been taken at the same time; and I asked for access to the captured adjutants' diaries which had been cited by Marshal Zhukov as his authority for the marriage of Hitler and Eva Braun. The Russians noted these requests but never answered them.

At the same time an abbreviated version of the report was issued to the press.

THE evidence for Hitler's last days increased considerably between the issue of the report of November 1, 1945, and the writing of my book in the summer of 1946, but since it did not alter the conclusions except in two trifling details,* I shall pause at this stage to answer certain questions or criticisms which were made at the time of its presentation.

For the report of November 1, 1945, it must be admitted, was not equally popular in all quarters, and that not entirely because of any defects of logic or lucidity which may have disfigured it. Throughout the summer and autumn of 1945 many resourceful journalists had been pursuing phantoms of Hitler with energy and enthusiasm, and the pleasant lakes of the Swiss frontier and the romantic Tyrolean Alps and the comfortable resorts of Upper Austria were frequently visited by devoted investigators whose scrupulous consciences forbade them to ignore even the most inconsiderable clue. In the course of these researches many engaging theories were propounded; but as winter drew near, and personal excursions became less attractive, the consensus of opinion began to allow that Hitler had really remained in Berlin, and the mystery of his fate was one that could best be solved not by strenuous travel in an inclement season, but by ingenious meditation in well-heated saloon bars. Consequently my report, which stated that Hitler had died in Berlin on April 30, as Goebbels had said, and that all other explanations of his disappearance were "contrary to the only positive evidence and supported by no evidence at all," was found unacceptable by many. The critics did not indeed deny the evidence that was produced, but they maintained that there was still a possibility of escaping so final a conclusion; they maintained that the body that had been burnt was that not of Hitler but of a "double" introduced at the last minute, and they echoed the sentiment if not the words of Professor Hanky on a similar occasion: "No matter though nine-tenths of the marks and measurements corresponded, so long as there is a tenth that does not do so,

* In the report of November 1, 1945, I ascribed the wedding, in the absence of definite evidence, to the *evening* of April 29. Subsequent evidence showed that it really took place in the small hours of the *morning* of April 29. In the report I also accepted Gebhardt's statement that he visited the Bunker "about April 23-4." Subsequent evidence convinced me that this could not be true, and I afterwards established, by cross-examining Gebhardt, that his visit had been on April 22 as stated in my book.

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we should not be flesh and blood if we did not ignore the nine points and insist only on the tenth." Alternatively they maintained that the witnesses on whose evidence the report was based had all been carefully briefed; that their evidence was a deliberately pre-concerted cover-story and should be rejected altogether; and that in the total absence of evidence thus happily restored there was room for the unlimited development of any theory that might seem attractive to its inventor.

Such a suggestion can, in my opinion, be easily disproved. It is only necessary to consider its logical consequences. If half a dozen or a dozen people are all told to tell the same story under interrogation, then it may be assumed (supposing that their memories are infallible and their loyalty firm) that they will do so, even if the circumstances of the rehearsal (amid shellfire and battle) were somewhat distracting and the circumstances of the interrogation (isolated from each other, and six months later) somewhat difficult. But even in these ideal conditions the witnesses, who will begin by agreeing in every detail, so long as they are questioned within the brief that they have prepared, will inevitably disagree when the interrogator presses them on unconcerted matters, and their answers must be drawn not from a common prepared text but from their separate imaginations. On the other hand if the witnesses are speaking the truth, as far as they can, about an experience which they have really shared, the development of their answers will be in precisely the opposite direction. At first their replies will differ, because their opportunities of observation and recollection have been different; but as interrogation detaches those differences of circumstance, the essential agreement will become clear. Any interrogator soon becomes familiar with these facts, and by appreciating them, can often detect whether a story has been concerted or not; and on the strength of those facts I consider that the various witnesses whom I have interrogated, directly or indirectly, on the subject of Hitler's death were undoubtedly telling not a pre-concerted story, but their own attempts to recollect the truth.

One small instance may be given to illustrate this point. The guard Karnau persistently affirmed that he saw the corpses of Hitler and Eva Braun burst suddenly, as if by spontaneous combustion, into flame. The chauffeur Kempka maintained that Guensche had set them alight. These two versions seem incompatible, but cross-examination reveals that they are simply two aspects of the same fact. Guensche lit the bodies by throwing a burning rag upon them; but he threw it from beneath the porch of the Bunker, and was therefore invisible to Karnau who was standing by the tower. The truth of the incident is attested by the rational discrepancy of the evidence. Had Karnau and Kempka been taught their parts, they would never have disagreed at the start.

The report of November 1 had solicited certain information from the Russians. This information was never produced, but from other sources evidence continued to come in to enrich although not to alter the main conclusions. For by November 1 the inquiry had only lasted six weeks, and it was impossible for all available witnesses to be identified, traced, found, and interrogated in so short a time. Among the most important additional witnesses who were arrested and interrogated after November 1 was Artur Axmann, who had succeeded Baldur von Schirach as head of the Hitler Youth and who was arrested in the Bavarian Alps in December 1945 after a long and complicated Anglo-American intelligence operation. But the most significant and dramatic addition to knowledge was supplied by the discovery, in the winter of 1945-6, of a set of documents which strikingly confirmed the conclusions of the report of November 1: Hitler's private and political testaments and the certificate of his marriage with Eva Braun.

At the end of November 1945, when I returned to Oxford on leave, I received a signal from British Headquarters at Bad Oeynhausen that a document had been discovered which purported to be Hitler's will, but that its authenticity was uncertain. Now I already had some information about Hitler's will, for in the same telegram in which Goebbels had reported the death of Hitler to Doenitz he had mentioned the Fuehrer's Testament of April 29 which had made certain political appointments, and which

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was being sent to Doenitz. Doenitz had furthermore stated that he had sent a plane to meet the bearer, but that the pilot, having been in touch with the bearer at the Havel, had lost him and returned empty. Since the document which had now been discovered was dated April 29, and contained several political appointments, including those mentioned in Goebbels' telegram, there were good grounds for supposing it genuine. But Goebbels' telegram, which seemed to establish the authenticity of this document, also seemed to show that there were no less than three such documents, addressed separately to Doenitz, Field Marshal Schoerner (then commanding an Army Group in Bohemia), and the Party Archives in Munich. It was therefore clearly important to investigate the circumstances of this discovery.

IN THE summer of 1945 a Luxemburg journalist, Georges Thiers, had approached the British Military Government in Hanover. He had wished for employment, and had explained that he was usefully informed on many topics and could provide information on such interesting subjects as life in Hitler's Bunker in Berlin; but as he could give no valid explanation to account for his alleged intimacy with these high matters, his application had been ignored. Later, however, he had fallen under the suspicion of using false papers: he had been arrested and had admitted that in fact he was not a Luxemburger but a German, and that his name was not Georges Thiers, but Heinz Lorenz. He had been interned, and in November 1945, in the course of a routine search, a set of papers had been found sewn in the lining of his clothes. These appeared to be Hitler's personal and political testaments and a document signed by Dr. Goebbels and entitled "Appendix to the Fuehrer's Political Testament." Under interrogation Lorenz admitted that he had been in Hitler's Bunker at the end and had been ordered to deliver these documents to Munich. He confirmed Goebbels' statement that there had been, in all, three sets of documents; and he explained that he had been accompanied in his escape from Berlin by two other men: Major Willi Johannmeier, who was to carry Hitler's political testament to Field Marshal Schoerner, and SS Standartenfuehrer Wilhelm Zander, who was to convey to Admiral Doenitz Hitler's two testaments and the certificate of his marriage to Eva Braun. To complete the evidence and establish the authenticity of the documents beyond a doubt it was therefore necessary to find Johannmeier and Zander.

Johannmeier was easily found, living with his parents in Iserlohn. A straightforward soldier, of unconditional loyalties and unpolitical courage, at first he denied all knowledge of the Bunker, then, finding it impossible to maintain this position, he insisted that he had merely been sent as a military escort to Zander and Lorenz, to guide them through the Russian lines. What their mission was he did not know: it had been none of his business to ask. Nothing could shake him from this position, and in spite of the discrepancy between his evidence and that of Lorenz, he almost convinced his interrogators. At any rate it was clear that no progress could be made till further evidence had been obtained from Zander.

Zander's home was in Munich, but all the evidence proved that he had not visited it since the defeat of Germany. His wife was found living with her parents in Hanover, and confirmed that she had never seen her husband since the end of the war. She explained that she still hoped for news, and willingly provided photographs of Zander and addresses of his mother and brothers in the hope that she might obtain information about him; but no clue led anywhither, until it was realized that all this was part of an elaborate stratagem designed to mislead the pursuers. Visiting Munich in December 1945 I soon obtained casual information which convinced me that Zander was alive, but in hiding, and that Frau Zander, in her zeal to conceal his existence, had even persuaded his own mother and brothers that he was dead. After a minute examination of local evidence it was established that Zander was living under the false name of Friedrich-Wilhelm Paustin, and had worked for a time as a market gardener in the Bavarian village of Tegernsee.

FROM that moment the arrest of Zander was only a matter of time. The local records of Tegernsee soon revealed his movements, and after an abortive raid on his

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address in the village, he was tracked down to the little village of Aidenbach near Passau on the Austrian frontier. Thither I went, accompanied by members of the American CIC, and there, at 3 AM on December 28, he was found and arrested. He was staying with Bormann's secretary. Under interrogation he revealed himself as a disillusioned Nazi idealist who saw that his former world was shattered and spoke freely. His story agreed with that of Lorenz: he had brought his documents to Hanover and thence, seeing that delivery to Doenitz was impossible, had walked to Munich and concealed them in a trunk. The trunk was now deposited with a friend in Tegernsee; but another visit to Tegernsee proved unnecessary. Alarmed by the previous raid, the custodian of the trunk had voluntarily surrendered it to the local CIC while I was in Aidenbach looking for Zander. The documents were found in it: they consisted, as Lorenz had stated, of Hitler's two testaments and the marriage certificate.

After the arrest of Zander, interest returned to North Germany, to the irreducible Johannmeier, whose story of ignorance was now assailed by the independent but unanimous testimony of his two companions. Nevertheless he held firmly to his version. He had no documents, he said, and therefore could produce none. It was clear that he was actuated merely by loyalty. He had been ordered on no account to allow the documents to fall into Allied hands, and these orders he intended to fulfill, in spite of the evidence. Impervious to fear, indifferent to reward, it seemed that nothing would move him except reason. I appealed to reason. He could give us nothing that we had not got; we could not accept his story against the agreement of all other evidence; we had no interest in holding him and yet must do so unless he could explain away this obvious difficulty. For two hours Johannmeier firmly resisted even this appeal; even proof seemed uncertain against his single-minded insistence. Ultimately it was a pause in the proceedings which achieved his conversion. In interrogation pressure must be uninterrupted, but persuasion needs pauses, for only during a pause can a man reason with himself and catch up with the argument. In this pause, Johannmeier reasoned with himself and convinced himself. He decided (as he explained afterwards during the long drive to Iserlohn) that if his companions, old and highly promoted party men, could so easily betray a trust which, to them, was connected with their alleged political ideals, then it was quixotic in him, who had no such party connections (for he was simply a regular soldier), to suffer longer in their cause or defend the pass which they had already sold. So after the pause, when the seemingly endless business began again, he observed at last, *"Ich habe die Papiere."* There was no need of further words. He accompanied me by car to Iserlohn, and there led me into the back garden of his home. It was dark. With an ax he broke open the frozen ground and dug up a buried bottle. Then, breaking the bottle with the ax, he drew out and handed to me the last missing document: the third copy of Hitler's political testament, and the vivid covering letter in which General Burgdorf told Field Marshal Schoerner that it was "the shattering news of Himmler's treachery" which had driven Hitler to his last decision.

AFTER the discovery of all these papers the evidence of Hitler's last days was substantially complete, but the inquiries which had once been begun continued to yield fruit. In January, a fortnight after the capitulation of Johannmeier, Lieutenant Colonel von Below was found, studying law in the University of Bonn. He had been the last to leave the Bunker before Hitler's death, and had been the bearer of his last valedictory recriminations to the General Staff. Then, in the spring and summer of 1946, Hitler's two secretaries, Frau Christian and Frau Junge, were at last found and interrogated: Frau Christian had been dodging arrest since the autumn of 1945, when I had missed her by a few days at her mother-in-law's house in the Palatinate. These and other captures, and the interrogation of a number of subsidiary characters, added detail and color to the story, and resolved small remaining doubts, but the main lines of the story were clear and unchanged.

This does not mean that the story is complete, even now. At least two points remain, in spite of all the evidence, obscure: the ultimate disposal of Hitler's body, and the fate of Martin Bormann.

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THE bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun, it is clearly established, were burnt in the Chancellery garden on the afternoon and evening of April 30, 1945: but what was done with the charred remainders? It is impossible completely to destroy bodies in an open fire, and it is clear that they were in fact ultimately disposed of in some other way; but that disposal was a secret disposal. The men who carried it out were sworn to secrecy, and when Linge told his questioners that the bodies were burnt "till nothing remained" he was plainly rebuking their curiosity by an evasion rather than seeking to satisfy it with an answer. If we wish to pursue this perhaps unrewarding topic, we must ask the question, Who was in a position to know the facts? The answer is that (of named persons) Bormann, Goebbels, Guensche, and Rattenhuber must certainly have known. Goebbels is dead, and Bormann missing, but Guensche and Rattenhuber were captured by the Russians, and the capture of Rattenhuber, together with the pilot Baur, was admitted in the official Russian communiqué of May 6, 1945. It is not certain that these prisoners are still alive, for although Baur was certainly alive in October 1945, Guensche and Rattenhuber may have committed suicide or died after capture; but if they were alive they could have answered the question. Unfortunately the Russians, whose accusations precipitated my inquiry, would never answer any of the questions which were addressed to them, and we must conclude either that they never really wished to ascertain the facts, but merely used ignorance as a means of accusation, or that the organization of their intelligence is not equal to the strain of ascertaining the facts at its disposal. When I recall that the Russians left Hitler's diary in his chair for five months, I find myself as ready to entertain the latter hypothesis as the former.

Excluding then all Russian evidence as unobtainable, can we point to any evidence outside their control which might give an answer to our question? In this matter I have been unfortunate. One other man who very probably knew about the disposal of the bodies was an officer of the SS escort, Hauptsturmfuehrer Helmuth Beermann, who was on duty at the time. Beermann was reported captured by the American 9th Army; but by the time that I began my inquiry the 9th Army had been dissolved, and its prisoners redistributed among the remaining armies. In the course of redistribution all trace of Hauptsturmfuehrer Beermann had been lost. Possibly he had died, or escaped unnoticed: but at all events his name was not known in any American prison camp in September 1945.

There remains one other man who possibly knows more than he has admitted. When Artur Axmann was arrested in December 1945 he was interrogated on a brief supplied by me, and in answer to a question replied that he had no knowledge of the ultimate disposal of the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun. At the time he was not pressed, and in general his answers were found to be correct wherever it was possible to confirm them; but eight months later, when Frau Junge was arrested and asked the same question, she replied: "I know from Guensche that the ashes were collected into a box which was given to Reich Youth Leader Axmann." Unfortunately it has not proved possible to re-examine Axmann.

THERE then the matter must rest. Nevertheless, if I were to hazard a guess, I should guess that the ashes were given to Axmann. When Hitler decided to stay and die in Berlin, he did so under the influence of Goebbels, who consciously directed the last act as an appeal to posterity by the founding of a myth. It would have been consistent with such a plan to pass on the sacred relics not to the present generation, whose unworthiness had betrayed Hitler's great designs, but to the next. And the next generation was represented by the Hitler Youth. As the experiment of Nazism drew to its close, Hitler turned more and more to the Hitler Youth. He received their representatives at his last birthday parade; they manned the last bridgeheads in Berlin; their leader remained with him to the end; and in his political testament he specially mentions "the contribution, unique in history" of the Hitler Youth. Hitler's remains may not have been given to Axmann; but it would have been logical and consistent if they had been. Even so, we do not know where he would have put them.

The fate of Bormann is also uncertain. Here again the vital witness is Axmann, who

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alleges that he saw his dead body in the street. One witness is never conclusive, but his evidence may nevertheless be true. The negative evidence certainly suggests that if Bormann is alive he is not in Western Germany; but both he and Hitler's ashes could be in Russia, and we would know no more about it than we know about the fate of Guensche and Rattenhuber.

Perhaps this is the point at which to mention another character who is mentioned in my book and whose fate is still unknown. Heinrich Mueller is mentioned by several witnesses who saw him in the Bunker, generally in connection with the trial of Fegelein. Now Mueller, head of the Gestapo, is a man seldom named among the Nazi leaders. A Bavarian, a professional policeman, all his life he never deviated from his chosen functions nor raised his mind towards the larger horizon of Nazi politics. But in a police state the secret police can be a vast empire, and Mueller, by his silent, unremitting orthodoxy, his absolute ruthlessness, his incorruptibility, his apparent omniscience, became in the end one of the most powerful figures in the dark corridors of the Third Reich. A devoted disciple of Heydrich, he had admired the philosophy and succeeded to the methods of his protector; and these two men—not Kaltenbrunner or Schellenberg—must probably be regarded as the real brains behind the strange, incalculable, cloudy figure of Himmler: they built and maintained the engine of terror which operated in his name. Heinrich Mueller disappeared like Bormann in the last days of Nazi Berlin; and among the missing German criminals he is second only to Bormann.

FINALLY there is one other unresolved problem—the adjutants' diaries to which Zhukov ascribed his knowledge of Hitler's marriage with Eva Braun. As with all Russian evidence, nothing can be proved and we are forced to guess. On this subject it is my guess that the diaries never existed. The inhabitants of the Bunker who might have been described as adjutants were General Burgdorf, Colonel von Below, Major Freytag von Loringhoven, Rittmeister Boldt, Lieutenant Colonel Weiss, and Major Johannmeier. All these except Burgdorf left the Bunker in good order before Hitler's death and had opportunities to remove or destroy any private papers. Boldt assures me categorically that neither he nor Weiss nor Freytag von Loringhoven kept a diary. After Hitler's death, Burgdorf stayed behind in the Bunker when the others sought to escape, alleging that he was going to commit suicide. He had plenty of time in which to destroy his papers if he so wished. And anyway, since the Russians failed to find Hitler's diary—a stout bound volume 14 inches by 8—why should we believe them capable of finding Burgdorf's, if it ever existed?

And yet the facts which Zhukov had divulged as from those diaries were both new and true: the interrogation of eyewitnesses and the discovery of the marriage certificate itself confirm them. Whence did Zhukov know these facts?

There is an obvious answer. Readers of my book know that late on the night of April 30, General Hans Krebs paid a personal visit to Marshal Zhukov and spent some twelve hours at his headquarters offering to the Russians, on behalf of Goebbels and Bormann, a conditional and provisional surrender. Now General Krebs was not merely Chief of the German General Staff. For many years he had been military attaché in Moscow. He spoke Russian fluently, knew the leading men in the Red Army personally, and had always been accounted a warm advocate of Russo-German cooperation, as a living symbol of which he had once, on a famous occasion, been publicly embraced by Stalin. Thus the emissary who arrived at Russian headquarters at the midnight following Hitler's death was no stranger: he was well entertained by Zhukov, and the opportunities of conversation between friends so long separated and so strangely reunited cannot have been neglected. Krebs had to explain and justify his commission. The letter which he brought was signed by Goebbels and Bormann, as ministers appointed by Hitler before his death. Naturally Zhukov would question Krebs about the circumstances of Hitler's death; and naturally, as conversation developed about that strange last episode, Krebs would describe also the wedding which had preceded it. Zhukov had no need of "captured adjutants' diaries"; but since the Russians, for some reason, never wished to publish or admit this last-minute meeting,

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Zhukov evidently preferred to ascribe to that imaginary but impersonal source the knowledge which he had clearly obtained from his real and personal visitor.

If the diaries thus vanish from among the still unexploited sources of evidence, what has become of the real source, General Krebs? In the first edition of my book I reported his words that he would stay in the Bunker and commit suicide after the others had left in their attempt to escape from Berlin. Certainly he stayed behind in the Bunker with Burgdorf and Schedle; but whether he committed suicide or not it is impossible for us to say. He may well have done so; and yet I cannot forget Speer's description of him as "a smooth, *surviving* type"; we do not know what private plans or promises he may have concerted with Zhukov at that unreported meeting; possibly a Chief of the German General Staff, a successor of Moltke and Schlieffen, Ludendorff, Beck, and Halder, though the last and least and briefest tenant of their great office, may have seemed worth something to the Russians; and we do not know whether the sudden action of the Czech government, seven months later, in demanding the trial of Krebs as a war criminal, was the result of information or merely of ignorance. My own questions on that subject were never answered.

While dealing with evidence from Russian sources, there is one further question to be asked. Why did the Russian authorities in Berlin, after publicly accepting, in May 1945, the theory of Hitler's death, suddenly, in June 1945, repudiate their public acceptance of it before plunging into that total and permanent silence on the subject which they have since maintained? No ready answer can be given to this question, for the Russians never submitted any evidence for their Allies to examine, and their own methods and motives in the use of evidence inspire no confidence. One point may, however, be made. It is certain that Marshal Zhukov had opportunities of knowing, though not necessarily of testing, the facts as related by Krebs. The various, often contradictory, statements which issued in disconnected series from his headquarters in the first month after Hitler's death confirm this obvious truth. But it is equally clear that whatever views about Hitler's death may have been entertained, and perhaps even based on evidence, by Russian authorities in Berlin, Stalin in Moscow was expressing a definite view that Hitler was alive. On May 26, 1945, while Russian Headquarters in Berlin were still supporting the theory of Hitler's death as available from Krebs, or from the prisoners Rattenhuber and Baur, Stalin, in the Kremlin, said to Harry L. Hopkins that he believed "that Bormann, Goebbels, Hitler, and probably Krebs had escaped and were in hiding." This statement can hardly have been based on evidence from Berlin, where the body of Goebbels had long since been found and certainly identified; it must therefore represent a personal prejudice of Stalin, who either believed it because he wished to believe it, or stated it because he wished it to be believed. Again, on June 6, when Zhukov was assuring war correspondents in Berlin that Hitler's death was certain, Stalin, in Moscow, repeated to Hopkins "that he was sure that Hitler was alive."

Three days later Zhukov first publicly recanted his view. At this time Allied observers noticed that Zhukov was completely controlled by his political adviser, Vishinsky, and seemed unwilling to answer any questions without reference to him. It seems a reasonable inference that between June 6 and June 9 Zhukov had been corrected by Moscow and ordered to abandon his own view, based on evidence, that Hitler was dead, and to substitute for it Stalin's view, derived from some other motive, that he was alive. What that motive was it is impossible to say; but certainly Stalin persevered in his view, which had now become the official doctrine. On July 17, at Potsdam, he surprised Mr. James F. Byrnes, the American Secretary of State, by saying that he believed Hitler to be alive, probably in Spain or Argentina. Ten days later he stated that his opinion was unchanged. By September, when I began my inquiries, it was quite clear that the Russians had accepted this view as the official doctrine. Whether it was true or not was by now totally irrelevant: they were no longer even interested in evidence; and silence, as so often, became the chief protection of a doctrine which it was increasingly difficult to maintain but impolitic openly to deny.

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AMERICAN JUDAISM: A PERSONAL VIEW

A Man of Letters Reflects on Modernist Religion

DAVID DAICHES

SOON after I came to Ithaca to take up my present position at Cornell, I was asked by the local rabbi to talk to his congregation one Friday evening. He suggested that I might talk from the pulpit if I wished, or if I preferred I could talk after the service in the adjoining hall. I chose to speak in the hall, and not to attend the service. I am not sure if I could explain adequately why the idea of talking in the pulpit offended me, and why I could not even bring myself to attend the service. It is partly because where Jewish liturgy and traditions are concerned I want either the genuine thing or nothing at all. There is a very beautiful order of service for the Sabbath eve developed over the centuries and still in use by Orthodox congregations. It begins with the Ninety-fifth Psalm, which is a fine, powerful one, and when the *chazan* (he should never be called "cantor") breaks into the opening *"l'chu n'ranenah l'Adonai"* ("Come let us sing to the Lord") with that melancholy rise and fall, as a signal for the congregation to commence their worship, there is a spell cast over me which no fancy choir of mixed voices singing elegant extracts from an emasculated Hebrew liturgy can ever hope to throw.

I object to the pussyfooting of it all. I object to rabbis giving sermons on Truman's foreign policy or national maritime week. I object to synagogues being called temples—as though in Jewish history and tradition that term did not have a limited, specific reference, and the difference between the *beth haknesseth* (assembly place for prayer), the *beth hamidrash* (house of study), and the *beth hamikdash* (temple) was not of the very essence of Jewish history. I object to the term "rabbi" being used generally as the Jewish equivalent of minister, a practice which deprives it of the nobility and grandeur that invested the title when it was confined to those who had achieved the hard discipline of obtaining the proper *s'michah* (ordination). I object, in short, to the pretense that Judaism is worth keeping alive when everything that distinguishes it from other religions has been quietly abolished.

I am not sure that Judaism *is* worth keeping alive as a practical religion. In the religion as it developed from the time of Ezra to the end of the Middle Ages there was something noble and beautiful and tragic and rather terrible. Yet, though I respect the man who says *tachanun* on Mondays and Thursdays and I can take part with pleasure in an early morning service with an Orthodox *minyan* (yes, and play the part of *ba'al tefilah* [precentor] too if necessary) I do not myself believe that these things are intrinsically valuable or that they arise

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BEFORE taking leave of this country to return to England, DAVID DAICHES sets down some personal reflections on the situation of American Judaism as he sees it. Mr. Daiches was born in 1912 in Sunderland, England, where his father, the famous scholar Salis Daiches, served as rabbi. In 1918, Salis Daiches having been appointed rabbi of the Hebrew Congregation of Edinburgh, the family moved to Edinburgh, where David Daiches received his MA in 1934. He was a lecturer at Balliol College, Oxford, during 1936-7, earning a PhD there. After coming to this country, he was on the faculty of the University of Chicago, and is at present chairman of the division of literature at Cornell. He will, beginning next fall, be teaching at Cambridge University. Mr. Daiches is the author of several well-known works in literary criticism, among them *The Novel and the Modern World* (1939) and *Poetry and the Modern World* (1940). Many will doubtless find Mr. Daiches's views on American Judaism provocative, and ample space will be afforded in future issues for comments and differing views.

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from a view of life which one can accept as "true." I do not myself believe with the first *perek* of the *Ethics of the Fathers* that Moses received the Law from God on Sinai and passed it on to Joshua, though I remember with pleasure the days when I read a *perek* (in the proper season) each Saturday afternoon at the *minchah* service. I do not myself believe that the "Law" is homogeneous or uniformly valuable or that God is offended if we mix milk with meat or even if we eat bacon, still less that he cares whether we sing *Yigdal* or *Adon Olam* after *ma'ariv* (evening service). I don't think he cares whether Jews keep Chanukah or Christmas or simply regard the festival as the ancient Feast of Lights, that festival of the winter solstice which appears to have been common to Welsh Druids and ancient Semitic peoples. I am not sure that he exists at all, in the sense that religion postulates, or if he does whether he cares about us. This is an assumption of faith, a faith which I never had. I believed in God as a youngster not because I had that kind of faith, but because I believed that wiser minds than mine had demonstrated his existence. When I found they hadn't, I had some radical readjusting to do. (I should add here that I believe that God's existence and nonexistence are equally undemonstrable.)

WHY, then, do I find myself so offended by the dropping by American Jews of so many things in which I myself do not believe? Certainly not because I believe that Jews should withdraw into a ghetto and make no effort to integrate with the tradition of Western civilization. Perhaps because as a boy in Scotland I found my Jewish Orthodoxy accepted by my neighbors with respect and interest precisely for the reason that it was different, that it was the old Hebrew tradition, the real thing. Scottish Presbyterianism never succumbed to the genteel tradition to the extent that other forms of Christianity have done, and something in its ruggedness was attracted by Hebrew intransigence. When I was at school at Edinburgh and the teacher was quoting something from the Bible, he would turn to me and say, "What does it say in the Hebrew, Daiches?" And I would quote it in Hebrew and the class would listen, impressed and even thrilled. When I returned to school after an absence occasioned by one of the Jewish festivals falling on a weekday, the boys would ask, "Was it a fast or a feast?" My best friend in those days was a young red-headed Scot whose father was Presbyterian minister in the nearby little town of Prestonpans, and we would argue for hours about the true nature of Jesus. While my father was explaining rabbinic theology and Jewish ethics to audiences of Christian workingmen in Dunfermline or Dundee, I was lending my much-thumbed copy of Paul Goodman's short *History of the Jews* to my schoolmates as a prelude to more discussions about the differences between Judaism and Christianity. And when I proceeded to Edinburgh University, my closest friend there was a young man going into the Church of Scotland ministry, with whom I would continue such arguments.

I was the first Jew in Edinburgh to take an honors degree in English language and literature (most of the Jewish students—including about two hundred Americans—studied medicine), and when part of the final honors examination fell on a Saturday I had, of course, to request that the day be changed—which it was, just as four years earlier the date of the university scholarship examinations had been changed because they fell partly on Saturday and partly on Succoth. What I am trying to say is that I found a lively and aggressive Orthodox Judaism an effective *entrée* to the non-Jewish civilization around me, and that my happy experiences of those days (I never encountered anti-Semitism until I came to America) led me to believe that a Jew who wants to play his part naturally in a Western environment can do so either by this kind of honest self-assurance or by total assimilation. American Jewry seems to me to be aiming at a confused third way which is neither philosophically tenable nor socially practicable. We call coffins "caskets" and

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undertakers "morticians" and garages "greasing palaces," and in the same cowardly spirit we call Judaism 20th-century Americanism and impose the dead hand of a genteel modern nomenclature on its beliefs and practices.

This is partly because American Jews are so nervous about their Americanism. It would never do to admit that they are in any significant sense different from other Americans—unless they are nationalist Zionists prepared to emigrate to Israel. To a non-American, American Jews seem less happy and less assured about their national and civic status than British Jews. It sometimes amuses and sometimes saddens me to find that most of my American friends assume that anti-Semitism is rife in Britain and that I should be congratulating myself on having got out and come to America. (As a matter of fact, I am returning to Britain for good in August.) It is true, of course, that the policy of the British government on the Palestine issue in the last decade has not helped matters, and has caused much disquiet among Jews in Britain, but that policy was the result of misguided notions about the balance of power in the Middle East: it did not arise from anti-Semitism. (And, it should be added, the policy in Washington differed in no jot or tittle from that of the British government; but Washington, sensitive to the Jewish vote, allowed Britain to bear the opprobrium: this can be confirmed by anybody who was in Washington in those days—as I was—and knew what Loy Henderson was doing in the State Department.) American Jews strike me as being continually on the defensive against anti-Semitism, if only because in a country whose national origins are so mixed, patriotism inevitably assumes a more blatant quality and those who do not assimilate to the general pattern feel, and are made to feel, uncomfortable. They have continually to prove that they are good Americans first, and Jews afterwards, and the obvious way of doing that is to join in the general "democratic" chorus that nobody really differs from anybody else, that all religions are equally true, that Jewish worship is really just the same as Christian worship, that a rabbi can appropriately preach in a church and a Christian minister in a "temple," and that a common ignorance of the Bible and of theology can unite everybody in a sentimental, social-service, "boys'-town" religion presided over by a Catholic priest who has the temerity to assert (thus destroying the very basis of Christian theology) that "there are no bad boys."

And yet mixed up with all this desire to make Judaism one of the recognized faiths comparable in all respects to the majority faiths (whereas, of course, Judaism differs so seriously from the majority faiths that it will not survive any *Gleichschaltung*) is a pathetic belief that Jewish "culture" can survive as something pure and separate, drawing nourishment from no unique religious position. But who are the great Jewish contributors to modern culture? Let us roll out the names of the great Jews of the Western world from Spinoza to Einstein, and we shall find that none of them made his contribution as a Jew but merely as a man and a thinker. Only a Hitler would assert that Einstein's physics is Jewish. If by Jewish culture we mean the scientific, literary, and philosophical contributions made by individuals who happen to have been born Jews, we must admit that the disappearance of the Jews *qua* Jews (not, of course, *qua* men) is not going to impede its flourishing. If, on the other hand, we mean by Jewish culture the products of a specifically Jewish way of life and thought, then what has the modern Jewish world to offer? Monotheism? The Unitarians have that without the embarrassment of a particularist tradition. Humanism? Matthew Arnold taught us long ago where we could find that. A sense of righteousness? The most eloquent pleas for social justice in our time, the pleas that have echoed the words of the Hebrew prophets of old, have not been made distinctively or even in greatest number by Jews. Rabbinical Judaism, with its combination of legalism and humanism, its

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liturgical charm, its strict scholarship, its wise and kindly attitude towards man in his sexual and social aspects, its preposterous literalism, and its magnificent but untenable view of theology and history? By all means, if you can take it. It is a noble creed, and if you can stomach all of it, do so, and you will enrich society. But by spooning out of it what it has in common with other creeds or positions you are not drawing on any exclusively Jewish culture. You are practicing assimilation.

Of course, so are the Christians. Hardly any Christian today knows what he is supposed to believe. I give a course in Milton at Cornell, and it leads me to discuss the religious scene in England in the 17th century—that seed-bed of modern Protestant sects. I have never found anyone in the class who can tell me what distinguishes a Baptist from a Congregationalist or even a Presbyterian from an Episcopalian or a Calvinist from a Lutheran, nor have I discovered anyone who can explain what the central doctrines of Christianity are. Everyone believes that a church is a purely social institution and the ministry is a social service profession dedicated to the principle that all religions are alike and the sole duty of all believers is to take an interest in boys' clubs and thrill vaguely when an organ plays. I used to think that at least the Catholics knew what they were supposed to believe, but I have not found it so—I remember the Catholic boy who, when I asked him what the Trinity was, replied "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph." There was also the Jewish boy who, asked in our general literature class if he had ever read the Book of Job, replied, "Naw, we only read the *Old* Testament."

To me it seems as though the basic drive of the American Jew is to assimilate in order to prove his Americanism; but, because he has a guilt feeling about this desire, he will never admit it, and gets his assimilationist urge horribly mixed up with the fiercer kind of Zionism. While with one hand he is busy removing from Judaism all that distinguishes it from other modern faiths, with the other he is making feverish gestures towards Zion. But no one would be more astonished or upset than the American Zionist if out of Zion were really to come forth the Law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem. He hopes that out of Zion will come forth good Rotarian Israelites and Hebrew-speaking hot-dog sellers. He has none of the religious passion for Jerusalem that his ancestors had. He is not likely to have sat in *shul* on Tisha B'av and mourned for Zion in the great plangent lament of Judah Halevi: *"Tziyon, halo tishali lish'lom asirayich. . . ."*—"Zion, wilt thou not ask after the welfare of thy captives, that seek thy peace, that are the remnant of thy flocks?" Nor will he have much sympathy for that great vision of Jerusalem as the seat of a revived Jewish *religion* that haunted the imagination both of the prophets and the rabbis.

When I gave my talk in the hall of the local temple, I saw some of the things the children had been making at Sunday school (God forbid that one should call it *cheder*!) and I was puzzled to find that the basic *motif* was the American flag interspersed with passionate nationalist sentiments about Palestine. But nowhere could I discern any feeling for Judaism. Our fathers studied Hebrew because it was the *lashon kodesh*, the language of the Law and the prophets: they had an ear for its eloquence and a sense of its historical significance and when they wrote it they wrote as the great Renaissance humanists wrote Latin, with a sense of glory and of reverence. But now youngsters who learn Hebrew at all learn it, one might almost say, as a political language: they learn how to ask for a cup of coffee in Tel Aviv, not to read the ringing eloquence of Isaiah or the sad glory of Koheleth. And they are taught the unmusical and inflexible Sephardic pronunciation, so mistakenly adopted by the modern Hebrew movement under the impression that it is more "accurate." (I could write a whole essay on this point, but I shall refrain: the arguments against the Sephardic pronunciation of He-

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brew and in favor of a modified form of the Ashkenazic pronunciation were first—but vainly—pressed by my father in an essay entitled "The Pronunciation of Hebrew" in his *Aspects of Judaism,* London, 1928.)

Hebrew, like Latin, Greek, and Italian, ought to be studied in any liberal arts program as one of the great dead languages, not as another way of asking for Coca-Cola. Just as I press my students of English to study Italian so that they can read Dante, not merely so that they can ask their way to the washroom in Rome, so I should like to see Jewish students (and others, for that matter) studying Hebrew so that they can read the Hebrew Bible with understanding and satisfaction. Anybody can pick up the conversational idiom of a modern language by living for a while in the country where it is spoken; and if he does not live there, then he doesn't need that conversational idiom. But, as an educated man, he always needs to know the languages in which the great documents of Western civilization have been written, and to know them as they were in their glory.

If Zionism is merely a political means to minimize anti-Semitism, then of course there is no need to associate it with Judaism at all, or to link up the modern Zionist movement with the traditional Jewish attitude to Zion. The result of this approach to the problem will be another little Levantine state with its own language and its own national apparatus: but I for one cannot see how such a state will solve any problems or why it is a cause for congratulating anybody. If, on the other hand, Zionism is to be based on the aspirations of Jews throughout the ages, then it is illogical to get upset over the influence of the Orthodox rabbis in Israeli affairs or over the idea of a theocracy in Israel. That is precisely what, historically, *Jewish* Zionism has aimed at. My good friend Milton Konvitz gets excited when there is any suggestion that the State of Israel should have Judaism as its official religion, and argues in favor of a state based (as the United States theoretically is) on the polite eclecticism of the *Aufklärung.* This may be good Americanism, but it is a flouting of the prayers of Jews throughout the ages. *They* didn't want merely a Jeffersonian Latvia or Czechoslovakia. I'm not sure that *I* do, and I don't want a theocratic state either, which puts me in the position of criticizing everybody and agreeing with no one.

I WANT American Jews to face the issues honestly and stop pussyfooting. If they believe, as by much of their conduct they seem to suggest, that in a modern democratic state it is possible to develop an eclectic humanism which draws some nourishment from a variety of religious traditions but which is not committed to any specific religious position, then let them boldly say so and face the logical consequences—acceptance of assimilation as an ideal. If, on the other hand, they believe that the Jewish religion as a religion has a complete way of life to offer which no other religion has, and that it represents a central truth to be found nowhere else, then let them cultivate Judaism and emphasize its differentiating qualities. But to remain Jews out of mere pride, or fear, or jingoism, or habit, to cultivate a Jewish consciousness while ignoring or disbelieving or glossing over the ideas and doctrines which constitute the Jewish heritage—this appears to me both illogical and unintelligent. If you believe that the Jewish religion can be prettied up into a modern mixture of Freud and Jefferson and kid yourself into calling your fancy synthesis Judaism (as was done in that absurd book, *Peace of Mind*), then I suppose nobody can prevent you: but don't then sneer at assimilationists—they are at least honest about what they are doing.

The Hebrew tradition, in both its Biblical and its later, specifically Jewish phase, is a noble one, and a central part of Western culture. So is the classical tradition, and so is the Christian. But one does not need to be a Greek nationalist to study and enjoy Homer, or a member of medieval Christendom to study and enjoy Dante—or

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a Jew in order to study and enjoy the great works of Hebrew literature. These are all impressive movements of the human spirit, and they are available to all intelligent men. Let those of us with a Jewish background by all means pay particular attention to the Hebrew tradition: let us teach our children Hebrew and Jewish history and let us have them read Isaiah and Amos and Judah Halevi in the original. In teaching them the history of religion let us dwell particularly on the history of Judaism. But if we ourselves do not accept the theological assumptions that lie behind the Jewish religion and if we feel that our main duty as members of Western culture is to contribute towards that liberal humanism in which, I should imagine, the salvation of the world alone lies, let us be honest with ourselves and our children and not pretend on the one hand that everybody really believes the same thing in this great free country and on the other that we have a valid reason for remaining forever separate as Jews. The only ones who have a valid reason are the Orthodox believers in the un-American doctrine of the election of Israel.

Let us, above all, have more knowledge. Let us have less emotion about Jewishness and more reading of the Bible—yes, and the Talmud. Let us have less nationalism and more study of Jewish history. And let those Jews for whom the traditional Jewish explanation of God and his relation to his people and to the world is truly valid practice as their religion the full historical Judaism with its richness, its ceremonial, its discipline, and its strange beauty. I myself must, I suppose, be regarded as an agnostic, and if I go to *shul* these days it is as a sentimental exercise. But to go to a modern "temple" is not even a sentimental exercise —it is acquiescence in dishonesty. As I survey the American Jewish scene I see much of this dishonesty around me.

THE character in Jewish history who has long fascinated me is the rather cloudy figure of Elisha ben Abuyah, who lost his faith in Jewish religion but remained a student of its history and customs, so that he was able to tell his religious friends what they ought to be doing if they considered themselves religious Jews. I think I understand his position, for in a sense it is my own. Jewish ideals and Jewish history continue to fascinate me, though I can no longer believe in Jewish theology. I am scarcely less fascinated by the classical past and by the history of Christianity—for indeed I consider myself a full-fledged citizen of the Western world with profound local ties to my native country and with special knowledge both of its history and literature and of Hebrew literature and traditions. With such equipment I am prepared to look about me and play my humble part in the examination of the Western heritage and the redefinition of human ambitions. Whether the Jews are a race or a nation or a religious community has long ceased to bother me: I know that, with an individual background and heritage as every man has, I am a man, and I am interested in humanity. If anybody answers that this is an untenable position and I must declare myself to be a member of one group or another, that the Hitlers of the world will never allow me to solve the problem in this way, I can only say that I am quite sure that the Hitlers of the world will do their best to make my position untenable—but that only confirms me in my view that it is a good position, and one worth trying to live for.

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WINGATE, ORWELL, AND THE "JEWISH QUESTION"

A Memoir

T. R. FYVEL

WHILE reading and pondering over some recent essays in COMMENTARY on Jewish "authenticity" (and the relation between Jewish and non-Jewish intellectuals), I found my thoughts taking me back to the memory of two English friends with whom chance had brought me into early contact, and whose like I shall hardly encounter again.

Both friends were actually of Scottish descent, but preferred to regard themselves as English. The first was Orde Wingate—the late Major General O. C. Wingate. I believe that Wingate's name is not widely known in the United States. The war theaters across which he marched—Abyssinia and Burma—were not of first interest to American readers. Nor is Orde Wingate's name sufficiently known among American Jews, though he was for some years intimately connected with Jewish Palestine; and indeed the consequences of this connection have had a far-reaching effect on the present Jewish situation and, one might perhaps even say, on the contemporary Jewish outlook.

Wingate was one of the few men of authentic military genius thrown up by a war of machines. Early death cut short his extraordinary career, yet he had already done enough to show himself in the tradition of those brilliant, youthful British upper-class soldiers of one hundred fifty to two hundred years earlier—Clive, Wolfe, Nelson, Wellington, and the rest—whose victories brought it about that English is today the language of North America, that the 19th century was dominated by the *Pax Britannica*, that the independent India of today, with its 250 million citizens, is a member of a Commonwealth headed by a small island nation off the west of Europe. When Wingate died, in 1944, Winston Churchill (and he should know!) said of him in Parliament that he was "a man of genius, who might also have become a man of destiny."

Wingate had no time to become a man of destiny. Yet, briefly, consider his career.

HE was born in India, in 1903. He came from a well-known family of professional soldiers. His father was an Indian Army career officer, who, however, retired to devote himself to the organization of missionary work in Central Asia. (Orde Wingate, incidentally, was a distant relative of Lawrence of Arabia.) As a young subaltern, Wingate was sent in the 1930's to the Middle East, which laid its spell on him as it had done on so many Englishmen. He learned to speak Arabic, and if necessary, to live like an Arab. He organized a romantic expedition in search of a lost oasis; he went on long, solitary desert rides, quoting aloud to himself Wordsworth or Marlowe by the hour; he wrote papers on desert warfare which were so highly original that the British military disregarded them until Rommel had actually appeared in the western desert; and finally, during Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia, which inspired him with anger and disgust, he served on the Sudan-Abyssinian frontier. In 1937 he was posted to Palestine, where the anti-Jewish Arab dis-

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T. R. FYVEL here relates some memories of two of his friends, the late General Orde Wingate and the late novelist George Orwell—men seemingly very different from one another, and yet with much in common, including a fascination with the Jewish revival of recent years—and speculates on what it was that so deeply caught the imagination of these two Englishmen. Mr. Fyvel has been for many years literary editor of the London *Tribune*, and is the author of *The Malady and the Vision; an Analysis of Political Faith* (1941).

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turbances, led by the Mufti of Jerusalem, had been in progress for a year, half winked at by the British administration.

When he arrived in Palestine, as an Intelligence officer on General Wavell's staff, a large British force had been fighting the Arab bands with the customary inefficiency of a regular army chasing guerrillas. But it was also fighting them half-heartedly: the British government officials in Palestine, almost to a man on the Arab side, were often doing their best to hamstring the Jewish settlers' self-defense. Wingate—he then had the rank of captain—saw through this situation at once. Taking sides passionately, he persuaded the authorities to let him organize a "night squads" force consisting of about three hundred Palestine Jews and a handful of British soldiers and NCO's. He had studied the tactics of the Arab bands and knew exactly what he was about. Marching at the head of his small counter-guerrilla force, he cleared the whole north of Palestine of Arab bands with ludicrous ease.

For this, he earned his DSO, a high British military decoration in peacetime—and also the enmity of the Palestine British officials whose pro-Arab code he had so successfully transgressed. The machine moved: Captain Wingate was sent back to London where he had to kick his heels for the whole first year of the war, in command of an anti-aircraft battery. It took the collapse of France to lift the British Middle East ban against him. He had been demanding to be placed in command of Palestine Jewish forces. That was not to be: but as a second best assignment he was sent to carry guerrilla war into Italian-occupied Abyssinia. Once again he demonstrated his consummate military talents. Marching like a vengeful military genius at the head of his "Gideon Force" of two hundred British soldiers and a few thousand Abyssinian irregulars, he destroyed an Italian colonial army of 36,000 men. But once again, by marching with the Emperor Haile Selassie at his side straight to Addis Ababa, he had transgressed political instructions—there was apparently a powerful intrigue against the Emperor at GHQ, Cairo. This time, his conflict with the authorities was brought to the point of violent crisis. By the summer of 1941, Wingate was back in London once more, in disgrace.

Then in December came the Japanese attack, and the first British military disasters in Malaya. Through Churchill's personal intervention, Wingate was flown out to India. There, at first given no regular command, he organized his famous "Chindits"—small British forces to operate behind the Japanese lines. Led by a now bearded Brigadier Wingate, the Chindits set out into Burma; for weeks they roamed behind the Japanese lines; they did untold damage; they returned. This time, Wingate's military gifts were so obvious that his triumph was complete. Raised to major general, he was flown back to London, and there snatched up by Churchill and taken at a day's notice to the Quebec Conference, where he met and impressed President Roosevelt and General Marshall. Both British and American resources were for the first time put at his disposal. Together with bolder spirits in the US Air Forces, men after his own heart, he made plans for land-air operations behind the Japanese in Burma on an entirely new scale; whole units were to be flown in, entirely air-supplied strongholds set up, clumsy land warfare was to be entirely by-passed. But the combined operation had only just been successfully started when the American B-25 in which he was traveling struck a mountainside in Burma, and he was killed, at the early age of forty, on the threshold of fame.

A TEMPESTUOUS, a passionate career, in the tradition of the great English rebels. In England it has already become the Wingate legend. But I am concerned here with Wingate and Palestine. And when I met him in Jerusalem in 1938, the legend was still years in the future.

It was in the first days of the year, I remember. I had been told that a Captain Wingate was newly arrived—an odd fish, because though he was an Intelligence staff officer, both he and his wife were passion-

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ately pro-Zionist. Our first meeting was at some Jewish notable's tea party, where there were also a few official British guests. I saw a young officer, fair-haired, with piercing blue eyes, and a somewhat wolfish twist to his mouth that was at the same time humorous and gave an impression of contained power and careless eccentricity. I had just come from London, and at once he engaged me in conversation on every conceivable political topic, plainly using me as sounding board for the views and thoughts which he threw out. For the next years this was the basis of our relationship—ceaseless discussion.

Some of his views were daringly unorthodox. During this first conversation Wingate told me, for example, how he had arrived in Palestine not long before on a troop convoy. On the way he had lectured the officers on the Arabs. The gist of his talk had been something like this: "Your Arab is a likeable fellow, more cultured than he appears, but the world's worst soldier." No one had contradicted; yet, Wingate said, his attack on the long-standing British legend of the Arabs as devilish fighters had simply not had the slightest impact on the assembled British officers. They had not learned—as yet, he said.

I remember another day with him in Jerusalem, in March 1938, a few days after Hitler had entered Vienna, and when, as a Reuters message had reported, Austrian Jews were being "herded through the streets of Vienna like cattle." He was taking me with him by car on a brief tour of inspection into Transjordan and back. On the return journey, I remember, we stopped at the frontier at the well-known "Allenby Bridge" across the Jordan, not far from Jericho, and walked for a while alongside the banks of the river. I remember the sedge was growing very tall.

BECAUSE of Vienna, neither of us was in too good a mood. Orde Wingate held forth in scathing terms about the Chamberlain government's policy of appeasement of Mussolini in Africa, of the Japanese over the Chinese war, and of the feudal Arab kings in the Middle East. So far, these were the left-wing views to which I was well accustomed. But soon Wingate departed into his own unorthodoxy. The Foreign Office and the War Office, he said, were determined to crush Zionism by hook or crook. The Palestine Jews should therefore know that sooner or later they would have to fight the Arabs—even if the British shamefully armed and backed the Arabs, he added bitterly.

Now, at that time, 1938, I had heard such warlike views expressed only from the less respectable and wildcat Zionist fringe. To hear them solemnly announced by a British officer was pretty staggering. But Wingate impressed me no less when he began to talk about the coming world war and its shape. Hitler would strike within a year, he thought. The small European countries were already irrelevant. France would collapse—the French army, he said confidently, was not going to fight. Only Britain would be left, defending its island fortress—there Hitler would be brought up short—and clinging on for dear life in the Middle East, the key: for if the Middle East could be held, the land-locked Axis could not break out of Europe, and the Americans, the Russians, everybody, could then pile in to crush the Nazis and Fascists. All that, he said, was perfectly clear. But in the defense of the Middle East, Egypt would probably be lost. The holding of Palestine was therefore the key to the defense of the Middle East. That was why it was so important that the Palestine Jews should be armed and trained. He, Orde Wingate, had thought it all out.

Seen in retrospect, this military analysis appears profoundly prophetic. Where Wingate erred was only in underestimating the inefficiency of the Italian army poised for the attack on Egypt. At the time when I was listening to him, Wingate's words seemed to me partly fantastic, yet partly I was already beginning to fall under his spell. And, as we went along the banks of the Jordan, he went on talking. Since war was coming, he had already decided that there must, among others, be three outstanding British war aims: the liberation of Abyssinia from the Italians, of China from the Japanese, and

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the unqualified fulfillment of the Balfour Declaration! And he, Captain Orde Wingate, had already determined to work his hardest to see that these British war aims were carried out.

One must remember: Wingate was at that time only a junior British officer in his early thirties, and this was spring 1938, with British appeasement of Hitler (and of the Arabs) still in full spate. And I was a fairly skeptical person. How seriously did I take his views at the time? Across the gulf of twelve years, it is not easy to say, yet I am sure I was at least half converted, like so many of those who in the astonishing years that followed fell under the spell of his personality. And though no one, not even a Wingate, can really plan the future, he did in spite of setbacks and terrible personal defeats play a part in furthering his war aims: in 1938, in his Palestine "Night Squads," he turned an elite of youthful Palmach soldiers into artists in guerrilla warfare; in 1941, he rode on a white horse behind the Emperor of Abyssinia through the streets of Addis Ababa, the liberated capital; and in his Burmese campaigns of 1943-4 he was the first British commander to link up with Chinese troops against the Japanese. From our extraordinary conversation on the banks of the Jordan till the end that cut him off before his time, there was a clear pattern to his life, the pattern of a man with an unswerving mission.

WHEN Wingate came to Palestine in 1938, two traditions met—and fused. His was the tradition of "Bible and sword," already old in English history. But, paradoxically, for the Jewish settlers "Bible and sword" was a new tradition they had just acquired—which circumstances had forced on them.

Wingate's childhood experience had also played a decisive part in this fusion. As has been said, Wingate's father left the Indian army to devote himself to the organization of Christian missions. Both he and Wingate's mother belonged to the Plymouth Brethren, that sternest and most Puritan wing of English Protestantism. Their family life was at the same time intense and happy, and dominated by an Old Testament Puritanism of self-search and prayer in which every action of every member of the family was judged in the light of "is it just, is it right?" And in a way, even Wingate's own famous military campaigns follow the pattern of a small group of the religious elite marching through regions of darkness—a recurring pattern: in his "Night Squads" of young Palestine Jews, in his "Gideon Force" (note the Biblical name) marching straight across Abyssinia, in his small compact groups of "Chindits" plunging into the Burmese jungle. Again, when Wingate arrived in Palestine, so well had his Protestant Old Testament training prepared him, that every hill and brook, as he said, seemed familiar. One of his favorite pastimes was an analysis on the spot of the battles of Gideon or Saul or David in the light of modern tactics. Given this "Bible and sword" background, it is not surprising that something in Wingate responded immediately to the sight of the Jewish settlements, small fortified islands among the Arab "Philistines," and that in his mind he fused their Biblical tradition and his own.

These psychological speculations are fascinating, but even more fascinating, and I have often thought about this, is the unquestionable fact that the brief flash of contact between this "Bible and sword" English soldier and Palestine has had a significant effect on the Jewish outlook. Much could still be written on this point. Put it merely like this: how many non-Jews have significantly affected Jewish life since the war? One might perhaps say Harry Truman, also a Bible-educated man, when through his personal intervention he destroyed the Foreign Office–State Department cabal against the State of Israel. (I always have a childish picture of Truman in 1948 bursting into a room full of his advisers, exclaiming: "I recognize Israel!" and disappearing again like a diving duck so that no one might be able to gainsay the declaration.) But if Truman (for whatever motives) provided the political shelter for the unexpected military effort of Israel, the intelligence, un-

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orthodoxy, and audacity of that effort was notably shaped by the Wingate tradition.

It was not merely a matter of direct application of his principles of military strategy and tactics, though such successful Israeli commanders of 1948 as Moshe Dayan and Yigal Alon had ten years earlier, as youngsters, been trained by him as members of the "Night Squads." It was more than that: what Wingate did during his brief sojourn in Palestine in 1937-8 was to help awaken the Palestine Jews to the brutal realities of the world around them, and at the same time to infuse into their outlook something of his own fervent spirit—his complete faith in what he had decided was the just cause, together with his audacious contempt for the stupidity of military machines or for mere numbers, confidence in striking boldly and straight at the heart of the enemy, belief in daringly unorthodox strategy, and so forth. One could see all these qualities reflected in greater and lesser measure in the Israeli victories of 1948. To the extent that Orde Wingate was responsible for these victories, to the extent that they have created a new Jewish morale, surely to that extent has he subtly affected the outlook of Jews in and outside Israel, many of whom have never heard his name.

THE second friend of whom I wish to write (in a very different strain) bore in some outward respects a strange similarity to Orde Wingate. He was of the same age as Wingate; like him, born in India; like him, of Scots descent, yet identifying himself not with Scotland, but England. Like Wingate, too, he had a strong touch of the Puritan. Yet, how different he was in nature: where Wingate in action was the man of destiny, he was shy, awkward, and gentle. I met him first in 1940. His name was Eric Blair, though he was already becoming well known under his pen name, George Orwell.

In Palestine in 1938 I had read his volume of essays, *Inside the Whale,* and ever since had wanted to meet him. I remember our first encounter. It was in the summer of 1940, in the interval between the collapse of France and the start of the Air Battle of Britain. We had been introduced by our joint publisher. In appearance Orwell was quite different from what his incisive writings had led me to expect. I saw an over-tall, thin man, dressed, as someone has said, rather like a seedy Sahib, with an intellectual and deeply lined face, and, until one knew him well, as awkward in personal manner as he was bold in the world of ideas. His voice was gentle and a little high-pitched, on account of a throat wound he had received when fighting for the Spanish Republicans in the ranks of the proscribed POUM, during the civil war. The small gathering where I met him had been called to discuss general ideas, but he seemed most anxious to discuss joining the newly formed Home Guard. And I remember that he turned to me and asked, "By the way, are you a Jew?"—putting the question abruptly, as though it was a rather awkward point.

Ten years later, I was to visit him frequently as he lay in bed in a private hospital room in London. By this time he was the author of *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-four,* with a world reputation, and also a desperately sick man. I have a vivid recollection of one of the occasions on which I came into his room. He was reclining in bed, with his face painfully thin, now wearing glasses, and reading COMMENTARY, to which he had several times contributed and which he read regularly.

But thereby hangs a tale, and in the intervening years there had been many meetings and conversations.

THE year 1940, when we first met, was Britain's *annus mirabilis.* Its summer, whose flavor hardly anyone who was not in these islands can fully appreciate, saw violent fluctuations of fortune: the fall of France, the miracle of Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain. It was a year in which anything seemed possible. Three of us, an odd trio, Orwell, an English writer, myself, a Jew, and Sebastian Haffner, a German anti-Nazi, decided to put out a series of small books on and around the war effort. The books duly

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appeared—Orwell's own contribution was *The Lion and the Unicorn*—and served their modest purpose. The series stopped, as happens in such cases, when we were all called up for various kinds of war service. During this time, however, I saw a good deal of Orwell. He was among other things busily making the sort of social-cultural investigation of popular feelings that is given so much place in many of his essays, and among the subjects he "investigated" and which he talked about was one which never ceased to puzzle him: Jews.

There were two immediate reasons for his interest. First, he could just recall some minor anti-Semitic outbreaks in London during the First World War, and was worried, somewhat needlessly, that they might recur. Actually, as Orwell himself put it, it is possible for popular prejudices to be brought more into the limelight even while they are becoming less, and this, he concluded, was the case with anti-Semitism in England. A second reason was that because of the district in which he had taken a new flat, the Home Guard platoon he commanded as sergeant was composed almost entirely of middle-aged Jewish businessmen, some British-born, others naturalized, and both of a character and readiness to argue about politics which was quite new to him.

I discovered that Orwell had previously hardly met any Jews. He had known a few at Eton; they seemed to him to have been rich, and one assumed, he said, that they were slightly ashamed of being Jews. Otherwise he had only encountered a few odd Jewish shopkeepers. The references to Jews in his early novels had been the usual uncomplimentary stereotypes. As is obvious from his writings, Orwell was very much a divided personality. Emotionally he not only understood but partly still shared the outlook of the English upper-middle class, more precisely of the rather decayed levels of this upper-middle class, whose prejudices, and this includes anti-Semitism, are much sharper than those of its betters. On the other hand, as a writer, an intellectual, Orwell naturally rejected those prejudices out of hand—and yet this conflict in him was never quite solved. At any rate, it is an interesting sidelight in English literary life that as late as 1940 Orwell was only just beginning to encounter "the Jewish question."

When I met him again after the war he had progressed considerably further in the question. The liberated concentration camps and other revelations on the Continent had, after all, brought the question into the foreground, and events in Palestine were also beginning to do so. Orwell himself had become a well-known political writer of the non-Communist left, and as such was frequently in the company of Jewish intellectuals. He was an internationalist, in favor of the ideal of United Europe; Arthur Koestler, among others, had become his close friend, and Orwell had written an unusually understanding essay in which he set Koestler's writings against their background of an uprooted Jewish literary life. But the whole question still puzzled and preoccupied him. I asked him on one occasion why, in his *Nineteen Eighty-four*, he had given the name "Alexander Goldstein" to the one conceivable rebel left against Big Brother and the Party. Orwell explained that partly his "Goldstein" was, of course, an obvious skit on Trotsky. But he said he also felt that the likely man to stage a hopeless last revolt against a possible totalitarian regime would be some Jewish intellectual.

Zionism, however, worried Orwell very much, especially when the shooting in Palestine began in 1946, and the Socialist weekly, *Tribune*, to which he contributed his regular literary articles, took up a strong and consistent anti-Bevin line. In many an argument I could sense his emotional conflict. On the one side were the political arguments put to him by Jewish or socialist colleagues and friends; on the other hand, it was British officials and officers, men of his own class, who were being shot at in Palestine. And so he was never *quite convinced*. He liked thinking in terms of startling paradoxes, and one of his worries was that "They" seemed almost unanimous in support of Zionism.

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"They" to him were most of the intellectuals of the British left, especially certain liberal contributors to the *New Statesman* and Manchester *Guardian;* together with the fellow-traveler fringe on their left, "They" had become to him dangerous illusionists: "They" had in the 20's supported German demands for Allied evacuation of the Rhineland and Ruhr as a step towards world peace; "They" had in the 30's believed in Communism as merely advanced liberalism; "They" propagated the idea that the Indian Congress movement was genuinely democratic; and now, if "They" equally supported the Palestine Jews against the British government, wasn't that almost a sign that Zionism, too, had its militarist and fascist germ?

No, he wasn't happy about it. He told me on one occasion that he had had a heated argument with Arthur Koestler over *Thieves in the Night,* on the grounds that a writer like Koestler couldn't be internationalist in general and nationalist just in that one corner of the world. "You agree with me, don't you?" he said hopefully. I explained that though my views on Palestine politics differed markedly from Koestler's, in general I *felt* much as he did. And I tried to explain to Orwell: just as he with his strong English tradition felt deeply attached to some odd aspects of English life, so I had many Zionist family connections, I had my own Jewish tradition; all that inevitably shaped my sentiments about Palestine. "Yes, but . . ." said Orwell, looking at me doubtfully. I knew what this "but" meant. It meant that after all I had also been to an English school and university, I obviously also knew the English tradition; we had on so many occasions together discussed English topics—and yet, he had again come up against this puzzling question: to what extent is an "assimilated" Jewish intellectual still different, still a Jew?

It was a question which never quite ceased to fascinate him. He often read Jewish journals or pamphlets. As I mentioned before, during the late period of his life, when he was lying in bed in hospital, I came in one evening to find him puzzling over an issue of Commentary. As I said, he read the journal regularly. One of its points of interest for him was the constant revelation how many of the American writers whose books he had read were in fact Jews. It seemed a surprising number. Take an American war novel like *The Young Lions,* he said: now Irwin Shaw was a Jew, wasn't he? Yes, he was, I said. And was Norman Mailer also a Jew? I wasn't absolutely certain, I said —no more than Orwell had I ever visited the United States—but from internal evidence in *The Naked and the Dead* there was almost no doubt.

As Orwell pondered about this, I put a theory of my own about contemporary war books. The Second World War, I said, had produced no great literature of revolt comparable to the first. There had been no real successors to Rolland, Barbusse, Dos Passos, Sassoon, Sitwell, Graves, or even Remarque. In fact, the only spark that seemed to have set off new war novels had been the experience of young Jewish intellectuals serving in the forces. It was interesting, I said, that the most successful English "straight" war novel, *From the City, From the Plough,* had been written by a young London Jew, Alexander Baron. The generalization was only roughly true, yet true enough to raise a point —though I did not quite know what conclusions to draw.

Orwell thought this over. But he returned to his issue of Commentary. Why were *all* American Jews, he asked, so constantly absorbed in a definition of their Jewishness?

Good gracious, not all the four and a half million, I said: for instance, during the two years of the war I spent at various US Army headquarters I met plenty of tough Jewish enlisted men who neither wrote war novels, nor worried over "authenticity" nor, probably, had even heard of a journal on the level of Commentary. The point at issue, I thought, was one Orwell had often made himself: that to find a living relationship with modern machine-dominated societies was the most difficult problem for writers and intellectuals of today. For intellectual Jews this problem was not basically differ-

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ent, but only just that much more difficult and complicated.

I think we left the discussion at this point, with Orwell still puzzled.

SINCE I began these somewhat disjointed reminiscences of two friends, with whom chance had thrown me into contact, by introducing the question of personal relations between Jews and non-Jews, have I any general conclusions to add? I think the point most worth stressing is that both Wingate and Orwell were of course not only exceptional men but were steeped in national tradition. And I think the whole problem of such personal relations between Jews and non-Jews (outside Israel, of course) depends on the creation of what might be called "a contemporary Jewish tradition"—as the other side of the equation.

What I mean by this word "tradition" may well also be called "way of life." Beyond this it is not easy to define. It is far easier to define what I feel this tradition or way of life is *not*. It is neither identical with frightened and undignified assimilation, nor with artificially stressed attempts to be a "nationally positive" Jew; neither with Jewish self-hatred nor yet with a sentimentalized approach to a folklorist Jewish past or crude boasts about the number of famous Jews. Yet the contemporary Jewish tradition would include elements of all these; assimilation of Western culture, together with acceptance without question of being Jewish, reasonable self-criticism, and legitimate interest in Jewish achievement. Such a tradition, I know, sounds easy to describe, and is infinitely difficult to achieve. Perhaps most difficult of all in the United States: how create a limited deviation from an American national tradition, when this national tradition is itself still in a state of flux? And yet I feel the solution, I won't say of the Jewish problem but of a Jewish way of life, lies in this direction; and the writers whom Orwell and I had been reading are, I feel sure, engaged in seeking, and helping shape, that way.

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THE ISRAELI VOTER PONDERS THE "MORAL CRISIS"

Pioneering Ideals Under the Test of Everyday Realities

J. L. TELLER

ISRAELI newspapers and periodicals have recently been full of excited and anguished discussion of Israel's "moral crisis." By this they mean the marked relapse from the rigorously high—some would say utopian—standards of Zionist pioneering to the less exacting manners of a this-worldly lower-middle-class society in times of economic and political stress. And perhaps nothing could have been more illustrative of this change of climate than the behavior of Israel's political parties and the press itself (which is largely party-controlled) on the eve of last November's municipal elections.

Only in their verbal vigor and spirited abusiveness could the campaign speeches be said to have had anything in common with the abstruse ideological polemics and impassioned public debates on the common weal which preceded, before the birth of the state, elections to Palestine Jewry's national institutions and Zionist congresses. In those earlier, heroic times, the parties competed in exhorting the voter to further sacrifice and promised nothing but the anonymous glory of working for a good cause. Last November's electioneering was more in keeping with the coarser habits of New York City, Jersey City, and Chicago than with the bookish and solemn traditions of Haifa, Tel Aviv, and Jerusalem. All parties fawned upon Mr. Voter, were concerned about the irregular delivery of his mail, the poor cobbling of his pavement, the leaks in his roof, and promised him the Israeli version of pie in the sky: apartments for all—without "key money."

Sound trucks of the right-wing Herut (formerly Irgun) party, blaring warnings that "socialism is upon you," rolled every evening through the main thoroughfares of Tel Aviv, past the cafés jammed from nightfall to midnight with a *mitz* and *gazoz* (juice and seltzer) clientele. Small shopkeepers with corrugated foreheads and harassed eyes applauded thunderously the General Zionist speakers who promised a "sound business administration and release from the ration point system which now demands long vigils after closing hours." The rallies organized by Histadrut to support Ben Gurion's Mapai party featured nicely balanced programs with members of the cabinet alternating with stars of the Israeli theater.

Ad hominem appeals were especially plentiful in speeches at rallies for new immigrants, particularly poor Yemenites who cannot pass cafés, theaters, and concert halls without stopping to gaze, with sad and curious eyes, at the crowds and fixtures. Mayor Rokach of Tel Aviv, General Zionist candidate, assured a meeting of Yemenites that the singing of their children's choir was sweeter to his ears than the silly vocalizing of the opera. He also promised the voters of Schechunat Hatikvah, Tel Aviv's Hell's Kitchen, electricity in every home and honest-to-goodness pavements before the rains came, if he were reelected to the office in which he had served many years without

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FOUNDING fathers—and the high ideals that animate them—are always a little more than life-size—or at least seem to be so at the time. After the republic is founded, however, the impact of realistic problems and day-to-day political necessities wears them down, heedless of the anguish of the enthusiasts and ideological purists. Something of the sort appears to be happening in Israel, where the original ideal of the selfless pioneer in Zion is in the process of being adapted to the routine of national existence. This is at the root of what is referred to in Israel at the present time as the "moral crisis," which in turn has been reflected in recent party conflict and cabinet crises, on which J. L. TELLER here reports. Mr. Teller has contributed widely to Israeli and American periodicals. His most recent article in COMMENTARY was "Shalom, Habibi!" in the November 1950 issue.

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remarking the absence of illumination and the sorry condition of the sidewalks. The speakers of Histadrut, the General Confederation of Labor which is dominated by Mapai, gently but insistently reminded the new immigrants that it was a government led by Ben Gurion that had assembled them from the four corners of the earth; and Mayor Rokach was lambasted in the Mapai press for having addressed a rally in German.

Such appeals to the voters' self-interest and prejudices reflected so radical a departure for Israeli politics as to signify a reappraisal on the part of the politicians of the national character. And it is the new features of this character that have given rise to much worried and nostalgic discourse on the "moral crisis."

THE strongest single piece of evidence incessantly offered for the existence of a "moral crisis" is the black market, which has, in the past year, become rooted in a community long famous for its ascetic self-discipline. Pinchas Rosen, Prussian-visaged Minister of Justice, candidly told the Knesset some months ago that "all strata of the population are involved in black-marketeering and none is absolved." This is a result, of course, of the economic scarcity now pinching every Israeli, and proves nothing more than that Israel is in many mundane respects like unto the nations. The recognition of this fact, however, is most painful to the numerous idealists in which the new state abounds. Though Israel's black market is really no worse than its British counterpart, the Israeli intelligentsia has a far lower shocking point.

Painfully self-critical, the Israeli press also devotes much space to what might normally be considered isolated episodes of petty thievery. Several recipients of food parcels from overseas discovered, after having paid duty, that some of the contents had been removed and the weight maintained by paper stuffing; the press promptly launched a jeremiad against the Israeli postal service. A South African immigrant arrived with a brand new refrigerator, which, because of customs formalities, was "detained." Delivered at his door several days later was a contraption in pathetic disrepair, obviously retrieved from a junk pile. Editorials heatedly queried: "Can you no longer trust customs with a refrigerator?"

A more striking and admittedly uglier aspect of the "moral crisis" was to be seen in a Tel Aviv court not so long ago. In prestatehood days, boys and girls were treated as moral lepers if they did not become involved in the perilous work of the resistance movement. There was nothing shamefaced, however, about several sabra girls recently arraigned for draft evasion. A law passed by the Knesset, at the insistence of the Religious Bloc, exempts religious women from military services. The girls, admittedly Sabbath violators, had obtained exemption under this law. Insolently they faced the court and challenged its authority to define a "religious" person and restrict the definition to Sabbath-observing Orthodox women. The defendants were acquitted.

All this plainly enough indicates that the Israeli has come off the Maccabean pedestal, for a time anyway, and is determined to attend to his private affairs without much thought of measuring up to any ideal dimensions. This is, in the ordinary course of things, just what any experienced political observer would expect. It is extremely difficult to make saints of a community of a few hundred thousand; it is utterly impossible in the case of a couple of millions. But that image happens to be etched deeply in the public and private conscience of the Israeli himself. It apparently cannot be shed, or even modified, without some travail on the part of the body politic.

THERE was hardly a person in the Palestinian Jewish community who did not proudly identify himself with the ideal image of the toiling *halutz*, the selfless, horizon-scanning fighter-pioneer. Actually, however, the burden of pioneering, fighting the Arab marauders, and resisting and subverting the hostile policies of the Mandatory government was assumed by only a small portion of the community's population. The

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collective settlements, the *kibbutzim*, whose members at the time totaled some 40,000, tended to monopolize these operations.

Though most of the population pioneered, bled, and resisted only vicariously, nonetheless the resistance movement, and specifically the kibbutz, did constitute the moral cynosure of the pre-state community. Whatever immigration certificates the Jewish Agency received from the British Mandatory were distributed almost exclusively to halutzim, young men and women trained for agricultural pioneering and ideologically indoctrinated to welcome hardship. Parlor kibbutzniks sprouted everywhere. Urban people of means adopted postures of simplicity and formed a kibbutz periphery paralleling the bohemia that springs up around an artists' colony. Men and women in Jerusalem's English-speaking Jewish inner circle, who observed four o'clock tea and the cocktail hour more religiously than an Orthodox Jew *minchah*, would roll their eyes piously, sigh, and exclaim with gratifying self-depreciation: "We really do not matter, *habibi*. It is they, in the kibbutz, that are the soul of the *yishuv*. But then it requires divine grace to be capable of such self-denial." Young people beyond a certain age actually lost face if they did not volunteer for at least a year's service on the land. And there was always the great organized urban proletariat carrying forward into all spheres of Israeli living the idealism and devotion to principle generated by the kibbutz.

The kibbutznik thus became the arbiter of Israeli morality. This condition prevailed so long as the numerical balance between the kibbutz minority and the non-kibbutz majority was not overly disproportionate, and so long as the community was dependent on the kibbutzniks' volunteer services in times of need. These two conditions, which assured kibbutz dominance, were removed when the state was established. The new government, acting upon a unanimous mandate from the Israeli population, promulgated a policy of unlimited immigration. The newcomers reduced the kibbutz ratio of the population. Meanwhile the government came to possess police powers to draft manpower for functions hitherto performed almost exclusively by kibbutz volunteers.

Then, to the hurt surprise of many, it became apparent that large sections of the Israeli community had long suffered silently from the strain of adapting themselves to prevailing kibbutz mentality, with its harsh demands upon the individual in the name of a better society. Once the pressure of the Arab invasion was over, a yearning for some relaxation from the high call of heroism became widespread and, augmented and encouraged by the newcomers, the stage was set for wholesale backsliding. With some, who felt themselves bedeviled by the post-war dislocations and shortages, and the new demands for austerity, the reversion to the mores of the pre-World War II middle classes took on the passion almost of retaliation.

WITHIN Histadrut itself the slackening from pioneer puritanism was noticeable in more than one place—and, as Histadrut is the dominant group and moral pacesetter, such defections were of course doubly conspicuous. Some bus cooperatives, for example, the country's largest transportation utility, were found to have economized on new equipment and to have discouraged new applicants for membership, in a conspiracy to increase the dividends for the old-timers; Histadrut was forced to effect a complete reorganization of at least one of these cooperatives. At a Histadrut conference, Minister of Labor Golda Myerson warned that she might be forced to import contract labor from Italy if the country's unionized masons continued to shun public housing projects which pay the official wage schedule, and to make unofficial wage agreements with private contractors.

Quick to use such incidents for political advantage was Mapam, the Soviet-oriented minority labor party, which has been waging a civil war within Histadrut against the moderate socialist Mapai, Israel's leading party. Its barrage of outraged righteousness over the "moral crisis" has succeeded in fur-

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ther shaking popular confidence in Histadrut's leaders.

Mapam is a coalition of three left-of-Mapai parties. The strongest of these is Hashomer Hatzair, basically a party of agrarian communists. While most kibbutzim have modified the original severe patterns of communal living, Hashomer Hatzair settlements have been alarmed by such tampering with virginal dogma. Their dogmatism leads them into various forms of obtuseness, including a relative insensitivity to the evils attendant on "the building of socialism" in the "homeland of the October Revolution." The same sublime unrealism that enables them to reconcile their Zionist faith with trust in a Soviet regime which has consistently and relentlessly persecuted Zionism underlies their conviction that all Israel must subscribe to their own self-denying way of life. But Mapam's influence extends beyond the Hashomer Hatzair kibbutzim and some of the seeds of resentment which it sows find fertile soil even among kibbutzim that vote for Mapai and Ben Gurion. According to Mapam, Ben Gurion has "betrayed" the kibbutz and launched a "policy of opportunism and appeasement" vis-à-vis the "anti-kibbutz" sections of the population. (These latter are never more precisely defined than is "Wall Street" in another—not entirely dissimilar—stream of propaganda.)

In the wake of these extreme accusations, non-cooperation, and even mild sabotage of government policy, has spread—as when fourteen kibbutzim were found to have been guilty of black-marketing their products to increase the communal profit. With their confidence in the government shaken, and increasingly convinced that the regime caters to the wrong elements, many kibbutzim have had no qualms about circumventing its laws.

MAPAM'S polemical technique is quite simple: it compares the real to the ideal, and obviously the reality comes off second best. This is the case, for instance, with its clamor against "bureaucracy."

That bureaucracy exists is undeniable. In pre-statehood Israel, Haganah lured recruits with the promise of grim years in impaled desert stockades; Irgun offered the prospect of the gallows at dawn in the walled-in compound of Acre jail; and the Sternists listed casualties by their *nommes de guerre*. *Pakid* (holder of a desk job) was a derogatory term in those days. Today *pakid* coupled with *memshalti* (governmental) has become a valued title.

The *pakidim* are mostly youngsters, of the sabra generation. If there was honor in anonymously working for the establishment of the state, they seem to reason, there must certainly be honor attached to working openly for the established state. But there are also special tangible benefits and—a perquisite of all bureaucracies—an opportunity to work off private aggressions. Occasional examples of rude and supercilious behavior by government servants towards the public have been the subject of editorials and of directives from heads of ministries, and the Prime Minister devoted a portion of a radio address to the subject. Newspapers have published license numbers of official vehicles seen parked for hours in front of the private residences of *pakidim* and before fancy restaurants, while country doctors traveling the circuit between scattered settlements must hitchhike to keep up their schedules.

In the absence of civil service examinations, government jobs have been distributed on a more or less proportionate basis among the various parties. Reward for past party services and the ability of appointees to serve as the eyes and ears and nursemaids of the party are given at least as much consideration as their fitness for the job. To some extent, the hierarchal structure of the *pakidim* is beginning to gnaw away at the informality which has always prevailed between the private citizen and the public figure in pre-statehood Israel. The officials—so it is said—busy themselves with raising walls of improvised protocol and ludicrous formality; and here, not surprisingly, the wives outdo their husbands. Yet, it must be

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said, while much of this formality is verbally resented by everyone, it is nonetheless encouraged by the public. Pomp and pomposity is reassuring evidence that theirs is a real state. When a taxi in which I was riding to Jerusalem was forced to trail a two-car convoy carrying Yigal Yadin, the army chief of staff, I asked: "If he really requires the protection of an armored vehicle, why does he travel so slowly and in an open car?" To which a passenger, hardly hearing my remark, replied with pride: "Do you remember how the British used to travel? Exactly like that." Ben Gurion is always referred to as *Rosh Memshalah* (Prime Minister); I have yet to see in the Israeli press a reference to Ben Gurion on the pattern of "Winnie" or "Harry." An Israeli newspaperman explained: "He is our first Prime Minister, is he not?"

It is noteworthy that the rigid formality is less religiously maintained by the veteran pioneers than by the younger generation of officials. At a recent national conference of Mapai, Ben Gurion and the other Mapai ministers sat through a whole-day session devoted to speeches from the floor. Each speaker was given ten minutes. For hours on end, they rose like those inspired at a revivalist meeting, not to confess, but to criticize and suggest—deferentially, arrogantly, and even offensively. Ben Gurion sat through it all and at least appeared to be following the proceedings attentively. Opposition newspapers next day called the session a sham, and said the speakers had been inarticulate. Yet would any other prime minister, even with a flair for the dramatic, thus expose himself to abuse? And, it seems appropriate to ask, in what other ruling political party could the membership so freely belabor its leaders?

At the same time, under the persistent friction of postwar normality, some of the gilt is being rubbed off Israel's golden youth. The government and the labor parties have again and again called for youthful volunteers for service in the immigrant camps and to settle the Negev, and the response has been embarrassingly poor. Veterans offered land and equipment to settle permanently in border areas have been kicking over the traces and shifting to the city. The rural community has produced a number of young writers; some of these, after their first flush of success, moved on to the city and never returned. And a letter to the editor of *Ashmoret*, official organ of Mapai's youth, complains that even on the farm, youth is out for the softer jobs—they will ride a tractor but will not use a plough.

Along with wayward youth, the new immigrants have been the subject of much viewing-with-alarm. This is less than just. The immigrants may not wish to settle in a kibbutz, but many have settled on the land under restrictive arrangements, and many more have founded cooperative blacksmith and carpenter shops and are otherwise gainfully employed. And one can well understand even the emaciated, skullcapped refugee who was selling *gazoz* from an overturned orange crate on Allenby Road. "Would you not have it better in a kibbutz?" I asked. He replied in colorful Yiddish: "Who wants better? For me good is good enough, and this is good hence good enough. So I skip a meal, but I am I, and it is so long since I have been I."

Some danger derives from the Oriental Jew, but not for his alleged cultural inferiority; not, anyway, if by culture we mean morals, for Yemenite Jewry in Israel has not produced more than its share of black marketeers. However, these Jews have come from a patriarchal society, have been instructed in deference and obedience, and may come to lean upon a single party or political leader. Fortunately, Israelis are becoming skeptical of parties, which were once regarded as pure vessels of the true and the good if not the beautiful. The severest blow at the legend of party infallibility has been struck by a play which is packing them in at the Kamari Theater these days. *Call Me Siomka* tells the story of a loyal party veteran who assumes guilt for the embezzlement of funds from an institution headed by one of his party chieftains.

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By thus assuming guilt for the crime, he will save the party, he is told. Siomka is condemned by all his friends, who are unaware of his sacrifice, but he seems content that the party has been spared. The play's author, Nathan Shaham, is a member of Mapam and his play points to Mapai. But Israeli theater audiences applaud it as valid criticism of all parties and party hacks.

And, indeed, Israel's most valuable invisible resource would seem to be its inordinate capacity for self-criticism. The subsoil of Israeli society still is the Eastern European intellectual endowed with Talmudic dialectical brilliance, Raskolnikov introspection, and the soul-searching tradition expressed in the *malkut* custom on Yom Kippur eve. Penitence is a common feature in the Israeli labor press. The harshest criticism of Mapai found in anti-labor publications originally appears in *Ashmoret*, the official organ of Mapai youth. Exposés of inefficiency in Histadrut cooperatives and their rude treatment of the public appear in *Davar*, official organ of Histadrut. Criticism of the Israeli army's methods in searching for infiltrees in Arab villages has nowhere been more severe than in the verse of Nathan Alterman in the Friday (equivalent to America's Sunday) editions of *Davar*.

All this self-criticism aims to preserve on the Israeli scene the ideal image of the pioneer, now being replaced by the strutting bureaucrat and the Foreign Office smoothie, enamored of his self-image. Just how much of the image, and of the reality at its heart, can be retained in the conditions of postwar life, to what extent it should be modified, and in what way—this is the basic problem of current Israeli politics.

THE political struggle in Israel is three-cornered: David Ben Gurion, pragmatist, would adapt the original image of the halutz; his opponents of the left charge that any change or modification is violation and are ready to war against the rest of the country for the sanctity of their image; his opponents of the right would just kick it into the garbage heap and go on with their trade. This struggle over the pioneer ideal is the root of recent cabinet crises.

It is the key also to an understanding of the results of the municipal elections last November, which demonstrated a preference by the voters for some modification of the halutz way of life, and, in general, for more flexibility and less stiff-necked intransigence. Israel's multiplicity of parties has hitherto been linked to a ruthless ideological purity, political orthodoxy, dogmatism, and a propensity for dialectical revelations which in the past have caused intra-party schisms on minor points of doctrine. Many of these doctrines—along with the symbols and slogans associated with them—no longer apply to real conditions and have become incomprehensible to the electorate. There is a steady pressure, consequently, to have them replaced by a more pragmatic and less ideological approach to the realities facing the country.

Pledged to evolutionary democratic socialism, Mapai today is the most pragmatic party in Israel. This is natural, of course, for a party saddled with governmental responsibility. David Ben Gurion, its chieftain, cannot afford to work from blueprints, knowing as he does that history and the majority of the new electorate will judge him not by his faithfulness to doctrine but by his success or failure in making life in Israel increasingly more liveable.

Undoubtedly the recent municipal elections demonstrated some decrease of public confidence in Ben Gurion's policies. In the parliamentary elections, held in January 1949, Mapai had polled 34.7 per cent of the vote cast, whereas in the municipal elections Histadrut (Mapai) obtained only 27.3 per cent. The General Zionists, ranging from mild anti-socialists to irreconcilable anti-unionists, and speaking for property owners and employers, increased their polling strength from 5.14 per cent in the parliamentary elections to 24.5 per cent in the municipal elections. Parliamentary elections embrace the entire country. Municipal elections embrace a somewhat smaller area. Yet, in a country so small and compact, there

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can be no serious regional differences, so that these results definitely represent a trend.

The General Zionists have called these election results a rebuke to the government's "socialist" policies and an endorsement of free enterprise. However, neither socialism nor free enterprise seems to have been the real issue, and hostility to socialism was not overly stressed by the General Zionists in their pre-election propaganda. The electorate seems primarily to have registered a protest over governmental red tape and bureaucratic arrogance, the interminable queues, scarcity of essential goods, failure to balance wages with actual (black market) living costs.

Nor would the General Zionists, had they been in charge of the government, have gone much beyond the corrective steps already undertaken by Ben Gurion to meet the complaints of private enterprise. It is true that these measures were hastened by pressure from the right-of-Mapai parties within the coalition and by the imminence of the municipal elections themselves, but Mapai must be given its full measure of credit for the steps taken. They include an increase in the amount of capital a foreign investor will be permitted to withdraw from the country, permission for exporters to retain part of their income in foreign currency, bonuses for exports, permission for manufacturers to recoup their losses in foreign trade by raising the domestic price of their product.

By continuing Mapai in the leading position, while increasing the strength of the General Zionists, the Israeli electorate also demonstrated its essential moderation, notwithstanding conditions and pressures conducive to extremism. The right-wing Herut registered a decline, from 11.3 per cent in the parliamentary elections to 10.3 per cent in the municipal elections; no other party has been more vociferously anti-Histadrut. The *lumpen* proletariat that had hastily joined Irgun in its underground days can find little satisfaction in Herut's negative economic program, and while merchants and employers have their grievances against Histadrut, as men of affairs they respect the business acumen and capacity of the labor leaders, and have no such trust in the wild-eyed men of Herut. Consequently, the business class voted for the General Zionists, but not for Herut.

MAPAM, on the extreme left, like Herut on the extreme right, made an issue of socialism. Although prevailing conditions seemed to favor its appeal to the underprivileged and to organized labor, it declined from the second largest party with 14.5 per cent of the vote in the parliamentary elections to fourth place with 11.5 per cent of the vote in the municipal elections. This may accelerate a schism under way in Mapam. Its components are (in addition to Hashomer Hatzair) a sizable faction of Mapai which broke away from the mother party several years ago, and the Left Poale Zion, a splinter group whose exact ideological origins are almost forgotten. Leaders of the original split in Mapai are reported to be contemplating a return to the mother party, having become restive with, among other things, the increasingly pro-Soviet orientation of Mapam. Whether these leaders can bring back their following is debatable. A new and ominous figure has outdistanced them for the leadership in Mapam. He is Moshe Sneh, the only man in Israel's labor movement who has never done manual labor. A doctor and a journalist, he was once a member of the Jewish Agency Executive and nearly always supported Haganah collaboration with Irgun. In a sudden somersault, some years back, he landed, not in Herut-Irgun, but in Mapam. He is the first undiluted political demagogue in Israeli politics.

The Religious Bloc has registered some slight gains, 13.3 per cent of the vote in the municipal elections against 12.3 per cent in the parliamentary elections. In view of the fact that the Oriental immigration has sharply increased the proportion of Orthodox elements, this slight gain actually represents a decline in strength. The Bloc may have suf-

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fered because it shares responsibility for the government. It has suffered most, however, because it is a conglomeration of several parties, with diverse economic programs beneath their religious orientation. The numerically smaller parties in the Bloc, but controlling overseas support, are Agudat Israel and Mizrachi. Their position on economic issues within the coalition has often been the same as that of the General Zionists outside the government. The religious labor parties, Hapoel Hamizrachi and Poale Agudat Israel, have often taken over Mapai's views on economic issues. The voter who contemplates casting a ballot for the Religious Bloc never knows what economic policies he is voting for. Moreover, the religious labor parties have been less keen than the conservative religious parties to use the arm of the state to impose religiosity upon the country. They have been carving out, through cooperative societies and settlements, their own sphere of influence, and are confident that their religious ruralism will eventually persuade large numbers. The conservative religious parties have no such creative preoccupation; consequently they are inclined towards an achievement of clerical dominion by legislative fiat.

All indications, then, are that Israel will yet find some middle way out of its present dilemmas. There will be cabinet crises and parliamentary disputes, of course, and these will doubtless capture the journalists' fancy and the newspapers' headlines. But they should not be allowed to obscure the fundamental stability of Israeli politics. There is little sign that an irreconcilable conflict between socialism and capitalism is boiling up on the Israeli scene: Mapai has forsworn its earlier purism and is content with some form of mixed economy—the more mixed the better, Moshe Sharett has been saying. It seems likely that the period ahead will see a development that will stand somewhere between the New Deal and the British Labor party's program. The General Zionists have gained in electoral strength, but this fact does not seem to reflect or herald any sharp turn in the country's economic thinking. In the face of the country's present economic situation, they could not conceivably return to *laissez faire,* and, if given a majority, they would soon find themselves executing most of Mapai's intentions.

The "moral crisis" will, we may be sure, stay a feature of Israeli life for many years to come. It will give rise to much healthy self-criticism, but it is likely to be a "crisis" that will never really be critical. The original image of the "new Israeli" will inevitably be modified by time and circumstance. But there is every reason to hope that it will not be swallowed up in a morass of political bickering and economic selfishness. The moderateness indicated by the election results, and the willingness of the public to speak out frankly, are good omens that the traditional Israeli ideal will endure—significantly changed perhaps, and pragmatically tempered, but with its spirit basically unimpaired.

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AMERICA THROUGH THE SOVIET LOOKING-GLASS

World Peace at the Mercy of Stereotypes and Delusions

MARTIN GREENBERG

EUROPE has never been able quite to make up its mind about America, perhaps because it has never been able quite to make up its mind about itself; lauding America in the spirit of Rousseau for having escaped the tyranny of Old World civilization, and depreciating it in the spirit of Burke for its lack of culture and tradition; praising the limited authority of the state over the free American individual in the spirit of Adam Smith, and condemning the social slavery of American capitalism in the spirit of Marx. Because America was not a new world but only a new continent of the old earth, because it was not only a moral idea but a material fact, it has been all these things together.

Russia has been no exception to this ambivalent attitude, as is made quite clear in a recently published book by Max M. Laserson, *The American Impact on Russia, 1784-1917*. We can see in the example of Alexander Herzen how American liberty attracted Russian liberals, and how American capitalism, especially in the rank form in which it flourished after the Civil War, repelled them. With the growth of anti-capitalist sentiment and thought, the negative view of America came to predominate. In Russia, Slavophile and Marxist united in condemning American "materialism." America had seemed to offer the world a chance to wipe the slate clean; it was humanity's great second chance to start anew, a *tabula rasa* on which to write a better story than Europe's history of injustice—"Thus in the beginning all the world was America," John Locke had written. But then all of the "old crap," in Marx's inelegant phrase, seemed to have been revived in America, and Europe turned to socialism. Today the influence of socialism in Europe is such that America, in spite (or perhaps in part because) of UNRRA, the Marshall Plan, and Point Four, is regarded with churlish and suicidal suspicion. French intellectuals, in their few rags and tatters of a late-discovered Marxism, make an ignorant parade of their anti-Americanism, and the British Labor party solemnly assures its restive rank and file that American democracy is in many ways the equal of the British. That the day should have arrived when Englishmen crave reassurance that America is as democratic a country as their own!

Even the witty and acute historian A. J. P. Taylor, conceiving it the duty of the good European to oppose the United States and Russia together, maintains the ungrateful fiction that this country's present decisive influence in Western European affairs is foreign domination on a par with Russian domination of Eastern Europe; we Britons, Taylor says in a *bon mot* more pert than accurate, should be America's Tito. England with American assistance having got back on its economic feet, at least temporarily, the

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THE sense of frustration and bewilderment experienced by citizens of the democratic nations in the face of Russian propaganda and "diplomacy" arises, MARTIN GREENBERG suggests, from the fact that Russian political behavior, far from being the product of cold realism and calculation that it is often thought to be, stems from deep and apparently chronic psychological confusions. The Russians believe what they say; this is the most discouraging part in the whole dark picture. Mr. Greenberg documents his view from two recently published books, Max M. Laserson's *The American Impact on Russia, 1784-1917* (Macmillan) and *The Soviet Image of the United States* by Frederick C. Barghoorn (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Greenberg has written literary and political articles for COMMENTARY, *Partisan Review*, the *Nation*, and various other periodicals. He was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1918, and attended the University of Michigan and Columbia University.

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aid being furnished it under the ERP was suspended at the Labor government's request; no doubt Mr. Taylor considers this a blow struck in the cause of English Titoism and is awaiting America's counterblow in the form of an invasion of Great Britain by Coca-Cola bottles and Hollywood movies.

BOLSHEVISM, and Stalinism after it, have of course encouraged and exacerbated this hostile European attitude to America. In place of the almost metaphysical innocence that used in ages past to be attributed to America, Communism now imputes to it a frankly metaphysical depravity. The Soviet view of the United States, despite all the changes in the Communist line, has remained much the same, as we see in another recent book, *The Soviet Image of the United States,* by Frederick C. Barghoorn, and as Roosevelt might well have realized without thereby thinking to have jeopardized the alliance against Nazi Germany. A capitalist country in the last, imperialist, stage of degeneration, the United States can only follow a policy of aggressive war and foreign conquest—this is unalterable Communist dogma. Even in the struggle against Hitler, it was only the cloak of Soviet virtue thrown over the originally imperialist and reactionary conflict which sanctified it as progressive.

Yet the idea of America as the New World of possibility and promise still persists in the Russian admiration for American technology, and for the free and unceremonious "American style" in general; indeed, it was to an extent officially tolerated until the recent campaign against "cosmopolitanism." Mr. Barghoorn writes: "The admiration implicit in the Soviet program of 'overtaking and surpassing' America industrially and technically fostered respect for America. . . . In myriad ways, the Soviet people and even their highest leaders were daily engaged in imitating America."

It might be thought a hopeful sign that Soviet Russia takes America and American industrialism as its model and should want to imitate them. But apart from the fact that Soviet industry adopts such practices as the speed-up when organized labor in the United States has largely succeeded in expelling it from American industry, this imitative zeal is more envious than emulous and indicates a highly dangerous Russian state of mind. Germany, like Russia half in and half out of Europe and the West, greatly admired England and the English style; the Kaiser having got rid of Bismarck, Germany then proceeded—in defiance of all military common sense and necessity—to build a Grand Fleet *à l'anglaise* with which to challenge and defeat the object of its admiration.

THE resemblance between Germany and Russia is indeed striking. It is not merely that the one was recently and the other is now a totalitarian country. (Here, indeed, Hitler learned from, and fell far below, Bolshevism: it is the party of the "masses," based on an ideology and ruled with an iron hand from above, that is the distinguishing institution of totalitarianism.) Both countries, outsiders, and for long centuries held in contempt by Europe for their backwardness and benightedness, labor under a feeling of inferiority, of awe, before the West; in Germany's case this is a feeling of national, and in Russia's of cultural, inferiority. Germany tried to make itself part of historical and not merely geographical Europe by conquering it; when Stalin told the Japanese ambassador during the period of the Nazi-Soviet Pact that Russia was an Asiatic country too, did his own words cause him any chagrin? And in each of the two countries it has been a provincial even among the provincials—Hitler the Austrian and Stalin the Georgian—who has best interpreted its envious aspirations.

Russia and Germany are linked not only by abstract analogy, but by the concrete historical fact of Marxism. Marx was in many ways a radical middle-class German nationalist of the *Aufklärung* full of admiration not untinged with envy for English industry ("capitalism"). He wrote in the *Communist Manifesto,* when England was the only great industrial nation: "It [the bourgeoisie]

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has worked wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals. . . . The bourgeoisie in the scarcely one hundred years of its rule has created more imposing and colossal productive forces than have all the preceding generations together." His German aspirations to "overtake and surpass" Western Europe he clothed and sublimated in the cosmopolitan universals of Marxian socialism; this, with its Hegelian contempt for the "lower," bourgeois stage of democracy, thus lent itself with peculiar aptness to a Russian nationalism anxious to industrialize and assert itself without having first to submit to the slow, uncertain, and unaccustomed courses of political democracy. Today, the vast universals of Marxism rationalize and encourage Russia's immense expansion, as the narrow racist doctrines of Hitlerism rationalized (and limited) Nazi expansion.

This desire to rival and outdo the West is not, however, self-explaining, or explicable simply by the fact that Russia and Germany played for so long a role in history incommensurate with their size and potentialities. Behind this aggressiveness is fear. The two countries, lacking any great natural barriers to protect them from invasion, have served since time immemorial as battlefields for Europe. We have only the breasts of our soldiers, I remember Churchill quoting a German as having said, to oppose to foreign invaders. This fear is of course a much more important factor in Stalin's policy than it was in the policy of Imperial Germany and the Third Reich. The Kaiser and Hitler, with differences, were worried not so much about invasion as about German historical greatness; whereas I should say that Stalin is as fearful of America as he is anxious to "surpass" it.

Fear pure and simple, however, is not enough to explain the present assertiveness of the Soviet Union. If Russia were as afraid of the United States now as it was of Germany in 1939-1941, Stalin would treat this country with the same obsequiousness he showed to Hitler. As Mr. Barghoorn says, "Never did Soviet Russia accord to any capitalist power as great a measure of co-operation as she offered to Nazi Germany during the Pact period." A fear made rash and audacious by the triumphs of the Red Army over the Wehrmacht, and by Russia's present commanding strategic position, helps to explain present Soviet policy. Russia is a land power, and it will not feel easy, given its past history and present paranoiac ideology, until it puts oceans between itself and capitalism. Even then Stalin, so much is he the victim of Russian Marxism, would nervously inveigh against the isolation and encirclement of Soviet Eurasia by imperialist navies.

Geographical barriers, it will be said, are not the only means by which a nation is made to feel reasonably secure from attack. This is true; there is diplomacy. By diplomacy, nations, though scheming and maneuvering against each other, also for long periods managed to allay their mutual fears and antagonisms and keep the peace. But diplomacy is preeminently a European thing about which the Soviet Union and the United States share much the same opinion. In Soviet eyes it is bourgeois trickery upon which they place not a particle of reliance; and in American eyes it is still Old World skulduggery. Constitutional limitation of the American Executive's freedom to negotiate with foreign states, and American public opinion, limit our diplomacy for the most part to "open covenants, openly arrived at." This has kept the history of our international relations free of most of those sordid bargains which so plentifully patch the pages of European diplomacy. On the other hand it imposes a characteristically American, high moral tone upon our foreign policy and actions which Europeans, and especially the British, call clumsiness and lack of tact. At a time when diplomacy might accomplish much, the historic characters of the two powers confronting each other in the world today render most of its exertions vain.

IT WOULD be a mistake to think that Stalin does not believe the Marxist accusations

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he makes against America. What else does he know but this Marxism, the rationale and justification of the Soviet system, without which he would feel, both personally and as the national leader, as untutored and inept as—the son of a Georgian shoemaker. When the United States disarmed, Stalin did not, in the anxious conviction that the dialectic of the development of capitalism, though ultimately promising its downfall, immediately threatened Russia's existence; when the United States rearms against a threatening Russia, Stalin and his bureaucracy regard this only as proof —if that were needed—of their original conviction. They are nobody's country cousin, they will have us know, to be taken in by the tricks of a decadent West. A disarmed and fatuous America gave Russian imperialism opportunities exceeding its fondest dreams; and yet it is a question how far it is possible today to "deter" the Soviet Union by arming, when what we look on as a deterrent they regard, in a cold and impersonal hysteria, as an impossible aggravation of the dangers menacing them. Hitler was able to keep Stalin in a state of frightened subservience up to the very moment of the German invasion of the Soviet Union, the Russian dictator having been too fearful to act even when warned in advance by Roosevelt and Churchill—here again he suspected "Anglo-American provocation"; we, however, cannot hope to intimidate Stalin in the way that Hitler did; long before we should have attained anything like Nazi Germany's military strength and strategic position vis-à-vis Russia—if that were possible, and our intention—war would have broken out.

Russian sympathy for America, Mr. Barghoorn notes, is strongest in the Soviet lower classes. (This most un-Marxist state of affairs is complemented by the fact that pro-Sovietism in this country is a middle-class phenomenon.) It ultimately derives from the old image of America which even Stalinism cannot completely efface, supported by recollections of the American relief missions to the Soviet Union in the 20's (a form of imperialist intervention that the Soviet government of course never mentions), and by the limited acquaintance gained of American ways from the presence of relatively large numbers of Americans on Soviet soil during the war. Thus the two conceptions, negative and positive, that Europe has entertained of America are equally grounds for official Soviet apprehensions: America threatens Russia not only externally as a predatory capitalist power, but also internally as a subversive libertarian influence. Marxian socialism, with its vision of a world purged of all the "old crap," had been an America of the spirit to which some of the best souls of European liberalism emigrated. The wardens of the Russian prison house thus must and do claim this prison house to be the true America, erecting around the Soviet Union an insurmountable wall to preserve this hugest of the Soviet lies; for that material America which Russian and European spirituality have always professed to find too materialistic, would, if a comparison were permitted, at once expose the moral pretensions of the Russian America of the spirit.

THE object and the effect of Leninism, much more so than Marxism, was to confound all the bourgeois (and now socialist) democratic nations in the same imperialist stew without distinction; in this Lenin was assisted by his own deep ignorance of Europe and America. The idea of America that the Soviet government imposes on itself and its people, and attempts to impose on the world, is indiscriminate and vulgar—"Wall Street"—and further and further removed from the reality. How far removed, can only be gathered with any immediacy not from the abstractions of politics, but from such a thing as Churchill's description of the arrangements made by Molotov and his party for their safety during the former Russian Foreign Minister's visit to England in the spring of 1942: "On arrival the Russians had asked at once for keys to all the bedrooms. These were provided with some difficulty and thereafter our guests always

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kept their doors locked. When the staff at Chequers succeeded in getting in to make the beds they were disturbed to find pistols under the pillows. . . . Molotov's room had been thoroughly searched by his police officers. . . . The bed was the object of particular attention; the mattresses were all prodded in case of infernal machines, and the sheets and blankets were rearranged by the Russians so as to leave an opening in the middle of the bed out of which the occupant could spring at a moment's notice, instead of being tucked in. At night a revolver was laid out beside his dressing gown and his dispatch case."

If these precautions were taken at a time when Russia and England were in wartime alliance, how, one must ask, does Vishinsky on Long Island manage to knit up the raveled sleeve of Soviet care? Dare he ever nod at all?

From this significant glimpse into the night-time existence of Soviet bureaucrats we can gather how Marxism, which in its author's hands was a means to grasp reality the better, has changed into its opposite and now serves to conjure up the xenophobic spooks haunting ministerial slumber. The last of the great thinkers of the Enlightenment has fathered an obscurantism the like of which has hardly been seen, the doctrine that thought to conquer the dialectic by consummating it only serving as another illustration of its workings. The chief victim of this obscurantism is its architect. Stalin is as deluded about America as Molotov was about his English host, and is ready at any moment to spring out of his specially made-up Kremlin bed into the dangerous Western world in which he feels himself to be only a visitor, firing the pistol he keeps under his pillow.

Bolshevism, which so confidently presumed to instruct the bourgeoisie in their own true interests, by its ignorance of America and the West, by its failing grasp on reality, brings ever closer the war that will surely spell its own downfall.

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THE COURTS DEAL A BLOW TO SEGREGATION

The "Separate But Equal" Doctrine Begins to Crumble

MILTON R. KONVITZ

AFTER almost fifty years, the famous Berea College decision, which closed the door on equal education for white and Negro, has been legally undone, and a chain reaction has thereby been put into motion which, many believe, promises the not-too-distant end of discrimination in higher education.

In 1904, it will be remembered, the legislature of Kentucky passed an act making it unlawful "for any person, corporation, or association of persons" to maintain an educational institution where both white and Negro pupils received instruction. A school or college was to be fined $1,000 for each day of operation in violation of the statute. An educational institution could, however, operate a branch "in a different locality, not less than 25 miles distant," for the education exclusively of the pupils of "one race or color."

This law was couched in general terms, but actually it affected only one institution in Kentucky—Berea College. This small institution, founded in 1855 for the benefit of the people of the mountain regions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, had opened its doors to Negro students without discrimination in 1865. In 1904 Berea had 753 white and 174 Negro students. Its president and trustees protested against the statute. On October 8, 1904, a grand jury indicted the college for the violation of it. Berea was found guilty and fined $1,000. It appealed; the Kentucky Court of Appeals affirmed the conviction. Appeal was then made to the United States Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court, in a 7-2 decision in 1908, affirmed the conviction and held the act constitutional insofar as it applied to corporations under the laws of Kentucky. The state—argued Mr. Justice Brewer for the majority—reserved the right to alter, amend, or repeal the charters of Kentucky corporations; Berea College was incorporated under Kentucky statutes; insofar as the college was concerned, the segregation act merely operated to amend its charter. There was nothing to get excited about, Brewer intimated. But Mr. Justice Harlan (who was joined in his dissent by Mr. Justice Day) felt otherwise—notwithstanding the fact that he had been born in Kentucky and served as attorney general there.

Harlan found that it was inconceivable that the legislature had anything in mind except to prohibit the teaching of the two races in the same institution, by whomsoever that institution was governed:

> It was the teaching of pupils of the two races *together*, or in the same school, no matter by whom or under whose authority, which the Legislature sought to prevent. . . . Can it be said that the Legislature would have prohibited such teaching by corporations, and yet consciously permitted the teaching by private individuals or unincorporated associations? Are we to attribute such folly to legislators?

Harlan said that the Court should hold

WITH so many people voicing alarm for the state of American civil rights, it is easy to overlook the fact that the year just past, for all its political turmoil, or perhaps because of it, was marked by significant progress in some of the more difficult areas. Most striking, perhaps, of any of the recent steps forward is the series of Supreme Court decisions that have opened Southern universities and professional schools to Negro students. MILTON R. KONVITZ, professor of industrial and labor relations at Cornell University, here discusses the significance of the Supreme Court's new position on segregation. Mr. Konvitz is the author of *The Constitution and Civil Rights* (1947) and other works.

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the act unconstitutional as an arbitrary invasion of the rights of liberty and property guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. The capacity to teach, he said, is given by God for beneficent purposes; the right to teach is part of one's liberty with which, under the Fourteenth Amendment, no state may interfere. If pupils of any race, voluntarily or with their parents' consent, choose to sit together in the same school, no government can legally forbid their coming together for the purpose of receiving common instruction. He said:

If the Commonwealth of Kentucky can make it a crime to teach white and colored children together at the same time, in a private institution of learning, it is difficult to perceive why it may not forbid the assembling of white and colored in the same Sabbath school, for the purpose of being instructed in the Word of God. . . . So, if the state court be right, white and colored children may even be forbidden to sit together in a house of worship or at a communion table in the same Christian church. . . . In the eye of the law, the right to enjoy one's religious belief, unmolested by any human power, is no more sacred nor more fully or distinctly recognized than is the right to impart and receive instruction not harmful to the public. . . . Again, if the views of the highest court of Kentucky be sound, that commonwealth may, without infringing the Constitution of the United States, forbid the association in the same private school of pupils of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races, respectively, or pupils of the Christian and Jewish faiths, respectively. Have we become so inoculated with prejudice of race that an American government, professedly based on the principles of freedom, and charged with the protection of all citizens alike, can make distinctions between such citizens in the matter of their voluntary meeting for innocent purposes, simply because of their respective races?

WHILE the case was pending, Berea College thought it safer to abide by the statute, so it dismissed its Negro students, paid their transportation expenses to Negro colleges, and tried to aid them in various other ways.

The white students addressed the following statement to their former Negro fellow students:

Friends and Fellow Students: As we meet for the first time under new conditions to enjoy the great privileges of Berea College, we think at once of you who are now deprived of these privileges. Our sense of justice shows us that others have the same rights as ourselves, and the teaching of Christ leads us to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

We realize that you are excluded from the classrooms of Berea College, which we so highly prize, by no fault of your own, and that this hardship is a part of a long line of deprivations under which you live. Because you were born in a race long oppressed and largely untaught and undeveloped, heartless people feel more free to do you wrong, and thoughtless people meet your attempts at self-improvement with indifference or scorn. Even good people sometimes fear to recognize your worth, or take your part in a neighborly way because of the violences and prejudices around us.

We are glad that we have known you, or known about you, and that we know you are rising above all discouragements, and showing a capacity and a character that give promise for your people. . . . And you will always have our friendship, and the friendship of the best people throughout the world. We hope never to be afraid or ashamed to show our approval of any colored person who has the character and worth of most of the colored students of Berea. We are glad that the college is providing funds to assist you in continuing your education, and we are sure the institution will find ways in which to do its full duty by the colored race.

It was not until last year that the state of Kentucky made amends by official deed for the act of 1904. On March 9, 1950, its legislature passed another act exempting from the compulsory segregation law any institution of higher learning, public or private, at the undergraduate, graduate, or professional level, if the governing authorities of the institution so elected, and if "an equal, complete and accredited course is not available at the Kentucky State College for Negroes." The latter proviso has been construed to be meaningless. On April 14,

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1950, the trustees of Berea College adopted a resolution empowering the administration to admit qualified Negro students from within the mountain region. Several Negroes have already been admitted, and now Berea College can again function under its original charter, which states: "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth."

The Turning of the Tide

THE immediate impulse to this step by the Kentucky legislature was a decision by Judge Ford of the federal district court, who, on March 31, 1949, held that the University of Kentucky must admit Negro students to its graduate school until such time as the state provided equal facilities for Negro students. In June 1949 the University of Kentucky complied. Now the University of Louisville has also opened its doors to Negro students, and it is anticipated that by next September the Louisville Municipal College for Negroes will have shut down, with its 374 students transferred to the university.

Judge Ford's order has broken the back of segregation in higher education in Kentucky. A New York *Times* survey reports that "Kentucky has done the most to accept the letter and spirit of previous Supreme Court rulings."

The "previous Supreme Court rulings," it should be noted, did not include the decisions of June 5, 1950, in the *Sweatt* and *McLaurin* cases: Kentucky acted before these were handed down. The two Supreme Court rulings that laid the basis for Judge Ford's decision were: (a) In 1939, in *Gaines* v. *Canada,* the Supreme Court held that a state may not send a Negro to another state for schooling that a white student can get within the state and at state expense; (b) In 1948, in the *Sipuel* case, the Court held, in effect, that the University of Oklahoma Law School must admit a qualified Negro applicant as long as the state failed to provide equal though separate facilities. Both these cases involved professional education, and the case Judge Ford decided involved graduate study; but the action of the Kentucky legislature is broad enough to apply to undergraduate as well as to professional and graduate studies. In this respect the state manifested a rare spirit of fairness.

A similar spirit has been manifested in Arkansas, and without the pressure of a specific court decision within the state. No sooner had the Supreme Court decided the first University of Oklahoma case in 1948 than the University of Arkansas admitted the first Negro to its law school—and shortly thereafter a second one. At first they were segregated within the university, but segregation was ended even before the decisions of June 5, 1950. The university also admitted a Negro girl to its medical college—without segregation.

In commenting recently upon these events, Roy Wilkins, of the NAACP, said: "Indeed, it is a curious and gratifying fact (like so many developments in the unpredictable area of race relations) that the state of Arkansas, whose record is less liberal, tolerant, and progressive than states like Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, and Missouri, should have been the very first of the Southern states to accept the new trend without fighting a delaying action or attempting to impose restrictions designed to limit, if not nullify, bare compliance."

However, the very first of all Southern and border states to admit Negro students to graduate classes had been West Virginia. After the *Gaines* decision in 1937, its state university began to do so. The University of West Virginia "did this quietly," Mr. Wilkins has pointed out, without any publicity, for a number of years. "The other states have just now caught up to the mountaineers."

The signal for the start of the catching-up process was two decisions by the Supreme Court last June.

The June Decisions

IN THE *McLaurin* case, a Negro with an MA degree applied for admission to the University of Oklahoma in order to study for his PhD in education. At first he was

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denied admission, solely because the Oklahoma statutes prohibited the maintenance of any school attended by both races. Mr. McLaurin filed a suit to compel the university authorities to admit him. The federal district court, made up of three judges, ruled in his favor. Then the Oklahoma legislature passed an act admitting Negroes to institutions of higher learning attended by white students but requiring that they be segregated. McLaurin, having been admitted to the university, was forced to sit apart in each class, at a desk in an anteroom adjoining the classroom; to sit at a designated desk on the mezzanine floor of the library, but not to use the desks in the regular reading room; and to sit at a designated table and eat at a different time from the other students in the school cafeteria. McLaurin went back to the federal district court with the contention that such treatment violated his constitutional rights. The court denied his motion. He appealed to the Supreme Court. Meantime the university changed its procedure: McLaurin was allowed to sit in the classroom itself but only in a row set aside for Negro students; he was allowed to use a designated table on the main floor of the library; and he was allowed to eat in the cafeteria at the same time as other students but, again, at a special table; and he could wait in line with other students.

In the *Sweatt* case, a Negro applied for admission to the University of Texas Law School. In compliance with Texas law, he was rejected. He filed suit in a state court. The court held that he had to be admitted unless the state provided equal facilities for his legal education within six months. At the end of the following six months the university announced that a law school for Negroes would be ready in about three months. The state court therefore denied Mr. Sweatt relief. He appealed and the Texas Court of Civil Appeals remanded the case for further hearing. Following the new hearing, the trial and appellate courts held that Texas was providing equal though separate facilities. It appeared that at first the state had attempted to establish a Negro law school at the University of Texas. Teaching was to be done on a part-time basis by four members of the University of Texas Law School faculty; 10,000 volumes had been ordered for the library, but there was no full-time librarian; nor was the school accredited. Then the state changed its plans and tried to establish a law school at the Texas State University for Negroes. The new school was given five full-time professors and a library of 16,500 volumes, with a full-time staff; it registered 23 students, and was on the road to accreditation. This did not prevent Sweatt's case from reaching the Supreme Court.

Were the facilities offered Messrs. McLaurin and Sweatt equal to those afforded white students? The Supreme Court held that equality had been denied them by their respective states. The Court said that the facilities offered McLaurin set him apart from other students. "The result," said Chief Justice Vinson for a unanimous Court, "is that appellant is handicapped in his pursuit of effective graduate instruction. Such restrictions impair and inhibit his ability to study, to engage in discussions and exchange views with other students, and, in general, to learn his profession." In effect, by reversing the decision of the federal district court, the Supreme Court outlawed the segregation of Negro graduate and professional students at state universities.

The Court held that Sweatt, too, had been denied equal treatment. Chief Justice Vinson said for a unanimous Court that anyone who had a free choice between the University of Texas Law School and the Law School of the Texas State University for Negroes would without hesitation choose the former. It was not a question of tangible factors that could be quantitatively compared—so many professors, so many books, so many students, etc. It was the intangibles that made for quality in a law school—e.g. "reputation of the faculty, experience of the administration, position and influence of the alumni, standing in the community, traditions and prestige." Here too, by reversing the decision of the Texas

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courts, the Supreme Court in effect outlawed separate schools for Negro graduate and professional students.

A NOTABLE event in the proceedings in these cases was the submission of a brief by Philip B. Perlman, Solicitor General of the United States, in which the United States government asked the Supreme Court to review the precedents and set aside the "separate but equal" doctrine. Mr. Perlman's brief attacked racial segregation as "itself a manifestation of inequality and discrimination." The "separate but equal" theory, it argued, "is wrong as a matter of law, history, and policy." The Court was asked to repudiate the doctrine "as an unwarranted deviation from the principle of equality under law. . . ." Mr. Perlman stated:

> Under the Constitution every agency of government, Federal and State, must treat our people as *Americans*, and not as members of particular groups divided according to race, color, religion, or national ancestry. All citizens stand equal and alike in relation to their government, and no distinctions can be made among them because of race or color or other irrelevant factors. The color of a man's skin has no constitutional significance. If the Constitution is construed to permit the enforced segregation of Negroes, there would be no constitutional barrier against singling out other groups in the community and subjecting them to the same kind of discrimination.
>
> Separate but equal is sometimes described as an "ancient" doctrine of constitutional law. But it is derived not from the Constitution but from a judicial expression which did not make its appearance in the reports of this Court until 1896, and which is irreconcilable with the body of precedents which preceded and followed it. . . .
>
> The subordinate position of Negroes in this country has been described as the greatest unsolved task for American democracy. The racial discriminations typified by these cases represent a challenge to the sincerity of our profession of the democratic faith. . . .
>
> It is in the context of a world in which freedom and equality must become living realities, if the democratic way of life is to survive, that the issues in these cases should be viewed. In these times, when even the foundations of our free institutions are not altogether secure, it is especially important that it again be unequivocally affirmed that the Constitution of the United States, like the Declaration of Independence and the other state papers in American history, places no limitation, express or implied, on the principle of the equality of all men before the law. The proposition that all men are created equal is not mere rhetoric. It summarizes a rule of law embodied in the Constitution, the supreme law of the land, and thus is binding on the Federal and State governments and all their officials. . . .

Why did the Court refuse to reconsider the "separate but equal" doctrine and put an end to its ignoble life? Perhaps it feared that such a step would have been considered too radical by millions of citizens not yet ready for the end of Jim Crow in education, and that it would have invited open and widespread defiance—"nullification." The Court perhaps hesitates to make too much haste.

But haste has been made by Southern graduate and professional schools in complying with the *McLaurin* and *Sweatt* decisions of the Supreme Court.

THE Southern Conference Educational Fund has reported that for the academic year beginning in the fall of 1950, approximately 200 Negroes were enrolled in 21 Southern colleges and universities that had formerly been all-white. Of the 17 states with segregation laws, 11 have lowered the racial bar in professional and graduate schools. Thus the University of Oklahoma enrolled 60 Negroes; the University of Texas, 21; the University of Arkansas, 12; the University of Kentucky, 15; the University of Missouri, 9; the University of Virginia, 3. The University of Louisville admitted 18 Negroes. Benjamin Fine of the New York *Times* reported last October that 1,000 or more Negroes were attending classes with white students in the 17 Jim Crow states. His information showed that 200 Negro students were engaged in graduate and professional studies at the University of Arkansas; the University of Kansas City had 54.

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But not every state submitted to the decisions of the Supreme Court without opposition. In many instances Negroes had to get specific court orders. Thus Louisiana State University admitted a Negro student for the first time in its ninety-year history only after a three-judge federal district court signed an order on October 7 requiring the university to admit him and any other qualified Negro applicant; the University of Virginia received a similar court order on September 5. In Tennessee the Attorney General ruled that the University of Tennessee must admit qualified Negroes for graduate and professional studies; but on December 4 the trustees of the university voted to reject the applications of five Negroes. Four of the applicants have indicated they will fight the ban in the courts. The situation in Georgia is also unsettled; Governor Talmadge has declared that the United States does not have enough troops or police to enforce a court order requiring Negroes and whites to sit in the same classes in his state.

In North Carolina a federal district court held on October 9 that the law school for Negroes at North Carolina College, established by the state in 1939, was equal to the University of North Carolina Law School. The Negro school, with an enrollment last year of 28, is accredited; the court found that its teaching methods and facilities were patterned on those at the university; he said it enjoyed a "well-qualified" faculty. He found that the Negro college had a library of 30,000 volumes, while the university law school had 64,000; but of the latter two-thirds were in crates and not available for use; the library staffs were at least equal in quality.

About two years ago a similar ruling was made by Judge Waring on the Negro law school in South Carolina, though at the same time he termed the Negro law school "a fantastic extravagance." In neither case did the federal district court consider the intangibles that had apparently impressed the Supreme Court in the Texas case last June.

Regional Education Plans

WHAT effect do the Supreme Court decisions have on the legality of the regional plan for graduate and professional studies to which 13 Southern states have thus far subscribed, and which embraces 16 colleges and universities? Ostensibly it was not the purpose of the plan—officially called Southern Regional Education—to strengthen segregation, nor, admittedly, was it created to do away with segregation. The plan, which has been in operation for two years, was devised to meet situations in which it appeared that a state had failed to provide specific training for *anyone*, regardless of race or color. For instance, since Maryland has no veterinary school it could, under the regional plan, send qualified students to veterinary schools in other states. Whether or not they would be segregated in those schools, admitted or rejected because of race or color, would depend on the rules of admission of that particular school. (Participating states pay $1,500 per student per year for medical and dental training and $1,000 per year for veterinary medical training.) John E. Ivey, Jr., director of the Board of Control for Southern Regional Education, recently said:

> There is no instance in which the program's operation has served to extend or alter segregation. In the first year's operation places for 388 students were provided under regional contracts; of these, 181 were for Negro students, and 207 were for whites. This fall's enrollment shows 545 places, 377 for white and 168 for Negro students. Thus the figures show the program is not operating exclusively or even primarily for the education of Negroes.
>
> Any such program dealing with states and institutions must serve in accordance with the rules and regulations of those states and institutions. The Board of Control, as an agency serving a broad area, serves some states with segregation laws and some which admit qualified students to professional and graduate schools regardless of race. As an operating agency, it could function on no other basis. It does not, and could not, have a policy for or against segregation. It could no more tell an

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institution or a state how it should admit students than it could dictate where its institutions should be located or what salary it should pay its faculty.

Just as the South's regional program admittedly is without power to alter the segregation policies of state and institutions, so it is not an instrument for extending those policies.

However, Maryland, a participant in the regional plan, recently tried to put it in effect under circumstances that met with judicial disapproval. The University of Maryland has a nursing school to which Esther McCready, a Negro girl, applied for admission. She was directed, instead, to the Meharry Medical School, School of Nursing, in Tennessee, under the regional compact. She refused to go there and the Maryland Court of Appeals supported her stand and held that the University of Maryland must admit her. Under the *Gaines* decision, the court held that since white girls were not sent out of the state for training in nursing, a Negro girl had to be treated the same way —despite the court's finding that "in educational facilities and living conditions the nursing school at Meharry College is not only equal but superior to the University of Maryland nursing school." The Supreme Court of the United States refused, on October 9, to review the decision.

In fairness to the regional plan, it should be pointed out that Southern Regional Education's Board of Control opposed the position of the University of Maryland, and told the Maryland court that the plan was not devised to meet the situation presented in the McCready petition, it being obvious that Maryland had failed to live up to its legal responsibilities to the petitioner.

Regional programs for graduate and professional studies are being expanded. Eleven Western states have been slowly but surely evolving such a plan. Three states—Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming—have already reached an agreement on medical education. Last November the governors of the eleven Western states approved the organization of an "interstate mission on higher education in the West." The plan will probably materialize this year when the state legislatures ratify the action of their governors.

It seems likely that the regional plans will affect the pattern of race relations in graduate and professional studies, but precisely how is anyone's guess. The situation bears watching and study.

WHAT reception have the Negro students been accorded by white students? All reports indicate that their presence was taken calmly or with indifference. In some instances there was open endorsement of the new policy. The editors of four campus newspapers have expressed their approval of the new order—at the University of Alabama, University of Mississippi, Auburn, and Millsaps College. At Mississippi the editor, Albion J. Krebs, was particularly outspoken. He wrote: "The pigment of a man's skin must have nothing to do with the measurement of his ability. . . . Whether Southerners like it or not, that's how things will be." John Rankin, Congressman from Mississippi, called it a Communist editorial, whereupon Krebs said, "I'd like to know how I can be a Communist and a Roman Catholic, too." (The Krebs family first settled in Mississippi in 1718, and both of Krebs's grandfathers were Confederate soldiers.)

The president of the University of Kansas City has said: "Not only has no problem yet arisen on the campus, but the students and faculty are proud of themselves, of their trustees, and of their university for being the first in the state of Missouri to accept Negroes without special reservation." The Superintendent for Public Instruction in Kentucky has reported that there was no organized opposition to the elimination of the segregation policy and that the unorganized opposition was rapidly declining. (In Kentucky, Paducah Junior College, municipally owned, agreed to admit Negroes only after a federal district court signed an order last November.) Discordant voices have, however, been heard, mainly in South Carolina and Georgia, from

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Dixiecrats like James F. Byrnes and Herman Talmadge. But the attitude of the young white people of the South, Walter White has said, "refutes the claims of the demagogues of that region that the abolition of segregation would mean violence and bloodshed."

The Undergraduate Schools

WILL the rulings of the Supreme Court be applied to undergraduate studies? As we have seen, Kentucky has voluntarily made a generous interpretation of its constitutional obligation, but it is doubtful whether other states will follow its example. Each of the Southern and border states has a college for Negroes. As far as comparative tangible qualities are concerned, these institutions will undoubtedly need improvement in order to pass the equality test. Will they be subjected to the test of intangibles, as in the cases involving graduate or professional studies? Certainly efforts will be made to do both: to compel the states to offer Negroes equal treatment insofar as tangible facilities are concerned, and to get the courts to extend the test of intangibles to undergraduate schools. A beginning has already been made in Delaware.

The University of Delaware is for white students only. Delaware State College is for Negro undergraduates. Last summer some Negro students applied to the university for admission as undergraduates. They were refused, and filed a suit in the Court of Chancery. Vice Chancellor Seitz decided in favor of the applicants on August 9. Accompanied by counsel, he had visited both campuses and found that the physical facilities at the college are vastly inferior to those at the university and that the inferiority was disproportionate to the difference in size of the student bodies. The Vice Chancellor had also found that the educational opportunities at the college were far fewer than at the university: at the university a student had a choice of eighteen fields of concentration; at the college, only eight. Furthermore, some of the eight fields listed in the college bulletin were not actually offered. The university offers "many, many courses" not available at the college; the difference is not only in number but in depth and intensity too—there are, for example, no seminars at the college, though there are many at the university. A comparison of the faculties also revealed a glaring inequality. At the college, faculty members are employed on a year-to-year basis, while the university provides tenure; at the university there are forty-eight full professors, at the college only four; on the university faculty scholarship, research, and publications are encouraged, but not at the college. The college's salary scale was so low, said the Vice Chancellor, that it "could not compete successfully with the local public school system"; the top salary for a full professor at the Negro institution was, in the summer of 1950, $4,300. The university library has 140,000 volumes, the college library 16,000; "It would be a waste of time," said the Vice Chancellor, "to amplify the overwhelming inferiority of the library at the college to the library at the university." The university is accredited, the college is not. The Vice Chancellor also compared the administrative staffs, the health and medical facilities, the maintenance staffs, the athletic facilities, scholarship and prize funds of the two schools: in all respects he found the college inferior.

The Delaware case may well become a model, for its findings could easily be duplicated in most of the other Southern and border states. The NAACP and individual Negroes will continue to insist on equality, and this may do away with segregation in undergraduate studies as it already has in graduate and professional studies. In most instances the courts will not need to apply the test of intangibles—as in the Delaware case, where the disparity in tangibles alone was sufficient proof of unequal treatment. Conservatively estimated, it would cost the Southern and border states no less than a billion dollars to equalize educational facilities for the Negro from kindergarten through college. A large part of this would be spent on colleges. "Segregation has a price

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tag," a Southern spokesman has said. "The South probably will buy all it can. But in the highest fields of education it just can't be bought." What has happened since June 5 shows that the Southern states no longer think of buying Jim Crow in graduate and professional studies. They may find that even in undergraduate schools the price of segregation is more than they can afford or care to spend. Nevertheless, the record, even since June 5, shows that these states will not decide to do anything until compelled to by court order.

RECENTLY the Columbia *Record* (South Carolina) said editorially: "The attempt to move faster in the law than the folkways of either race permit is foolish and it could be disastrous, undoing the gains already made and arousing forgotten passions." The editor overlooked a number of significant facts:

(1) Jim Crow or segregation is compulsory, and imposed by law. The Southern states do not rely on folkways—they coerce their folk to follow the ways of those who believe and preach and profit from "white supremacy." If segregation can be made by law, why cannot the law be unmade by another law? Where was the folkways argument when, at the turn of the century, the Southerners adopted their Jim Crow laws? They did not then, apparently, think of leaving race relations to be decided by voluntary folkways. Only now, with the established law on their side, do they speak of folkways.

(2) What has happened during the past half year shows that the younger Southerners are considerably less prejudiced than their parents. Maybe this is a reason why the parents are so anxious about the status quo—while the young folk, who, after all, are the ones who live on the campuses, are calm or indifferent. In any case, radical change has taken place at the Southern universities, and the skies have not fallen.

(3) Perhaps the editor of the *Record* has forgotten his own passions, but the Negro has not forgotten his, and cannot be expected to forget them indefinitely. Nor have millions of men and women, of all races, throughout the world, forgotten their passion—for fraternity, equality, and liberty; their passionate belief, as Robert M. Hutchins has said recently, "that freedom is the chief glory of mankind and that to repress it is in effect to repress the human spirit."

Many men and women in the South today have no wish to repress the human spirit. Only several months ago, at the annual meeting of the Southern Regional Council, an interracial organization of church, professional, and business men of thirteen Southern states, Paul D. Williams, president of the Council, said: "We are facing a crisis today because of our failure to admit Negroes to partnership in our public life." The Council recommended that Negroes be named to membership in all policy-making bodies that administer laws and govern public services, especially school boards both elective and appointive. The best way to achieve equality, said the Council, is for the Negro to "have a voice in the policy-making which determines the quality of education children are to receive"—not "arithmetical equality," not "paternalism," but "true equality." The Southern states, the Council said, "are discovering that the time is rapidly running out when postponement and token approaches to equalization will suffice." The Negro is fully aware "of the long record of evasion and inaction." Prodded by the courts, the South, as the Council sees it, now faces an opportunity: "The opportunity is before us to strengthen our region and hasten its progress by admitting all our peoples to the ranks of our common citizenship. There could be no more appropriate time than now, and no more appropriate field than education, for that step to be taken."

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PILLAR OF A CLOUD

A Story

EVA ROSENFELD

JANET had arrived late in the afternoon, was introduced to the manager and some of the tutors, saw the children walking around the camp, had supper in the big wooden shack, and after a little formal talk went early to bed. Now, lying on the narrow bed in the bare whitewashed room, she tried to define the flavor of her first impression.

It was a new reception camp for orphaned children recently arrived from Cyprus, capacity, three hundred. Beyond this, she had known nothing except its location on the map in the Youth Immigration office in Tel Aviv. Her friend there had suggested that she go and look around to see if she could find in the camp the "plain useful work" she had been plaintively demanding ever since the outbreak of the war; after weeks in Tel Aviv, embarrassed by her own uselessness in the midst of frantic activity, she had accepted the opportunity immediately.

There was the sand and the dreary barracks and the children—squat, ugly girls, prematurely full-breasted, humiliating to see in their skimpy city dresses; the thin, proletarian, underdeveloped boys and girls with wise-looking faces and big, sad, brown eyes; the big boys, detached and condescending in their suddenly achieved manhood; the five or six beautiful girls, silent and resentful, conscious of their beauty amidst such ugliness. They moved around the small, bare enclosure, bedraggled and graceless in the shimmering air humming with a fierce dry wind. They moved in a low key, subdued by the sun, parched and open-mouthed. The earth had no chance here against the heavenly fire, against the Eastern winds; it died without a struggle, uncovering its nakedness and skeleton-like stones. Only with human sweat could the sun be mastered, but here on this piece of land the Englishmen used to camp and the Englishmen did not bend their backs to earth that was not their own. So they left it to die and it was dead among the green fields of the surrounding settlements.

But all this was natural in this country of living and dead, where existence was chiefly meaningful as a projection of the faraway past and the uncertain future. This was it, she reflected now—and she found it impossible to connect this place with any past expectation or previous image of her own—the place was so fearfully *present*, insistently concrete and real. *This* was it. Was it simply the sun and the nakedness of the camp? She gave up finally and pushed the troubling thoughts determinedly off. Falling into a heavy slumber she was visited by old, familiar nightmares, long absent and thus more painful. She awoke several times and looked out at the bland sleeping barracks, shut in against the green moonlight, deaf to the barking of the jackals.

SHE woke up heavy-headed, sticky, and swollen. With a shudder she thought

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EVA ROSENFELD is by profession a sociologist, trained to the notation of facts; but the "facts" often demand that special quickening of perception which belongs to fiction. Miss Rosenfeld here embodies in a short story some of her experiences with the homeless children in an Israeli immigration reception camp. It is her first published story in English. Miss Rosenfeld was born in Warsaw and took her law degree at the university there. Later she got her MA in sociology at Columbia University; and, after having recently spent two years in Israel, working in various communal settlements, she is at present conducting a joint seminar with Professor Abram Kardiner at Columbia in the subject of the culture and personality inter-relations of the settlements; it is also the subject of the book she is writing for her doctoral thesis.

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of walking out into the hot glare. She was to have a look around the camp and see what sort of work she might fit into. She was given in charge of Esther, the assistant administrator, and spent the day trailing after her around the camp. Soon the children and the camp itself fell into the background and Janet found herself being absorbed by Esther.

THE immediately arresting thing about Esther was her resemblance to one of the great film actresses. It made one think of some incredibly Hollywoodish film. Esther had pure, honest, girlishly severe and yet soft features. She was delicately built but not fragile. She wore a clean, well-cut sports dress and her hair was neatly combed. She walked briskly about the camp, her eyes quick to notice all the little things out of order, quick to correct, put in place, punish and reward. She had a little smile for the obviously inadequate excuses of the guilty and yet she was exacting and full of self-righteousness. Janet trailed after her and observed her, greedily, fascinated. This beautiful, soft-chinned, full-lipped creature exemplified the Law. The Law was simple. It said that anyone caught in the open scissors of the need to dispense charity will inevitably give in to the hopeless inadequacy of what can be done and escape heartbreak by erasing the individual from his mind and substituting, instead, the proper fraction of the mass. House-mothers and such could afford to see the human being, but those who were centrally responsible for the distribution of food, clothing, shelter, medical care, to hundreds and thousands of people, and were not given enough food, clothes, houses, physicians, if they wanted to survive at all and continue with their work, had to protect themselves against the individual by denying him. They would develop principles and techniques, and before they themselves knew it the spirit of God would be dead in them.

It was not their fault. They had been good and generous maybe, and wanted to give new shoes to all five hundred children; but there were only three hundred pairs and so two hundred children had to do without. One had to learn the tricks of doing this, because all five hundred children wanted new shoes and needed them; but some still had a wearable old pair and some had none. It was an elementary arithmetical problem—to which there was no solution.

During the first day it was decided that Janet would help Esther in the wardrobe house, and in the days that followed Janet had an opportunity to observe the victim of the Law in the seemingly early stages of petrification. With all the children all the time Esther was reserved, her friendliness was cool and her informality curt. She brushed them with her eyes and if she looked at them at all it was to see if they were lying. Even with little Sarah, a pretty little old woman of eight who had lost both her parents during the war and was wise to the ways of this world, even with little Sarah, whom Esther often gave special attention, she was severe, as if she feared that the child might take advantage of her. She did her utmost to help the children and she thought of their welfare long after working hours, but she would not have the children think they had a *right* to be cared for. "It hurts me so," she said to Janet one day, after one of the children had refused to accept an old and worn-out shirt (a gift from America)—"It hurts me so! When they came here in rags from Cyprus they were grateful for everything they got. Now, after only three months, they are already choosey." For a moment Janet, who had been following Esther's movements like a shadow, was so taken in by her sincerity that she doubted herself. But she recovered when a moment later Esther said to her, thoughtfully, "You know, I was told that one of the girls to whom we gave a piece of linen for a pillow-case made herself a blouse instead. I am worried now that they will all do the same thing."

THERE were times when a child suffered some childish agony because of a trifling thing that could easily be adjusted; Esther did not take notice. There was the time, for instance, when one of the slim, pretty girls,

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delicate and obviously from a "good" family, neat and clean in her worn-out dress, came to ask for a pair of shoes; she was going to visit an aunt in Haifa. Esther pointed to a bundle of old shoes in the corner: "See if any of those fit you." There were new shoes in the other storeroom, shoes from America, and the children knew. But to the girl's mortification one pair of old, worn-out shoes did fit her and she could not argue with Esther's triumphant, "There, they fit perfectly!" Janet stole an embarrassed glance at the child's unhappy face and looked quickly away. It was out of the question that she interfere—she felt as helpless and as indignant as the child.

But as yet she did not look at Esther; she looked only at the Law. Only after several days did she begin to think about Esther herself. Janet was working in the second storeroom arranging the clothes "from America" according to size and type. Two little girls were helping her, picking up various items from the huge pile of dresses and coats and estimating their sizes. Among the garments were many charming little dresses for infants, unusable in this camp for older children. Many of the dresses were "sweet" and "darling" little things, hand-embroidered, lavish with lace and trimmings. Janet was embarrassed at feeling herself identified, in the eyes of the two children, with this world of pampered, safe childhood. The pink and blue silks and laces had no place here—they were offensive. But the two little girls did not seem to mind; they delighted in each new charming, silly little thing, clicked their tongues in wonder and giggled happily. At one dress they both exclaimed; a white baby dress with big red appliqué apples on it.

"Oh, please!" one of the girls said to Janet, "please, could I have this for my sister's baby?"

"Yes, of course, take it," was what Janet wanted to say. But she did not want to give out anything without Esther's approval, and she knew that, in principle, such gifts were strictly taboo. She revolted at the false realism of this institutional principle. Life was not so poor—it was more generous, less exacting. You could get things in life for a smile—you could win, find, be rewarded. You weren't always pushed down to the level of the lowest denominator of charity. Well, then why not, for God's sake, why not here? Wouldn't it be better for the children to know that someone else had a piece of luck than to feel that no one, ever, had any luck?

But to the child she said, "I couldn't decide—you must ask Esther."

"Yes," said the girl, hope fading, and she put the little dress aside.

Shortly afterwards Esther walked in, listened to the girl's halting pleas, answered curtly "No," looked briefly at the dress, took it, and walked out with it.

For a long time the three worked in silence, too crushed to react, avoiding each other's eyes. It was then that Janet began to feel that maybe the Law was not a sufficient explanation of Esther's behavior. And from this moment she began to lose interest in her. Human frailty was too familiar a sight.

Or maybe it was only that she was now getting to know more and more of the children and her interest had just naturally shifted in their direction. She was working in the main wardrobe house now and was called on to help fit shoes, trousers, dresses, and shirts. She watched their faces flushed with excitement, their fingers trembling as they handled the second-hand clothes, their elation or disappointment. She realized, with wonder and embarrassment, that here for the first time she was learning from these children what it meant when one had just one shredding pair of pants and a shirt too tight for the growing body, what it meant to try on a pair of new shoes, stiff and shiny, after having gone barefooted for months, years, maybe always. She shrank from the naively misplaced thankfulness of the children whenever she managed to fit them with something new. In her confusion and utter discomfort she tried to concentrate on observing the children, their behavior, words, games. "I will think about all that later," she determined, "when I leave this place. Not now." She felt very tired at the end of the day, dry and lifeless.

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THE three little boys were going away for the weekend and they came into the storeroom to get their Sabbath clothes. Janet remembered their faces because they were always together and also because the smallest had the kind of stolid, serious face that always moved her in children. She would see him in the evening sitting on the steps of his barracks and watching others play. Whenever he was scolded, he would do whatever he was told in the manner of a superb footman following the orders of an erratic master, without protest and without fumbling but at his own pace, detached and dignified. He was the older of a pair of twins—he had told her once—half an hour older. He was also the brighter of the two, although his twin brother was taller. They were twelve years old but the smaller looked no more than seven and the bigger no more than nine. The third boy was always with them and had the same quiet, serious, and unflinchingly honest way of acting. They had met somewhere in Germany after having spent the war years in Russia, where their parents had died. They were inseparable—and now they were going away for the weekend together.

Some of their clothes had been misplaced and Janet led them to the back of the storeroom where lost articles were neatly arranged on shelves. She stood back and watched the boys examining the various items of clothing, discussing, rejecting, recognizing one piece or another as their own, helping each other to remember, to find. They were eager but, again, they kept their pace. There was a sense of measure in their world which few men live to achieve in their old age. It was this quality of maturity which Janet so prized in them. What she felt toward them was primarily respect, a deep, humble respect such as she seldom felt toward anyone. Finally they found what they needed except for some socks which the older brother had in his valise in the main storeroom, at the other end of the camp.

She walked out with him, key in hand, into the dry, sandy, humming heat. They walked slowly and heavily in the soft sand. A hundred yards before them the wind whirled up a column of dust which stood still, whirling, gray against the white merciless sky. "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way"—she thought to herself, smiling faintly.

They walked in silence. On the way they were joined by two other children and together went up to the door of the barracks. Janet opened the lock and they walked into the dark storage shed filled with stagnant, musty air. The boy went directly to his bag and opened it with a key hanging on a long chain attached to his belt. As he lifted the lid of the valise a gray mouse ran out and scurried across the floor and out of the barracks. Janet and the two other children laughed, but the boy only smiled and shook his head reproachfully as he pointed to a pair of trousers, new, with the Jewish Agency card still pinned on, in which several large holes appeared. Now he took out all the neatly arranged things, a sweater, also new and also shredding, another pair of trousers, towels, socks, a shirt. Suddenly all four of them crowded around the valise let out a little shriek: there, huddled between a towel and a pair of brown socks, three tiny, wriggling mice were suddenly exposed. They looked disgustingly naked, like little pygmy pigs, and one of them had a white stripe across its pink body. But the boy gave no sign of disgust. He took a torn shirt out of the valise and gathered the three little mice in it. Then he walked slowly out with the weakly wriggling bundle and threw the mice out into a ditch next to the barbed-wire enclosure. Returning, he shook his head again and said, "Now, let us have a look down to the bottom." And lo, there was a fourth mouse, rather half alive, at the very bottom of the valise. This one, too, he took in the torn shirt and threw out. Then he replaced his belongings neatly, efficiently, locked the valise, thanked Janet, and walked out, always at his pace.

At lunchtime Janet saw the three boys and yet another small boy with a peeling red nose now all dressed up for the trip in boots and high socks, khaki shorts and blouses and farmer-style soft hats with brims pulled down

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all around. They ate in silence, concentrated but helping each other to more bread, margarine, soup. The meal over, they got up heavily and walked out together, looking grotesquely like a group of diminutive farmers setting out for the market. She felt somehow proud for them, for their self-sufficiency, for the firm world they had succeeded in creating for themselves—their little society.

LATE in the afternoon, she was startled to see them suddenly standing in the door of the storeroom. They had come to ask for the key to their cabin. "The man we went to see in Hedera has left already. There was no other place we could go to spend the night, so we decided to come back." They looked sideways and, after receiving the key, walked away, a silent little group. At supper Janet was afraid to look in their direction—she was afraid they would still be silent and beaten. But to her great relief they were behaving quite as usual, concentrated on eating, helping each other to more soup, carefully dividing the grapes into equal portions. Then they walked off together and from their purposeful gait she gathered that they had some plans for the evening.

Janet said "Shabbat Shalom" to Esther and walked out of the dining hall. Walking slowly down the hill she beheld the setting sun and the sand softly aglow and the calm dome of the darkening skies. She looked to the left where this morning the wind-blown column of dust had been stretched like a threatening finger against the white, glaring sky. But the air was clear and still and, instead, she saw at the bend of the road leading out of the enclosure into the green fields, the now distant figures of the three little boys out for a Sabbath evening walk.

She watched them until they turned left on the broad white road and disappeared in the darkening green of the lemon orchards.

TIME OF YEAR

SAUL TOUSTER

CONCERTED winter holds back spring,
But nothing holds great thaws rumbling
Under our desultory feet,
And under the earth we know that still,
Remembering, time must hesitate until
The unction of our days is summer sweet.

Alive to the flowering need,
The bees buzzing the arbor heed,
With civil energy, the lust
Of seasons. This is the time of year
Each day has followings, and to the soft ear
There are at least suggestions of a trust.

There is no stillness here to comfort
The vagrant mind, or court
The ambitious, but now as then
The sounds of earth-breaking have uncurled
Great hope, and the humble hear in the world
The possibility of being made again.

SAUL TOUSTER is a graduate of Harvard Law School and is now practicing law in New York City, where he was born in 1925. His poems have appeared in *Sewanee Review*.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

BRONX HOUSEWIFE

The Life and Opinions of Mrs. Litofsky

DONALD PANETH

IN THE declining afternoon, Mrs. Gertrude Litofsky, a Bronx housewife, likes to sit at her bedroom window and watch the young children playing in the apartment house courtyard below. She has cleaned, washed, shopped, ironed, and cooked; now she rests. She observes the children's small difficulties with amusement—a tot attempts to retrieve a ball from the courtyard's fountain, an eight-year-old falls from his bike and bruises his knee, the superintendent, a short, husky, sullen man, shouts at the children and chases them from the yard, threatening them with his hose. Then Mrs. Litofsky looks beyond the courtyard into the street, where the mothers of the children sit and stand, knitting and talking. She watches the street with detachment.

She remains at the window a half hour, an hour. Then she walks restlessly through her tidy three-room apartment, critically adjusting a rug, a lamp shade, a chair. In the kitchen, where the table is set for supper, she takes a glass container from a cupboard and returns to the bedroom. She opens a window, and from the container carefully sprinkles white rice upon the ledge. The rice is for the sparrows who nest in the courtyard; Mrs. Litofsky feeds them in the morning, afternoon, and evening. "You wouldn't believe it," she says. "The birds call me. They want to be my friends."

Mrs. Litofsky resembles her apartment. It is small, neat, and comfortable. She is short, slim, and unpretentious. Her hair is white, her face is full, with bright hazel eyes and a small straight nose, and her skin is fair. She dresses simply, in inexpensive dresses or tailored suits. She is fifty-three, has been married twenty-nine years, and is the mother of two daughters, Phyllis and Rachel; her husband, Isaac, is a kind, quiet, philosophical man, thirteen years older than herself. She is a matriarchal, thrifty, scrupulous housewife. She allocates Isaac's pay check; she shops frugally; she dusts her furniture, carpet-sweeps her rugs, and scrubs her kitchen and bathroom floors every day; she is unfamiliar with the city, since she rarely travels from her neighborhood. "I feel more comfortable uptown," she says. "No crowds. No rushing. No upset."

Housekeeping stimulates Mrs. Litofsky. She is diligent about dusting, and she likes the fresh smell of wash hung to dry in the sun, and she anticipates the sweet flavor of young corn at the vegetable market. Though housework itself is routine and fatiguing, she accepts it. "Work is good," she says. "The muscles don't get flabby." Mrs. Litofsky rises early, makes breakfast for Isaac, who is a presser in a Seventh Avenue garment shop, and when he leaves she dusts and cleans and straightens and washes until noon, and then shops and irons and cooks. She delights in her home—"My home is my palace," she says

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DONALD PANETH, who contributed a portrait of an old-clothes peddler to our June 1950 issue, here offers a sketch of a Jewish housewife in the Bronx, drawn from the life—the by-no-means humdrum events of a not untypical woman's career, along with her opinions and personal faith. Mr. Paneth was born in New York City in 1927 and studied at City College and Columbia University. He was for some time on the staff of the New York *Times* and is now working on a book about the metropolitan scene.

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—but she dislikes apartment living. She resents inquisitive neighbors and noisy neighbors. "I don't like to blabble with neighbors," she says. "They only want to know your business; I say good morning and how are you and that's all. And if you ask the people upstairs to stop the radio after eleven, they say about you, 'Who the hell does she think she is? I pay my rent!' "

MRS. LITOFSKY dislikes walking three flights to her apartment, and she would prefer a garden to her tiny kitchen plants. "A house is the best thing," she says. "It's private. You have a porch to sit. And you could have a flower garden. I like my plants—I think everyone loves plants; you give them a little water and they grow—but flowers are so beautiful."

She is absorbed in the health of her husband, the activities of her daughters, and the welfare of her six sisters, whom she calls and visits occasionally in Philadelphia, where she once lived. She enjoys evenings at home with Isaac and her daughters and their husbands. Phyllis and Max, who have been unable to find an apartment, live with her; they sleep on a sofa-bed in the living room. "This is no good," she says. "Young people should be by themselves. No matter how we try, there are arguments." The issues are minor, but their existence produces tension: Phyllis and Max like to sleep late on Saturday and Sunday, but Mrs. Litofsky is accustomed to cleaning early. This conflict caused frequent disagreements until Mrs. Litofsky reluctantly agreed to postpone her dusting on weekends until eleven or so in the morning. Rachel and Harry are more fortunate; they have a two-room flat on Washington Heights. When they visit once or twice weekly, the family sits about and talks and nibbles nuts, dates, and prunes from plates on the coffee table in front of the sofa. They discuss the apartment shortage, the possibility of war, the most recent Broadway plays, the season's fashions. Sometimes Max, who studies engineering nights at City College, reads physics or ponders a problem in a corner; Phyllis, who sews her own clothes, cuts a pattern on the floor; Isaac speaks to Harry about a Dostoevsky novel or a Pushkin poem; and Mrs. Litofsky talks quietly with Rachel. "How is everything?" "Fine." "I had a terrible headache today." "It's probably from the weather—the dampness." "I guess so." Later, they have coffee and cake in the kitchen.

Mrs. Litofsky, who didn't reach the fourth grade, has a prodigious natural curiosity, and when her family gathers about the kitchen table she listens alertly to her children's conversation. She hears them mention a film, a current event, a magazine article, a personality, and she interrupts: "What's that?" she says. "What's that?" At other times, she will amuse them with family tales—how her father regularly brought ragged vagabonds home to supper, how she helped organize the women in Philadelphia's hat industry, how Phyllis spurned her dolls to play Johnny-on-the-Pony with the boys on the block—and mimicry, in which she caricatures relatives and neighbors. But, though she is lively, Mrs. Litofsky isn't breezy or easygoing; she is serious, tense, proud, and excitable; and when she gets angry she accompanies her outbursts with vehement expletives. Small incidents disturb her and she worries unnecessarily, but in an emergency she is tough and resourceful. She is skeptical about human beings. "Birds are better than people," she says. "You feed them and they're your friends. People you feed and they give you a kick in the back."

MRS. LITOFSKY lives in a five-story, seventy-five family apartment house, three blocks east of the Grand Concourse, in the middle Bronx. She has lived in the same apartment for eighteen years; a prolonged depression, a war, and an apartment shortage have prevented her from moving. At the beginning, her rent was $45 a month; in 1934, it dropped to $38, and eight years later it rose to $42, where it was frozen. In eighteen years, the neighborhood, the house in which she lives, and the tenants have changed more decidedly. The neighborhood was once less urban. Apartment houses were fewer; old, rambling one-family homes predominated; streets were lined with tall trees; the children played in wide, open, grassy lots, almost fields. Then the apartment house itself was attractive. It was new; the courtyard fountain, where goldfish swam, sprayed prettily; the superintendent obliged tenants with service and material; the tenants were quiet and friendly. Now the children play on asphalt; gray apartment houses, monotonously similar to each other, crowd a few

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stubborn, small homes; the adolescents who cluster at the corner candy store are swaggering and noisy. The apartment house has deteriorated. Its shrubbery, once full, is thin and ragged; the fountain no longer plays; and the weather has obscured a sign: "Loitering or Playing in This Courtyard Strictly Prohibited." So the children run and squeal—"Let's play cowboy!"—their mothers gossip on the front stoop, and in the evening their older brothers and sisters dance to a portable radio, which is loud and penetrating.

When she is depressed or annoyed, Mrs. Litofsky complains that apartment house days resemble one another—as they do. "God damn it," she says. "Every day it's the same thing." But the house is her job and her duty, and she urges her daughters to emulate her. "You got married," she says. "Keep your things nice." "But Ma overdoes it," Rachel say. "She cleans *clean* things." Weekdays, Mrs. Litofsky rises wearily at six-thirty—she does not sleep well—to prepare Isaac's breakfast and pack his lunch; he leaves home at seven to avoid the morning rush hour. An hour later, after Phyllis and Max have left for work, she begins to clean. She works swiftly, washing breakfast dishes, opening windows in each room, placing blankets and pillows near a window to air, wiping the furniture. She starts dusting in the living room, proceeds to the foyer and bathroom, and then to the bedroom, finishing in the kitchen. She carpet-sweeps, or wipes uncovered floors with a rag. "I have no mop," she says. "I never had a mop. I don't like a mop. They collect dust." She is adamant about cleaning. "A house must be managed like a factory," she says. "Work can't accumulate. If you want it clean, you dust every day." While cleaning, she soaks her daily wash; although there is a washing machine in the basement, she doesn't use it. "There are too many tenants," she says. "It would make me nervous to wait for my next." A light wash takes her ten or fifteen minutes, a heavy wash (with sheets and pillow cases) thirty minutes. She finishes her housework by eleven-thirty in the morning, and bathes, dresses, and eats lunch. She likes to eat. "There's not a thing I dislike," she says, "except the jackets of baked potatoes. I love nuts, pickles, borscht, and lox. But gefilte fish is my favorite."

After lunch Mrs. Litofsky goes shopping. She shops mostly on Mondays and Thursdays, when she buys canned goods, meat, chicken, and staples, but every day she buys fresh milk, bread, cheese, and butter. Although she buys in several kosher shops, she does not keep a kosher house. "I don't believe in it," she says. "I don't see why it's necessary." Nor is she formally religious. "I have my own religion," she says. "Not to hurt people. Live and let live. That's my religion. I don't see why some people go to church or synagogue. They come out and curse others for no reason—I have heard it myself. Do you call *that* religion? Or the way Hitler made hate in the world. *Anti-semiten*. Why should they hate?" Though she herself doesn't go to synagogue, she is acutely aware that she is a Jew. "I wouldn't change my religion for nothing," she says. "It's so hard to be a Jew. We went through so much, we should appreciate we are Jews. We have to fight for everything we get. They wouldn't give us the rights in Europe, so I feel wonderful about Israel. At least they shouldn't say we're a wandering Jew. My people have their own land; I hope they should only keep it. I know a rabbi's daughter who came back from Israel last year. She says it's remarkable; the way they build, the way they plant the land. She says if they only have a chance, it'll be a beautiful place to live. But I wouldn't give up America; I wouldn't go to Israel to live. I'm too old. I have here what I remember since eight years old. I raised my children here, and gave them a fine education that didn't cost anything. I like it here."

To shop, Mrs. Litofsky leaves her neighborhood and walks ten blocks, past factories, garages, a powerhouse, and empty lots, across a New York Central railway bridge, to Bathgate Avenue, where food is less expensive. Bathgate is a near-slum below 174th Street; the avenue is dirty, narrow, crowded, and clamorous. The streets are filled with crates and garbage; impatient drivers honk their horns at the women crossing slowly with their children; shops block the streets with sidewalk stands; store signs declare: "The Old Reliable Izzy Berkowitz Is Back Here Again," "Chickens—Fresh Killed Every Hour," "The Bank Don't Sell Meat. We Don't Cash Checks." Old, tired women with shabby shopping bags or baby carriages, filled with packages, buy from bawling dealers and

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pushcart peddlers. Vegetable and fish men shout, "Hey, Mama, whaddya want?" "C'mon, girls. Oranges. Three for a dime! Three for a dime! Three for a dime!" "The carp wiggle for a quarter a pound today. Who's next? Who's next?" At the corner fruit store, a dealer admonishes a woman: "You wanna buy? Get in line!" A stocky, sweating, bald man calls to a delivery truck driver: "Let's go, kid! Let's go! God damn it, let's go!" An egg seller speaks to a woman: "Take your time, lady. What's the rush? It's later than you think. I'll be with you." And a woman sells a bath towel from a sidewalk stall: "Pay the boss inside," she says. "He takes the money. I'm not allowed."

Mrs. Litofsky has shopped on Bathgate since the depression. "I have to be economical," she says. "The dollar means nothing today; a dollar's like a quarter. Some people say, 'Oh, I wouldn't go to Bathgate.' But they shouldn't be ashamed to save a few pennies. They're not taking anything that belongs to anybody. If you're wealthy, it's different. You're lucky. You don't have to carry heavy packages. Otherwise, you must save. It would be worse if I had to come and stretch out my hand to someone." She has known her meat, chicken, vegetable, and fish men for eighteen years. Her fish man is tall, heavy, and dark. "Good morning," he says. "How do you feel?" He will not sell her fish that isn't fresh and promising. "No," he says. "It's not for you. Try mackerel. Delicious today." At the fish store, women agitate Mrs. Litofsky; they pick up the fish, smell them, and toss them back. Once she shouted at a customer, "Hey lady! Is that nice? Why do you smell and feel the fish? Suppose you had a cold or something?" She is more pleased with the bakery, where new glass showcases have been installed; customers can no longer squeeze the rolls to determine whether they are fresh. At the kosher chicken store, Mrs. Litofsky has encounters with aggressive women who crowd about the cleaner and push and slip him a quarter—the normal tip is ten cents—so he will handle their chickens more quickly. "They pay and get ahead of me," Mrs. Litofsky says. "When I see it, I get fresh. I don't take anyone's place, and no one can take mine." On her heavy shopping days, she finishes by half past two (on other days, an hour earlier) and returns home to empty her packages. Then, if the weather is fair, she goes walking on the Concourse.

She window-shops. "I look at the pretty things," she says. "I don't buy." And occasionally she sees a movie, foreign or Hollywood-made, that she has heard her children discuss and approve. "Ma won't go to a picture unless she can cry over it," Phyllis says. "She says musicals and comedies are silly nonsense." Usually, she is home at four to prepare supper for Isaac and herself; she doesn't cook for Phyllis and Max. She isn't an extraordinary cook; her suppers are simple but various. She cooks fish (fried, baked, or boiled), chicken (fried, roasted, or boiled), lamb chops, soup meat, beef liver, meat loaf, and soups. "I make very good soups," she says. "Pea, vegetable, chicken. No cans." She bakes a little, too—apple strudel and honey cake. When Isaac arrives home at five-thirty Mrs. Litofsky is waiting. "I always wear a nice dress and apron," she says. "I don't believe in a house dress—they're sloppy. A woman should look her best for her husband."

Evenings are quiet and short. Isaac and she sit in the living room or bedroom, reading the Yiddish papers and talking, she calls and speaks to Rachel, and sometimes, when Max is at night school, she takes a walk with Phyllis. Other nights, Isaac is tired and sleeps after supper, and Phyllis and Max go out; then Mrs. Litofsky is lonely, and she wanders slowly about her apartment, needlessly straightening a chair, a lamp, or a picture. Ordinarily Isaac goes to bed at nine and Mrs. Litofsky joins him an hour later. She has difficulty sleeping. "I don't sleep well," she says. "I guess it's my nerves. Some nights are so long. I lay there, and I say, 'Oh God, I wish I could sleep.' And I can't wait for the morning."

THOUGH housewife days are repetitious and uneventful, Mrs. Litofsky is familiar with contention. "Life is a war," she says. "A long quarrel." Mrs. Litofsky was born in 1897 near Smolensk. When she was five, her father, Samuel Kaufman, a handsome, blithe man, departed impetuously for the United States without informing his wife. He went to work one day—he was a hat maker—and didn't return; a month later, his wife received a letter from Philadelphia. He wrote that he would send for her and the children soon and that they would all have a fine life in America.

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With her four children—Harry, eight, Gertrude, five, Sol, three, and Dora, one—Sara Kaufman returned angrily to her father's house. Two years later she refused to bring the children to Northumberland, Pennsylvania, where her husband had a job sewing sweatbands into men's hats; Gertrude's grandfather, a tall, strong, bearded man, who was ninety-six years old, distrusted his son-in-law's impulsiveness and persuaded her to delay. Six months later, Sol died of measles and Sara sorrowfully wrote her husband for passage money.

Gertrude's father met his family at Ellis Island; he greeted them with gifts, which included a baseball bat and glove for Harry. In Philadelphia, he bought new shoes and clothes for his wife and children. "We were dressed to kill," Mrs. Litofsky says. "My father wanted us to look American." For two years, the Kaufmans lived happily in Northumberland. They occupied an eight-room house; Gertrude went to grade school; her sisters, Nellie and Mary, were born. "I liked America," she says. "A cherry tree grew outside my windows, and I picked wild strawberries and blackberries in the country. I had *two* pairs of shoes, and I went to school free—in Russia, you had to pay to learn to count 1, 2, 3. That's why I'm mad when people cry, 'The fatherland, ah, the fatherland.'" In 1907, her father went on strike for more wages and a union shop; he was out a year, and his union lost the strike. When his old boss wouldn't rehire him, and he couldn't find a job elsewhere, he moved his family to Philadelphia, where he became ill and was unable to work. Their savings had been exhausted during the strike, and now they sold furniture to pay hospital bills. They rented a small house for $12 a month, cooked pots of water on the stove so neighbors wouldn't suspect there was no food in the house, and used a large packing case, wrapped with linens to conceal the cardboard, as a dining table. Mrs. Kaufman cooked at weddings for food, and then since Harry, who was fourteen, had no shoes and couldn't look for work, Gertrude found a job. She was eleven years old.

She was hired to make ostrich plumes for ladies' hats. "I was disgusted at being poor," Mrs. Litofsky says. "I knew a girl who made out well at plumes. I wanted to make out too." She came to work the first day without lunch. "Everyone had lunch," she recalls. "I was ashamed I didn't have a package, too, so while the girls ate, I went and sat in the washroom. One of the girls came and knocked on the door. 'My mother packs too much lunch for me,' she said. 'Would you like a sandwich and a pickle?' I said, 'O.K.' That night, we went home together, and we became dear friends. Her name was Jennie, a tall girl with black hair. She was quiet and sincere; you don't find such a friend nowadays." On the job Gertrude worked from seven in the morning to six at night, and at home from eight to ten. She was paid $4 a week.

When her father recovered, he worked again, sewing sweatbands. From 1909 to 1911, her mother gave birth to three more daughters, Julia, Rose, and Sadie. "My mother was very beautiful," Mrs. Litofsky says. "She had dark, wavy hair, and light brown eyes, and the prettiest nose I ever saw. She was different from my father. She had dignity, and she always wanted to look nice. My father wanted to enjoy as much as he could everything he had, he would dance on the table, but she liked quiet fun. My father would rather give $2 to a friend than to his family—he wanted to be a big fellow. My mother worked hard, and she was a little bitter. I loved her very much."

GERTRUDE went to work in her father's factory, sewing as he did, after four years of making ostrich plumes, and a year later she went to her boss to ask for a raise. "I've been here a year," she said, "and I only get $5 a week." "This is nice pay," he said. "I want a raise," she insisted. "Do you do good work?" "Sure." "Well," he said, "we'll see." The next week, her pay was increased to $5.50. "I felt so bad," she says. "I went to see my boss. I was furious. 'I asked you for a raise,' I said, 'not for an insult! You had to think fifty cents over? God in heaven!'" Her pay was increased to $6. When the shop's fifteen other girls learned of her financial success, they also asked for raises; several were fired instead, and those who remained woke Gertrude early one morning. "We're not going to work," they told her. "We're going to be organized." Gertrude joined the group, which appeared nervously at union headquarters; in 1913, only men were organized in Philadelphia's hat industry. The girls

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huddled timidly as a puzzled union official inquired, "What is it, girls? What do you want?" Finally, Gertrude spoke reluctantly. "We came down here to be helped," she said. "We want to be organized." Two days later, the union held a meeting of male members at which the girls appeared; the girl who had been selected to speak could not—she was sobbing with stage fright—and Gertrude spoke again. "I never spoke to a crowd," she said. "I'm a working girl. But all you men should be ashamed. You hear how our boss yells at us like animals. Is it good for a girl to work in such a place? Is it pleasant? And we don't make out. We don't want to make a million dollars a day. We want to make a living. But I can't even afford to buy a dress and a slip at the same time. We want to be organized." They were.

In 1915, Gertrude married Norman Abelson, twenty years old, a lingerie salesman; they had been neighbors. "He never wanted me to see another shop," she says. A year later, a son, Herbert, was born, and they were happy. Then in 1917, during the great influenza epidemic of World War I, she was stricken, and since nurses were unavailable, her husband cared for her, caught the flu himself, and died in ten days. Three months later, her baby caught pneumonia and died. For half a year she was inconsolable and ill. "I lived through a world of sadness," she says. At twenty-one, a desolate, bowed-down woman, she returned to her old job, which she kept for two years.

Slowly she revived. "I was young," she says. "I wanted to live. I saw girls dancing, and I wanted to dance. I said to myself, this is the way people are: If I kill myself, they'll say, 'That damn fool. She was crazy.' And if I put on a new dress, they'll say, 'Look, look. She's forgotten already.' I put on a new dress." In February 1921 she came to New York City to visit a friend, at whose home she met Isaac Litofsky, a man of thirty-seven, short, broad, dark-haired. Her friend spoke to her: "I don't mean to offend you, but he's a nice young man. We know him five years; he makes a nice living. You've been a widow three years. He's interested in you." Gertrude, who at first had thought he was a neighbor with three children, was unconvinced, but she went to dinner and the opera with him one evening. Isaac was quiet and considerate. He had come to the United States in 1905, leaving Russia hastily in a hay wagon: while engaged in revolutionary activity, he had killed a czarist agent and was being hunted. He was a thoughtful man, who read the Russians widely, knew the Old Testament thoroughly, and attended the opera avidly. He admired Destinn, Ruffo, Plançon, Homer, Caruso, Melba, and talked of them endlessly. He said to Gertrude, "I know how you have been hurt. Your heart has been broken. But I would make you a good home." "His words made me like him," Mrs. Litofsky says. "I thought I might have a happy life with him." They were married three months later, in May.

They rented a three-room apartment in the middle Bronx. "We lived in a new house," Mrs. Litofsky says. "But all the apartment buildings looked like ugly factories to me: in Philadelphia, only factories had fire escapes." Her first year of marriage bustled with home-furnishing, cooking, visiting relatives, and a baby. While furnishing the apartment, Mrs. Litofsky one day bought a pair of shiny spittoons, which were fashionable then for entrance halls or living rooms. She was quite pleased with them, and set them splendidly in the hall, awaiting Isaac's approval. When he came home, he exclaimed, "What are those?" She explained the aesthetics of spittoons to him, but he objected: "People will spit in them. You can't clean them." He then peremptorily carried them to a garbage can in the cellar. "It was a shame," she says. "They had solid mahogany bases."

From the start, Mrs. Litofsky kept house well, but she had difficulties with vegetables, which she wasn't accustomed to cooking; to her, they had been a luxury. Soon after their marriage, Isaac suggested string beans for supper one night. "I didn't know how to cook them," she says. But she bought a pound at the vegetable market, returned home, and examined them. To prepare them, she removed the tiny seeds from each string bean, dropped them in a kettle, and disposed of the remainder. "A pound wasn't enough," she says. "I bought three pounds more, and I fried them in butter. It came out a spoonful. I sat down and cried. Why couldn't he like something else?" That night, Isaac said, "They're very good, Gertrude. But it's so expensive to do it that way. . . ."

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Through the summer, relatives visited the newlyweds. Once a wealthy cousin of Isaac's came with his wife from Passaic in a long, chauffeured limousine. Mrs. Litofsky prepared supper for them, and when they were about to eat, she thought of the chauffeur sitting downstairs, hungry and lonesome. She called him up and set a place for him beside his astonished employer. "The chauffeur thought I was a lovely lady," she says. "My relatives, Isaac says, weren't sure." Another time, Mrs. Litofsky's sister Dora came with her seven-month-old daughter. Dora and Gertrude were affectionate sisters. Dora was a short, corpulent, gay woman, who in winter had often carried her lighter sister six blocks on her shoulders to the movies because Gertrude was afraid to walk on ice. Once, Dora had borrowed Gertrude's only extra dress though it was four sizes too small, and dauntlessly wrapped a sash about the places where buttons and snaps wouldn't close. Dora and her baby visited for a month, sleeping in the living room; it wasn't a pleasant visit. "My sister told me she stayed a month so her husband could save a little money," Mrs. Litofsky says. "That hurt me. You can't come to my house to save money. My husband's a workingman, too."

Mrs. Litofsky's daughter Phyllis was born ten months after her marriage, and Rachel four years later, on her twenty-ninth birthday. Mrs. Litofsky was happy raising her children. "It was wonderful," she says. "A child is born empty. A child doesn't grow up on air. You've got to take care of them. Like a little plant, you must water them. Feed them, bathe them, and bring up a healthy mind. So they won't be gangsters. Once a woman said to me, 'It doesn't pay to have children.' I said, 'Why?' 'You cry over them,' she said. 'Believe me,' I said, 'it's best to have children. You mix up the tears with laughter. You make them even. You cry at some things, even if you don't have any children.'

"Naturally, you have to sacrifice a lot—if you want freedom, you can't have children. But without children you die and are forgotten. With children, from generation to generation, you're always mentioned somehow. The only bad thing is when children go to war, and we lose them that way. We're born to die, but in war, that isn't dying. That's being killed."

Phyllis was noisy, restless, and mischievous; she preferred an erector set to her dolls. Rachel was quiet and well-behaved; she cherished her dolls. Phyllis was extraordinarily curious. Once Isaac brought her a miniature piano with keys that produced musical tones. Phyllis wanted to know, "Why does it make music?" and her father attempted to explain the principles of the piano to her. Dissatisfied, she took it apart with a hammer and a screw driver. "She knocked it all to pieces," Mrs. Litofsky says. "Isaac got disgusted and said, 'No more toys.'" Conversely, when Rachel was three, she accidentally broke a doll that she liked particularly. She was heartbroken, and her mother scoured neighborhood candy stores until she found a duplicate. "This is a sick baby," Rachel said, and she cared for it affectionately and scrupulously.

Like most mothers, Mrs. Litofsky raised her children intuitively. When they were young, she rose at six to dust and wash; three hours later, she was ready to take them to the park. "Children need fresh air and sunshine," she says. "Like a plant." At noon she brought them home for lunch. "Some mothers give their kids lunch at the delicatessen," she says. "A hot dog and cherry soda. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I don't believe in it." When they fell and cried, she didn't strike or scold them; she said, "Where does it hurt?" and kissed the bruise. Once she sent Phyllis to buy bread at the grocery, and when she hadn't returned in half an hour, went to look for her. She found Phyllis waiting anxiously downstairs with several of her friends; she had stopped to play, had lost the money, and had been afraid to come upstairs. Mrs. Litofsky gave her more change, and when she returned home, said to her, "You mustn't be afraid I would hit you. It was an accident; it could happen to anyone. Just next time be more careful. Buy the bread first and then play." When her daughters were six, they received an allowance. "They should know how to spend," Mrs. Litofsky says. "They should be independent." In the kitchen, she kept a pitcher into which she tossed pennies, nickels, and dimes up to fifty cents a week. "This is your allowance," she told the children. "When you want something, go and take. I trust you. But remember, it's for a whole week." Each spring, though times were bad, she bought

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new clothes for her daughters, and as they grew older, suits and coats were made for them in their father's shop. Isaac was an indulgent father. He regularly oiled their roller skates so they could move as swiftly as other youngsters on the block; each Sunday, while his wife prepared dinner, he took them on excursions to the Bronx Zoo, the Botanical Garden, Central Park, and the museums; and before they started the elementary grades, he found out where a particularly fine public school was located and moved into the neighborhood.

Raising the children was complicated by financial difficulties, illnesses, and accidents. When Phyllis was born in 1922, Isaac was unemployed two months, during a garment industry lock-out; and in 1926 he was out six months while the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, of which he is a charter member, struck for work guarantees. "The workingman must fight to make life better," Mrs. Litofsky says. "If it takes a strike, what else can he do?" From 1930 to 1939, Isaac only worked spasmodically; Mrs. Litofsky cut deeply into her savings, and when they were drained, borrowed on his life insurance and from loan companies. "A workingman saves five years," Mrs. Litofsky says, "and it goes in six months. In the depression, I didn't have a new dress for six years. If we needed two pounds of meat, I got a pound, and we shared it smaller. Each month I cried when I paid the rent. I would just make it."

Illnesses and accidents were costly and disruptive. In 1928 Isaac slipped in the apartment house hall and broke his foot; he was in bed three months, and then, since money was needed, he returned to work in a cast. Eight years later, he awoke one morning unable to move; doctors said an operation on his sciatic nerve was required. That time, he wore a body cast to work for seven months. "Everything is upside down when somebody is sick," Mrs. Litofsky says. "You should only be well." In 1932, when Rachel had a severe case of scarlet fever, Mrs. Litofsky didn't take her dress off for six weeks; Isaac hunted specialists instead of working; and Phyllis, who came home only for meals and to sleep, walked the streets and went to the movies. Mrs. Litofsky herself was ill for nine years with an overactive thyroid, which might eventually have been fatal. She first took sick in 1929, when her brother Harry died suddenly, and until 1937, when a physician finally diagnosed her illness accurately, she was treated for high blood pressure, liver deficiencies, and stomach troubles. She received radium treatments for a year, and her metabolism rate fell from sixty-seven, almost as high as it goes, to ten, normal.

The education of the daughters went more smoothly. Rachel and Phyllis were good students. They learned easily, received good grades, skipped once or twice, and acted in school plays; there were only minor scholastic difficulties. "Mom wouldn't let a teacher get away with a thing," Rachel says. "If we complained a teacher was being unfair, she grabbed us by the hand and went to school. She always stuck up for us." Phyllis and Rachel both went to college, although Mrs. Litofsky wasn't enthusiastic about it. She believed her daughters might work profitably in a bank or office, and that since they would marry, a college degree had little significance. But Isaac felt differently. So Phyllis went to Hunter, where she majored in economics, and Rachel to City College, where she studied art.

When her daughters started dating, Mrs. Litofsky listened sympathetically to accounts of their crushes and early love affairs, mostly unhappy. The girls were pretty, slim, and vital. "I talk to you like one woman to another," Mrs. Litofsky would say. "With boys you can go so far and no further. It's your honor. If you won't eat garlic, you won't smell from it." On several occasions Mrs. Litofsky's friends or neighbors approached her with a proposal. "Your daughter is very nice," they would say. "Maybe she would like to meet my nephew." Mrs. Litofsky always recoiled at these suggestions, though she was hoping for early marriages, the tradition to which she was accustomed. "My daughters aren't horses," she would reply. "They'll find their own husbands." When Phyllis, a statistician, was twenty-six, she married Max Cohen, an electronic technician, and a month later Rachel, a commercial artist, married Harry Rosenberg, an accountant. "I was happy," Mrs. Litofsky says. "My daughters married good Jewish boys."

ISAAC LITOFSKY is happy with his wife, and though Mrs. Litofsky was not in love with him when they married, she is now devoted

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to him. They live quietly. They conscientiously watch each other's health, weight, and diet. At night, they talk together in Yiddish, discussing the possibility of Isaac's retirement and the problems of their children. Weekends, they walk on the Grand Concourse, visit a friend, or sit in a nearby park. When they first married, they lived less tranquilly. Gertrude was sensitive, shrewd, and petulant; Isaac was stubborn, analytic, and quiet. "He was much older than me," Mrs. Litofsky says, "and after work he'd be tired. I'd want to go, but he would sleep." Eventually, Gertrude and Isaac successfully reconciled their personalities. "We understand each other," Mrs. Litofsky says. "Without understanding, there'd be no marriage."

"Mama is like this," Isaac says. "She was raised in a very poor family. She had nothing natural to life. When I met her, she was all broken up. I see she needs a home, I see I need a home. So we married. She had a little temper. It came from the circumstances of life: a happy person is quiet and simple in the heart; a person who has misery has temper. Her temper didn't last long. We live together in the happiness of life. In harmony. We have a clean, moral family life with respect and love and consideration. Gertrude keeps a nice home. She manages on anything I give her. All the time, she's good to me. And she's a wonderful mother—she gave the children everything she didn't have."

She is now moderately serene. Her family is close to her, her daughters are intelligent, self-sufficient, charming young women, she hopes to play with grandchildren soon. She has nearly persuaded Isaac, who recovered from a heart attack four years ago, to retire. "He's sixty-six," she says. "He worked hard. I want him to rest." Isaac will draw from savings, federal old-age insurance, and a union pension, and Mrs. Litofsky says they can manage on $40 a week. "We'll walk together," she says, "and sit—it'll be very nice. As long as we have all the necessities, it'll be luxury."

EAR

MILTON KAPLAN

IMPATIENT with the awkward Ear,
Who cannot keep the pace of plan,
Eye rides the rim of mind's frontier
To scout intent with outstretched scan.

Lagging behind, inept and shy,
Uneasy partner of the great,
Ear shambles slowly after Eye,
Immersed in some absurd debate

Of thunder versus cobble-clatter,
Or axle-screeching versus birds,
Content to linger on the matter
Until Eye gallops back with words.

Eye tugs reluctant Ear by rote
To draw him from protracted blunder,
But tangent-strange, a random note
Deflects Ear sidelong into wonder.

MILTON KAPLAN is the author of *Radio and Poetry*, published by Columbia University Press in 1949. His poems and articles have appeared in *Accent*, *Partisan Review*, the *New Republic*, and other magazines. He was born in New York City in 1910, and has taught English at Columbia University.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

SEVEN SECULAR POEMS

SOLOMON IBN GABIROL

THE history of contacts between peoples has few pages brighter than the Jewish Golden Age in Moorish Spain. Under the impress of Arab culture, not only new forms but new attitudes and sympathies domesticated in the Hebrew mind. Ritual found theology, theology stirred beyond apologetics to philosophy, and ampler modes of both sacred and secular feeling found their voice in poetry. Three enlightened centuries, the 10th, 11th, and 12th, were marked by a type of Jew who was versatile in intellect, receptive to the arts of language, and at home in the habit of science.

Solomon Ibn Gabirol, born in the city of Malaga about 1021, was, for the thirty-seven years of his life, a distinguished exemplar of this spirit. Orphaned, arrogant, itinerant, a prodigy—composing acceptable verses at sixteen and excellent ones at twenty—wed, apparently, to wisdom alone, Ibn Gabirol made his way from patron to patron, always finding men who acknowledged the worth and paid the price of his pearls. The portable pearls were sharp discourse, a dilettante's knowledge of almost every medieval field of inquiry, high talent in philosophy, and genius in poetry.

Ibn Gabirol's most significant philosophic work waited centuries for his name. Written in Arabic, it passed into the mainstream of Western scholasticism under its Latin title, *Fons Vitae*, and the corrupted name of "Aviecebron," only to be identified as the work of Ibn Gabirol by Salomon Munk in the 19th century. The destiny of Ibn Gabirol's secular poetry was even less certain. Unlike his religious poetry, which has been an adornment of the liturgical tradition for almost nine centuries, his secular poetry went underground and was only collected, with reasonable fullness, in our own time.

The assembled secular verse compares in quantity, but not quite in quality, with the religious poetry. Too much of it, at least for a modern, is occasional poetry, often conventional, or possibly, over-repetitive in its attitudes—self-pride, self-pity, professional melancholia. But a fundamental stateliness never deserts Ibn Gabirol, even when that stateliness lapses into stiffness.

The following translations are, then, not representative of Ibn Gabirol at his very best, to be sought in his religious poems. But I have tried to fix some of the elegance and the quality of direct address, whose congenial mating does distinguish the secular poetry. Because the text of Ibn Gabirol is a jungle, I should mention my chief guide, the text of Bialik and Ravnitzky. In choosing among variants, poetic appeal has been the arbiter, rather than manuscript credentials—where I should, in any case, be but a blindfold judge.

I have included the poem on the ungracious host because it is traditionally ascribed to Ibn Gabirol. Chaim Brody, the master's voice in medieval Hebrew poetry, did not, however, credit this tradition. He was probably right.

Ibn Gabirol is not responsible for the titles; the reader is responsible, in "Spring," "Elsewhere," and "Will Not My Soul," for a slow reading, aloud.—ALLEN MANDELBAUM

Will Not My Soul

WILL not my soul be ransom to
one, whose light is sun,
when "Drink and right your hunchback heart!"
smooth lips beckon;

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within the hawk's mouth gleams the viper,
in the bottle, wine.

"And can an earthen cup contain
the sun?" my own heart said,
and knew not then that all its anguish
wine might end,
in wine, its sorrows rest, as giant
Og upon his bed.

Love's Apothecary

"Probe deeply," did my friend entreat,
"Measure rapture, ardor weigh."
But while I glossed love's mystery
Adina, near to me and queenly,
Cried, "How long will mastery
In love be hid; in passion's heat,
The son of Jesse did not study
Love, but summoned Nabal's widow."

The Present Age

Has Time laid low the he-goats' horns
and stupored arts and artisans,
for all confounded is, between
men, women no distinction;
I walk among them, friend, behold
where youth from age cannot be told,
and were the beards of age but shorter,
then would Time's end not be his master. . . .

Elsewhere

O you, whose eyes have plagued my heart with love's

long malady,
and made redemption slavery,
if in your soul, for all my pain, still pity

sleeps, then I
to lands luxuriant will journey,
there – drink other wines, and you will envy

lovers, circling round my tent, like doves.

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Spring

Now the daughters of the crane
hold council, and their untaught song,
among the branches, sing.

And is there one to hear their voices,
through the walnut garden rising,
and not thirst for wine?

New time renews the boughs, and buds
within the garden born; the wind—
and shrubs, discoursing,

each to each, incline.

On a Host, Named Moses, Who, When His Wine Was Done, Regaled His Guests with Water

WHEN wine's not here, my eyes shall tear
water, water.

How shall food the feaster please
or bread the palate still appease
when vessels proffered only offer
water, water.

Ben Amram* parched the Red Sea's floor,
the streams of Egypt stank, therefore
this very Moses' mouth must drivel
water, water.

Here brother to the frog am I,
with him I croak, with him I cry,
for my lips, like his, must babble
the song of water, water.

May he be a monk before he dies,
As Rahab's sons, asceticize,
and all his sons and grandsons be
drawers of water, water.

*Moses.

To a Rival Poet

PEACE unto you, no stubbornness of soul,
submit, let live—but go away;
invective hush, the tongue of rancor still,
on all abuse—anathema—
refine your lines, and in the crucible
of fire, purge your words and ways;
your brain in winter's cold is parched, what will
you do in burning summer's days?

ALLEN MANDELBAUM is the translator of these poems, and translated the selections from Immanuel of Rome which appeared in this department last month. Mr. Mandelbaum is a graduate of Yeshiva College and holds an MA degree from Columbia University. He is at present working on a study of poetic drama.

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ON THE HORIZON

"DEATH OF A SALESMAN" IN THE ORIGINAL

The Yiddish Version Reveals the Real Willy Loman

GEORGE ROSS

A THOROUGHLY satisfying translation is a rare thing in the theater, and even rarer in the Yiddish theater. However, if *Toyt fun a Salesman* at the Parkway Theater in Brooklyn (through February 4 and perhaps longer) is nevertheless a unique experience, it is not for either of these reasons. Nor is it simply the fact that one finds it so apt, so almost inevitable, that this play of a Wandering Salesman should be presented to a Jewish audience. What one feels most strikingly is that this Yiddish play is really the original, and the Broadway production was merely—Arthur Miller's translation into English.

The vivid impression is that in translating from his mixed American-Jewish experience Miller tried to ignore or censor out the Jewish part, and as a result succeeded only in making the Loman family anonymous. What we saw on Broadway was a kind of American Everyman, an attempt at generalization which in fact ended in limitation. Not knowing who Willy Loman really was, what his real relation to American culture, we had to conclude that he was just what he was labeled—a salesman, and not a very bright one; and that his problems were those of a salesman. So, after all, the man who is supposed to have summed up the play by remarking, "That New England territory never *was* any good!" hadn't really missed the point. As for whatever was not included in the generalized "salesman," there we found ourselves saying, "Well, that's Willy Loman's character"—but here, too, we drew a blank. For, actually, what is character stripped of a particular milieu and culture? Americans, especially, manage better to be convincing when we are told what else they are besides "Americans," and to cut humanity down to the "common man" is to lose the human. Willy Loman's fate might have held a richer meaning—both particular and general—if we had known what he was besides a "salesman."

Clifford Odets—I mean the Odets of the 30's—comes to mind as a near relation of Miller's and points a lesson. Whatever else we may think of Odets as a playwright, the authenticity of his flavor and coloring, the realization of character and milieu, come from what he knew intimately with his physical and cultural senses; Arthur Miller, one feels, has almost deliberately deprived himself of some of the resources of his experience.

IN THE Yiddish production, what is inherently there may for the first time be seen full-bodied. The great success of Joseph Buloff's production is that it brings the play "home." The effect is remarkable. Buloff has caught Miller, as it were, in the act of changing his name, and has turned up the "original" for us. Where it fails of being the original, one tends to blame Miller's faulty English "translation" and Buloff's too exact fidelity to it. American tough talk and sex

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JOSEPH BULOFF's Yiddish production of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, the most ambitious undertaking of the current Yiddish theater season, is now being played at the Parkway Theater in Brooklyn. GEORGE ROSS finds that seeing the play in Yiddish reveals it in a new and somewhat unexpected aspect. Mr. Ross is an actor who was born in New York City in 1919; he has directed and appeared in plays at Brooklyn College and the University of Iowa.

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talk, for instance, become clumsy and embarrassing in Yiddish. "Strudel" in English might connote sensuality; in Yiddish it barely gets beyond being strudel. To speak of a whore as a *shtik flaish* is more savory but less brutal than the American "pig." American whores somehow become almost chaste in Yiddish, American sports less physical, less "rah-rah." Buloff was right to leave out the business of the bicycle-riding exercise and the school pennants, but in spite of such paring, such scenes don't succeed: Yiddish seems incapable of dealing with these areas of American life.

On the other side of the balance, and weighing much more heavily, is the ease and grace with which the rather plain and often unidentifiable English becomes familiarly rich Yiddish. Except for the characters of the young men (Biff becomes Bill and Happy becomes Harry) and the loose women —there is the added difficulty that good young Jewish actors are harder to find than good young American actors—the language has a fluency and felicity which Miller might well envy. Particularly in the character of Willy Loman, whom Joseph Buloff acts as well as translates brilliantly: Willy speaks and behaves in Jewish idiom much more comfortably and eloquently than in American—and note that the translation is almost literal. Willy's repeated claim that his son has failed to find himself "for spite" becomes more connotative when "for spite" becomes *"af tsuloches"*; so many of a Jew's catastrophes seem to happen *"af tsuloches."* And Linda's (Willy's wife) impassioned "attention must be paid," while not at all unlikely in English, is not so embedded in the language and so frighteningly strong as *"gib achtung."* Here, and in many places, one felt in the English version as if Miller were thinking in Yiddish and unconsciously translating, as Odets often did more consciously; and sometimes when his English filters through the density of his background, it succeeds in picking up flavor on the way.

But beyond the apparent enhancement of language, of which I have given only a few characteristic instances, *Toyt fun a Salesman* is larger and more significant than *Death of a Salesman* by the discovery of Jewish character and Jewish situation in the play. How much more suggestive than Miller's bare hint of the salesman as poet-idealist living dangerously on a smile and a shoeshine, is the Yiddish Willy Loman, a Jewish salesman in America striving proudly and defensively to hold together his scattered family and himself, wandering off through all the cities with nothing really to sell but good will, trying desperately to be "known," "liked," accepted, and incidentally "not laughed at." Recall also Willy's exaggerated Americanism and his excessive attachment to his father through his older brother; his intense preoccupation with American sports and American gadgets, the "well-advertised refrigerator"; his unhappy dependence on the pinochle-playing Charley and on Charley's *yeshiva bocher* son, Bernard.

And for the Jewish Willy, aren't there added interesting implications in his failure to become something he isn't, in his failure to know who he is, in his final division into two sons, one an unsuccessful sensualist, the other a bankrupt idealist? Even in the Yiddish, these elements are mere suggestions, and granted it is more the business of a play to suggest than to analyze—still one feels they might have been made with even sharper point if Mr. Buloff had felt freer than the English play allowed.

Something else, too, happens at the Parkway. The unalleviated grimness which never really attains to tragedy in the Broadway production slips here quite naturally into the moods of irony and pathos so familiar to Jews, and the whole tone is lightened in the way that Jews have always made their best jokes out of their cruelest experience. It is lightened, moreover, in favor of a deeper pathos rather than the more spurious "tragedy" of the English. And this pathos, I might add, is what the audience at the Parkway saw, indeed came prepared to see. It is for them, after all, a play about a Jewish *family*, not about an unsuccessful salesman, and they indicated freely their understanding of the problem of the threatened family when a son denounces his father, when a mother denounces her son, when a son and a father fall sobbing desperately into each other's arms.

It's unfortunate that Buloff, who is a fine actor, does not have the better company and more finished production that he deserves. His own acting is in the line of good Jewish realism. It is that larger, more lavish

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realism akin to the French, Italian, and Russian styles rather than the English and American which is so often both repressed and fussy. It is a physically generous style, but no less attentive to small natural detail and delicate psychological modulation. There was no need to explain Willy's schizophrenic conversations split between the real people and his dream people as a literary device or a stage convention; these speeches were right and necessary, as were also his frequent complete surrenders to dream. And they were righter than on Broadway, I believe, because of the appropriateness of this grander realism to the expressionist-realist style of the play itself.

Luba Kadison's Linda had quite as much force, feeling, and style as Buloff could have required. The same cannot be said for the rest of the support, except perhaps for Sam Gertler's Charley, who in fact added dimension to the role. Gertler's Charley was thoroughly smug and defiant in his ignorance of things American, especially sports, and he was smart enough to be sympathetic with rather than insulted by Willy; I seem to remember the Broadway Charley as less complete, quieter, almost apologetic, and not so fully in relation to Willy. Nathan Goldberg as Uncle Ben might have been more sinister and David Ellin as Bernard might better have suggested the earnest, the serious, the mental.

The set is a frugal copy of the original and the lighting gives little more than what is required in the script. The skeleton frame of the house is never quite part of the dream to which it belongs. The Yiddish theater in general finds it difficult to take properties and décor very seriously. The audience at the Parkway found the famous stage set which requires Willy to walk around through a skeleton doorway into his kitchen instead of by short cut through the imaginary wall quite funny. They found funny, too, Buloff's sensitively stylized fits of confusion; at one such moment a lady behind me remarked that he must be a *shiker*. I suppose it's a matter of a *haimishe* audience refusing to see unhappiness as "neurosis," plain *tsores* as "maladjustment." What I myself found funny was that Yiddish should have no word for "salesman," unless it be "sale-es-man."

I don't think it would be altogether too facetious to propose as an interesting project to Arthur Miller that in the light of this production he make another try at a more imaginative translation of his material into English; the attempt might result in a more authentic and, by that same token, more moving play than we saw in the production on Broadway.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

THE IMAGE OF MAN IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

The Basic Assumptions of Present-Day Research

REINHARD BENDIX

A PARADOX rends the social sciences today. Two contradictory views of the nature of man are asserted simultaneously. On the one hand, we are told that it is possible to know and understand more and more about the nature of man and society, for man to use this increasing body of knowledge and theory to improve his condition, to reduce unhappiness and poverty, and to increase the joy and fullness of life. On the other hand, modern social science teaches us to regard man as a creature of his drives, habits, and social roles, in whose behavior reason and choice play no decisive part. Accordingly, man's efforts to acquire knowledge about himself and society, and to use such knowledge, are beset with insuperable obstacles; men are regarded as unable to achieve objective knowledge or to be guided by it.

REINHARD BENDIX, associate professor of sociology at the University of California in Berkeley, here examines perhaps the most basic and significant of the assumptions that guide work in the social sciences, or in any other intellectual discipline: the image of man in the mind of the scientist or scholar—for it is in terms of this image that he chooses his problems, decides how he is to work, formulates his conclusions, and determines to whom he is to address them. Mr. Bendix opens this broad question for discussion; we hope others will follow. Mr. Bendix attended the University of Chicago, and holds the PhD degree from that institution. He is the author of *Higher Civil Servants in American Society*, and of a fuller discussion of the problems raised in this article, *Social Science and the Distrust of Reason*, which is to be published soon by the University of California Press.

Of course, social scientists do not often hold either of these positions in so bold a form. Most of them gravitate to some compromise when they have occasion to reflect on the larger implications of their disciplines. Sometimes the belief in mass education—in which the social sciences are assigned a major role—is stressed; this implies that all men are capable *in some measure* of guiding their actions by the use of their rational faculties. At present, a more popular resolution of the dilemma is the attitude that some men are rational, but most men are not; and that the few can use their knowledge for the benefit of the many.

Despite such practical compromises the paradox remains, and the questions raised still need examination. Can reason direct human behavior? Is only a small elite capable of being guided by reason? Must the great masses of men be manipulated by elites for their own good? How can we expand the role of reason in human affairs? In the absence of answers to these questions we are left uncertain as to the future of the social sciences. Do the social scientists propose to increase the role of reason in Everyman's guidance of his own destiny and human affairs generally? Or do they propose to expand the knowledge possessed by an elite as to the manipulation and control of the mass of the unreasonable? One view of man's nature would logically lead us to take the first course; the other would require us to take the second. No more important task faces the social sciences today than to determine by which "image of man" they are to be led.

ODDLY enough, these two opposing views stem from one and the same source: the three-hundred-year-old effort to determine both

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the limits and the power of reason in the control of nature and human affairs.

During the 17th and 18th centuries men were inspired by a belief in human reason and human perfectibility. Steeped in theological traditions, they assumed that God, in establishing an orderly universe, had endowed man's intellect with the ability to comprehend it. To understand the laws of nature meant the possibility of controlling the forces of nature. And it seemed logical to infer that the same might be true for society.

This view was given classic expression by Francis Bacon. It seemed obvious to him that the knowledge accumulated by the proper use of reason would always be of value to mankind. "Human knowledge and human power meet in one; for where the cause is not known, the effect cannot be produced." Men must guard against "deliberate and factitious despair, which cuts the sinews and spur of industry . . . all for the miserable vainglory of making it believed that whatever has not yet been discovered and comprehended can never be discovered and comprehended hereafter."

Bacon applied his view of knowledge to the study of nature; the philosophers of the Enlightenment, men like Diderot, Holbach, and Helvetius, applied it to the study of society. In applying to social affairs Bacon's faith in man's ability to acquire and use knowledge, these philosophers took for granted something that has since become less certain. Not only scientists or scholars but *all* men were believed capable of using scientific knowledge for a control of nature. Hence, in developing a science of society, the philosophers of the Enlightenment turned their attention to devising ways by which all men could be educated to control the forces of society. They believed that education would dispel prejudice, replace ignorance, and permit men to act rationally in human affairs. Acting within this tradition, for example, Jefferson gave education a central role in his hopes for an American democracy.

KARL MARX challenged the Enlightenment's view on both these points: he denied that knowledge was sufficient to redirect society, and that human minds could be opened to reason simply by education. With this challenge, he became the fount of one of the mainstreams of modern social science.

Marx was, of course, not the first to question the role of knowledge in society, nor was he the first to show the distorting influence that self-interest can have on our attitude towards human affairs. Previous writers had doubted the feasibility of a rational social order, and many had shown how self-interest leads to bias and prejudice in social thought. But in Marx's view the role of ideas in society and the influence of self-interest on ideas become of overriding importance. To him the content of human history consisted in a series of class struggles, and ideas about society provided the contending classes with arsenals of symbols (ideologies) with which to fight each other. In this view, every idea was involved in this struggle and either intentionally obscured or—if analyzed as an ideology—unintentionally revealed certain aspects of society.

Marx's attitude towards human ideas and human rationality was basically skeptical. Yet Marx was not without hope. He made a heroic effort to regard man's reason as a constructive force in human history, and he believed ideas were exempt in two important ways from the distortions created by the class struggle.

First, he believed there was a way by which men could surmount their class-conditioned ideologies and be induced to submit to reason. They would do so when the social conditions (i.e. the class struggle) which had led to these ideologies were radically altered. In a classless society, in the absence of human misery and human exploitation, men would be able to see and understand society as it really was; they would have a perfect insight into the laws of social life, and in obeying these laws they would experience the ultimate freedom of controlling the forces of society deliberately.

Second, Marx believed that even before the advent of this future society, while humanity was still in the period of capitalism, there would be some men (like Marx, for example) who, having attained a "premature" scientific knowledge of their society, would not have their understanding limited by class interest: ". . . In times when the class struggle nears the decisive hour, the process of dissolution . . . within the old society assumes such a violent glaring character, that a small section of the ruling class cuts itself adrift, and joins the revolutionary class, that class that holds the future in its hands. . . . A portion of the bourgeois ideologists (in particular) have raised themselves to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movement as a whole." (*The Communist Manifesto.*)

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Marx's critique of human reason thus aimed ultimately at an enhancement of reason. While exploring the many ways in which class interest turns social thought into an apology for things as they are, he was yet confident in his own ability to see through this deception, and he believed that some "bourgeois ideologists," at first, and the masses of the working people, later, would see through it as well. With all his deep insight into the abuse of "knowledge" in society, he still believed that man could use knowledge to improve his condition.

THIS belief was shared by another thinker who has had an enormous influence on modern social science, Sigmund Freud. If Marx questioned the meaning of ideas apart from the material interests and actions of men, Freud questioned their meaning apart from individual strivings and emotions. The ideas and actions of an individual make sense in Freudian terms only when we see them in the context of a man's personal history. Every man seeks to increase pleasure and avoid pain; pleasure and pain are conceived as strictly organic, bodily experiences, and the most fundamental instinct around which they revolve is sex. Ideas, scientific research, artistic creations —in a word, all man's intellectual endeavors— can be analyzed as products of the psychosexual life history of the thinker involved. And since, by definition, these activities yield less pleasure than the direct gratification of our instinctual drives, men create culture at the price of sexual renunciation and sexual frustration.

This appears an even more skeptical view of the value of man's intellectual efforts, yet Freud by no means called for the abandonment of substitute gratifications (or sublimation). Rather, he hoped that man would be made happier in his renunciation of instinctual pleasure by a further expansion of reason; where the renunciation had been unconscious and led to torment, it was now to be made in the full light of intelligence and rendered harmless or at least manageable. In hoping for the psychological improvement of the individual, Freud assigned to human reason an important role. When a patient is accepted for treatment in psychoanalytic therapy, he is warned that analysis is arduous in terms of time and expense and that the emotional demands to be made upon him will be severe. But once the patient is accepted, then the success of his treatment depends upon his ability to utilize his rational insight into the origin of his present emotional difficulties. Thus psychoanalysis does take its stand on the side of human improvement through reason, however heavy may be its emphasis on the power of organic drives and on the relative weakness of human intelligence. Under favorable circumstances man is judged to be capable of assessing his personal history, and of reshaping his personal life on the basis of that assessment. To be sure, psychoanalytic therapy is by no means a purely rational process on the part of the patient; but the end product is a rational being.

MARX and Freud contributed to the destruction of the 18th-century belief in human reason and perfectibility. Yet, as we have said, they did not argue that reasoning was altogether futile or that improvement was unattainable. Knowledge or reason, they agreed, are greatly hampered by human interests and personal emotions; to the extent that they demonstrated this, "knowledge" is often less "objective" than men believed. Marx and Freud did not fully share the Baconian and Enlightenment belief that "human knowledge and power meet in one." Yet, despite this insight, they were confident that some men could attain an objective knowledge of man and history and that the scientific knowledge of the few would in the long run benefit the many. Their qualified optimism effected a compromise that combined a faith in the intelligence of the many with the conviction that, under present circumstances, there are only a few who are able to free human understanding of the distortion which results from its involvement with group interests and individual emotion.

Social scientists by and large have since, so it seems, departed from this compromise view. They are indebted to Marx and Freud for deep insights into the conditioned nature of man's quest for knowledge. But they have also gone beyond them by discarding the belief that all men have a common capacity for reason and rational action, either now or in the future.

Marx's view that ideas are embedded in self-interest and social action, taken out of the context of his philosophy of history, has come to mean that any idea must be misleading, any statement must be false, when its speaker or writer represents an interest group. And in assuming that the ideas of a man have no meaning apart from his actions and interests, these

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contemporary interpretations of Marx show little concern with the "abstract" meaning of the ideas a person expresses. They are concerned instead with learning who his friends are and how his ideas undermine the position of his enemies. This might be called the "pigeonhole theory of truth." The content of a statement is examined in terms of whether its source commends or condemns it.*

And for every idea discredited by identification with an interest group, there is another that is not taken seriously because it is "emotionally biased." This might be called the "poker-face theory of truth." To find the "true" meaning of an idea, we need to ask, not "What did he say?" but "Why did he say it?" Thus only a man who can keep a straight face while telling an outrageous lie has a chance of escaping this inquisition into his motives. For the motives of a man become immediately suspect when he reveals that his emotions are deeply involved with the ideas he expresses.†

But once we judge what a man says according to who his friends are, we need think of him no longer as a person but only as a member of his group. And if a person is judged in terms of his suspected motives, what he says is no longer important, and "verbalization" becomes "only" the surface manifestation of his subconscious. Reason, and efforts at reason, are thereby depreciated.

These vulgarizations have had a profound impact on the contemporary image of man, and particularly on the image of man in the social sciences. To go from Marx and Freud to the positions held in the social sciences today takes only a short step: it involves simply the abandonment of the residual hope for the governance of men by their rational faculties which Marx and Freud permitted themselves.

YET is it not also true that the belief in science is stronger today than ever before? Would so many research projects be undertaken if those who initiated them did not believe that the findings produced would result in greater human happiness? And, indeed, most social scientists today believe that they are the true heirs of the 18th century, and are still loyal to its belief in reason and human perfectibility.

But I think that they have deceived themselves. I believe that a *faith in science* has superseded the earlier *faith in reason*.

What is the content of this faith in science, and how does it differ from the earlier faith in reason? Modern social scientists believe that economic interests and traditional beliefs, emotions and cultural conditions, distort our understanding. They no longer believe that men can rid their minds of these impediments to lucid thought: *only scientists can*. Social scientists have become persuaded of the ingrained irrationality of the many, and their own work repeatedly demonstrates to them how difficult it is—even for the expert—to attain objectivity. Their more intensive knowledge of the fallibility of human reason, which is itself an outgrowth of modern social science, leads many social scientists to accept as inevitable an unbridgeable gulf between themselves and the public at large. They assert that there is only one escape from the consequences of irrationality: that is by the application of scientific method. And this method can be used effectively only by the expert few. Research has revealed the many obstacles to understanding among the mass of men. Hence social scientists are less concerned today with improving the understanding of the mass of men, and they are more intent on insuring the objectivity of their own practices. This they do by the use of specific techniques: pre-testing of questionnaires, random sampling, calculation of standard errors, and so on.

The danger of this position is that the social scientists, in their concern to be objective or scientific, run the risk of losing perspective with regard to the ends of their knowledge. That danger is present, in one form, wherever social scientists shy away from a discussion of

* The most sophisticated expression of this view is contained in Karl Mannheim's *Ideology and Utopia*. In recent years it has influenced a species of writing that treats the history of ideas as a form of propaganda analysis. Both the telling insights and the glaring crudities of this approach are well illustrated by Karl Popper's *The Open Society and Its Enemies* (Princeton, 1950), and, on the other side, by Georg Lukács's *Studies in European Realism* (London, 1950). A similar view has inspired much political science writing that conceives of politics in terms of "who gets what, when, and how."

† The psychiatric analysis of ideas is emphasized in Elton Mayo's work on human relations in industry. The same emphasis is contained in much of the work that seeks to understand the ideas that have been prominent in a nation's history in terms of a "national-character structure." This literature has been summarized and examined critically by Otto Klineberg, *Tensions Affecting International Understanding* (Bulletin 62; New York, Social Science Research Council, 1950).

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questions (such as those concerning the purpose of social science) to which the answers must remain tentative and unverified. If the only way to achieve understanding is marked out by the scientific method, and if that method is only accessible to the expert few, then the belief in the intelligence of all men is in effect abandoned. Instead of attempting to make people more rational, contemporary social scientists often content themselves with asking of them that they place their trust in social science and accept its findings. If people do this they will presumably put themselves on safe and sure ground and become free from bias, even though they cannot share in the inquiry that leads to knowledge, and will therefore remain ignorant of the premises and facts upon which it is based.

Inevitably, the methods of research in the social sciences are difficult to handle and equally difficult to explain in short order, and this was bound to alienate the social scientist from the public to some extent: so in speaking of the effects of the social scientist's faith in science, we do not refer to his need to use technical tools. However, the social scientists also draw, from their faith in science, the conclusion that the social scientists must serve as instruments of the civil (or other) authorities, whoever they may be. This startling conclusion—expressed clearly in Alexander Leighton's *Human Relations in a Changing World* (Dutton, 1949)—is, as we may see in Leighton's book and elsewhere, the clear result of the belief that the social sciences *as sciences* must play the leading role in solving our social problems. For if we believe they must play this role as science, that is, as tools, rather than as means whereby men in general may be made more rational, as earlier social scientists believed, then we can only conclude that the contemporary social scientist should confine himself to a study of the facts pertinent to an implementation of policies, and not make suggestions of policies themselves; this is his duty as a value-free scientist, and it harms his science to do more. But further, to gain the material support necessary to expand social science as *science*—and this expansion, to the mind of the social scientist, also means an inevitable improvement in the condition of mankind—the social scientist must gain the support of the man of affairs. And how can he do this but by convincing the man of affairs that his work holds out promise of greater success in the conscious manipulation of social forces and of the "mass mind"?

Thus, beginning with the age-old belief in the liberating power of knowledge and reason, social scientists end up by becoming protagonists of a neutral social science which will facilitate the manipulation of social forces and of the general population, regardless of who does the manipulating and for what purpose. In their eagerness to make the social sciences more scientific, social scientists persuade others and themselves that human advancement is identical with the advancement of scientific knowledge—with *their* scientific knowledge.

As a result, social scientists have often become less concerned with the use to which their knowledge is put than with the question whether that use is compatible with the further development of social science. They emphasize that everything must be done to persuade policy makers that they should use the social sciences, and the problems to be investigated are often selected so as to demonstrate the usefulness or the scientific rigor of the social sciences to the political leader or administrator.

The most striking development in this respect is the increased role of the foundations and the diminished importance of university scholars. The external reason for this shift is, of course, financial, but the question is pertinent whether the allocation of large sums by foundation executives will not undermine the independent judgment of the individual social scientist with regard to what *he* regards as significant. Instances are known in which large funds have been allocated to a university department, not because the department but because the foundation wanted to emphasize a certain field of research. Individual social scientists have been more or less permanently diverted from their original research interests, simply because they did not resist the temptation of funds which were available for other projects.

Some thirty years ago Max Weber addressed this question of the meaning of science in his lecture, "Science as a Vocation." Weber stated that social science could serve three ends. It may enable us to control the forces of society, it provides training for future social scientists, and it makes for intellectual clarity.

It is a measure of how rapidly the 18th-century creed has disappeared in recent years that only the first and second of these ends still

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appear valid. A generation ago Weber had regarded "intellectual clarity" as one of the most important goals of social science. By receiving training in them the individual citizen would learn to judge alternative courses of action in the light of knowledge of their conditions and consequences. Weber believed that this was a worthy goal of the social sciences, even if they were often found to have no other apparent social utility. Yet, the majority of introductory courses in the different social sciences shows little evidence that intellectual clarity is still the goal today. Instead, these courses give the impression that they are designed for future specialists, not for the individual who seeks clarity on social and political issues. As an impartial examination of introductory textbooks will confirm, students are treated as budding experts, which in many instances will make them poorer citizens. Robert K. Merton, in his introduction to a recent text (*Sociological Analysis*, by Logan Wilson and William Kolb, Harcourt, Brace; 1949), points out that in recent years there has been a shift from an emphasis on a general, semi-philosophical "humanities" approach in sociology textbooks, to an emphasis on techniques and empirical studies. He does not, however, point up the educational implications of these changes.*

THE serious question which we all confront is thereby posed: must we pay for the greater technical resources and the refined research methods of modern social science with the unconscious and uncritical subordination of intellectual endeavor to the dominant social and political forces of our time? Must we renounce reason for all to gain science for the few and the elites? Must we give up our faith that all men can become reasonable and instead hope that some men—the powerful—will learn to make use of the technical tools of science?

Each person who is concerned with this question will answer it in his own way. As I see it, a major desideratum is that each social scientist should be personally conscious of the link between his research and the social and political and moral forces of his society. Such consciousness can only enhance the intellectual integrity of his work. It should enter into his selection of research problems, wherever possible. This is usually interpreted as the need to make one's values explicit as they are involved in the specific problems under discussion. We should, however, recognize that it is less our opinions on day-to-day problems and more our major underlying assumptions that call for explicit acknowledgment: our beliefs concerning the relation of knowledge and human power, the role of science in society, the position of the intellectual in the community—these are among the problems which we must clarify for ourselves.

There is nothing necessarily degrading in such work as opinion analyses for an advertising company, or anthropological field work for a colonial office, or analyses of price trends for a government agency, and when this work is useful we may properly be pleased—if nothing else is involved. But social scientists are placed in a dubious light when they claim that their work for hire is the ultimate goal of all social science research, and when they plead in extenuation for some of their "pure" work that what is not useful now may or will be useful tomorrow or the day after. It would be far more *useful* in the long run—from the point of view both of science and of humanity—to take one's stand on the ground that our human life is enriched by worthwhile research in the social sciences, that such research is a token of high civilization, worth preserving as an integral part of our quest for knowledge, and that this quest manifests our abiding faith in the constructive and enriching possibilities of human reason. I do not claim that this is an "objective" statement. It is rather a declaration of personal belief that in a world torn by wars of nerves, arms, and words, the universities are institutions of detachment whose academic personnel have an important service to render in the community, one for which they may properly claim recognition from the powers that be. Social scientists, to reiterate, should place their abiding faith in reason rather than an exclusive concern with improving the techniques of social manipulations. This is the only position worthy of the great intellectual traditions of which they are the heirs. It is also the only position consistent with the intellectual defense against the threat of totalitarianism, from without and within.

* There are some notable educational tendencies which point in the opposite direction, however. An interesting discussion of this problem and some striking suggestions are contained in Philipp Frank's *Modern Science and Its Philosophy* (Harvard University Press, 1949). A similar humanistic emphasis in the teaching of the social sciences is found in the introductory courses taught at the University of Chicago, and at other institutions where the so-called "general" education approach has spread.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The Vatican and the Jews

To the Editor of Commentary:

In these troubled days, when unity among all groups in America is so desperately necessary, it is disturbing to see in a responsible publication such an article as that by L. Poliakov, "The Vatican and the 'Jewish Question,'" in the November Commentary.

Persons of good will in all faiths are bound to take offense at the author's insinuations that the honesty and charity of the leader of the Catholic Church, His Holiness Pope Pius XII, are open to question.

God knows that the treatment of Jews through the centuries by highly placed Catholics, both clerical and lay, leaves much to be desired. Informed persons are not fooled when some Catholics try to dispose of this subject by quoting the words of Pius XI: "Spiritually we are all Semites," and imply that nothing more needs to be said. But Mr. Poliakov is just as far from the truth when he diagnoses the current Vatican attitude toward the Jews as being motivated by the belief that the Jews must be preserved as testimonials to the eventual triumph of Christ, and thus the Church must fight for their right to life, but may allow them to be set apart and humiliated.

It is against this background that Mr. Poliakov sees Catholics doing a thousand brave things to help the Jews flee the Nazi gas chambers, but remaining quiescent in regard to Vichy's anti-Semitic laws. For him this explains both Pius XII's wonderful underground work for the harassed Jews, and also his supposed silence on Jewish persecution, his intransigent stand on Jerusalem, and his issuance (through the Congregation of Rites) of an allegedly insulting decree about "treacherous Jews."

Catholics would ask him to start from an undeniable element of their faith: the law of charity, which absolutely forbids hatred for any class of people or the condoning of such hatred. This is putting first things first, in any discussion of Catholics vis-à-vis the Jews.

The idea that Jews must be set apart and humiliated has had manifestations in various periods of Christian history, particularly in medieval times, but this must be approached with objectivity. The Church acted solely on religious, not on political or racial grounds, in setting the Jews apart and restricting their influence on the general community. Whether these measures were necessary or not is hard for us to judge today, living in an entirely different pattern of life, but it is demonstrable that the Church sought only to preserve the atmosphere of faith. Excesses there were, because human beings were only too willing to see that the faith was threatened before they would see that the law of charity was involved. The Church, however, never intended any humiliation or persecution of the Jews as human beings.

Poliakov can answer, of course, that he has stated something like this in his article. He can also point to the generous praise he has given to Catholics and Pope Pius XII for their deeds on behalf of the Jews. He can show that he even defends Catholics against the charge that they helped the Jews in order to convert them. But it is the balance that concerns us. From his basic assumption about the Catholic attitude, he inevitably finds us wanting in brotherhood.

Thus, to show that Pius XII did not abhor the Vichy anti-Semitic laws, Poliakov stresses the report of the Vichy ambassador to the Vatican. The possibility that this might be the effort of a diplomat trying to tell his government what it wants to hear is not considered. He ignores the protest of the Papal Nuncio to France, Archbishop Valerio Valeri, who told Pétain in July 1942 that the Pope "asks you to end these inhuman arrests of defenseless people. . . . The Holy Father neither understands nor approves." He has no place for such a statement as that which the London *Jewish Chronicle* carried on September 21, 1942: "A word of sincere and earnest appreciation is due from Jews to the Vatican for its intervention in Berlin and Vichy on behalf of their tortured co-religionists in France. . . . It was a step urged, to their honor, if report be true, by a number of Catholics, but for which we may be sure the Holy Father himself, with his intense humanity and his clear-sighted understanding of the true and deadly implications of the assaults on the Jewish people, needed no prompting. With a courage not always to be observed, he certainly realized that he was by his action only courting a coarse rebuff, and rebuff indeed there was.

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But, coming from such characters as Laval and his Nazi master, there was in this failure, far from anything like humiliation, only an implied tribute to the moral steadfastness of a great spiritual power, manifestly doing its spiritual duty. The Pope's action is also a striking application of the dictum of one of the Pope's predecessors, that no true Christian can be an anti-Semite; as well as an implied declaration of the terrible dangers for religion and civilization presented by the anti-Jewish cult."

Poliakov does mention that a group of 72 Jewish leaders visited Pius XII in 1949 to thank him for the aid he gave them during the years of Nazi persecution. An objective observer would accept that as an indication that Pius XII's general attitude, as well as his actual deeds, satisfied these men. But Poliakov only remarks rather sadly that this forces him to refrain from critical comment. An oblique way to put it, but the meaning is plain.

Placing the Jerusalem issue in his peculiar context, Poliakov implies that Pius XII is acting out of spite against Israel when he insists on full internationalization of the Holy City. The Jerusalem question is too big to be argued here. I think that fair-minded Jews, however, will accept the Holy Father's words at face value (against Poliakov's tortured circumstantial evidence) when he says that he has formulated his position on the question from an honest desire to protect Christian interests rather than from a dislike of one of the parties involved.

Poliakov's position is most feeble when he refers to the controversy over the term *perfidi Judaei* in the Good Friday liturgy. His apprehensions that the term would be a noticeable anti-Semitic influence among millions of young Catholics are wildly exaggerated. The term is unknown to at least 99 per cent of the Catholic laity. The controversy, as I am sure most Jews understood and appreciated, was among scholars. The curt reply of the Congregation of Rites which Poliakov complains about was aimed only at scholars. Far from being aroused to stigmatize a modern-day group of people because of what happened on Good Friday, Catholics are taught that the Good Friday drama is one of love for all mankind and that the protagonist in that drama was a Jew.

CLARENCE M. ZENS
Bureau of Information
National Catholic Welfare Conference
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Poliakov Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I believe Mr. Zens' argument may be summarized as follows:

A. We are in agreement that the activities of the Holy See during the past war in the saving of Jewish lives in Europe were in every respect worthy of admiration.

B. We are also in agreement on the historical fact, known universally, that in the Middle Ages the Holy See followed a policy of discrimination and segregation towards the Jews. As Mr. Zens very justly observes, the activities of the medieval church in this respect cannot be judged from our modern point of view, given our entirely different pattern of life. We are also in agreement that the papacy in the Middle Ages acted to protect the lives of the Jews and opposed violence and massacres. I will add also that the papal states were among the very few countries of medieval Europe in which the Jews were spared final outrages and mass expulsions.

C. We are very much in disagreement about the attitude of the Vatican in respect to the new measures of segregation and discrimination of the years 1939 to 1945 in Europe (excluding, of course, violent persecutions and massacres). Mr. Zens believes, if I have understood his letter and its implicit thesis, that the Vatican was opposed to these measures of segregation and discrimination, and because I have reached a contrary conclusion on the basis of the materials that I have examined, he accuses me of "insinuations," "tortured circumstantial evidence," and "wild exaggeration." Let us then examine the facts attentively:

(1) Mr. Zens believes that the report of Ambassador Léon Bérard might have been no more than the effort of a diplomat to tell his government what it wished to hear, and he reproaches me for not having considered this possibility. To tell the truth, I cannot well see what would have led Bérard, who before the war had the reputation of being a serious diplomat, to invent out of whole cloth the considerations which, he says in his report, were presented to him at the Holy See. And I find it equally difficult to see what special satisfaction Pétain might have drawn from these considerations. Neither Bérard nor Pétain was personally anti-Semitic if one can rest any judgment on their earlier records (this would apply equally, by the way, to many another important functionary of the Vichy government, including Laval, who said flatly to the Germans: "I am neither a philo-Semite nor an anti-Semite")—and the real and ineffaceable shame of the Vichy regime lies precisely in its having allowed the persecution of hundreds of thousands of innocent people for motives of mere political expediency, using them as pawns in a cynical horse trade. Let me recall also that Bérard's report contains the sentence: "The concepts of

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justice and charity should be taken into consideration in the application of the laws"; I took care to include this sentence in my article.

But there is more to it than this. As I indicated in my article, the Bérard document was published some three years ago in the French press (in particular in the Parisian daily *L'Ordre*), and I will add that I read it also reproduced almost in full in a long letter to the editor published by the New York *Times*. The document has then had a fairly large publicity. If it really constitutes a vicious distortion of the position of the Vatican, as Mr. Zens seems to think, how can we explain the fact that no authoritative voice has ever been raised to inform us of this fact and to contradict and castigate the too imaginative diplomat as he would deserve? Perhaps we may still hope to hear such a denial. In that case, as a historian I shall have been guilty of a false interpretation of a historical document; as a Jew and, I may add, simply as a human being, I shall nevertheless rejoice in my inmost conscience.

(2) On the other side Mr. Zens cites the protest of Archbishop Valerio Valeri of July 1942 (and a comment of the *Jewish Chronicle*). But the text of this protest makes it clear that it relates to arrests and physical mistreatment (that is to say, to point A above, on which we are in agreement), and here again it was necessary that actions of this type should take on openly scandalous dimensions before the Holy See intervened (the first large-scale raids in Paris, in which almost 12,000 Jews were arrested and deported, took place precisely from the 14th to the 16th of July 1942).

(3) On the "question of Jerusalem," Mr. Zens contents himself with saying, "The question is too large to be discussed here." I can all the more easily accept this reservation because, if on other points Mr. Zens has brought against me certain arguments which when confronted with my own will permit readers to form their own opinions, on this particular problem, in response to my documented exposition, Mr. Zens confines himself to pure affirmations.

(4) "Poliakov's position is most feeble," writes Mr. Zens, "when he refers to the controversy . . . relative to the liturgy." "His apprehensions . . . are wildly exaggerated." I do not believe that all Catholics are of this opinion. Thus the Reverend Father Paul Demann, writing on July 17, 1949 in *Documentation Catholique* (the semi-official publication of French Catholicism) at the beginning of a long article entitled "The Jewish Question and Zionism":

"The prayers said for the Jews in the Latin liturgy of the Catholic Church for Good Friday speak of *perfidi Judaei* and of *Judaica perfidia*. For centuries these expressions were rather widely understood by analogy with phrases resembling them in the modern Romance languages: "perfidious Jews" and "Jewish perfidy." Since the large diffusion of missals translated for the use of the faithful, one can usually read in these translations, therefore, "perfidious Jews," "Jewish perfidy," or similar expressions according to the various languages into which the prayers have been translated.

"These expressions apparently carry a directly pejorative meaning, that of disloyalty, of a lack of good faith, which is not necessarily intended by the original Latin expressions, which mean above all, if not solely, "infidel," "rejection of faith." But only a few philologians, historians, and liturgists are capable of taking account of this misunderstanding, *while the unfortunate translations of the liturgical phrases exercise a wide and unhappy influence on Christian sensibilities and ways of talking.* [Italics mine.]

"There have been certain reactions to this situation, as, for example, the article 'Perfidia Judaica' by E. Peterson in *Ephemerides Liturgicae*, 1936, or 'Pro Perfides Judaeis' by J. Oesterreicher in *Theological Studies* and *Cahiers Sioniens*, 1947. But these discussions have reached only a few specialists. Most of the popular missals continue to propagate expressions implying perfidy, although there are also some praiseworthy exceptions: for example, the missal most widely used in Germany, that of Dom Schott, was revised during the time of the Nazis when the German Catholics had such good reason to become aware of the harmful effects of such expressions."

One sees therefore that this controversy is by no means of concern only to scholars, but, on the contrary, that it holds a very general interest. Perhaps conditions are different in the United States—this is a point on which I am insufficiently documented and perhaps this is the source of Mr. Zens' disagreement with me. In the United States a certain "radio priest," Father Coughlin, had to give up his propaganda of hatred thanks to certain interventions to which, I like to believe, American Catholics were not strangers. In Europe, no one within authorized Catholic circles was able to put an end to the propaganda of hatred of a Monsignor Jouin, of a Canon Rohling, or of that Dr. Lueger, founder of the Austrian Christian Socialist party, whose decisive influence on a certain young Viennese idler is described at length in the autobiographical sections of *Mein Kampf*.

It is true that since the time of Hitler and the war, a certain moral change has taken place in the spirit of Europe. It is towards the promotion and strengthening of this tendency, in

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the sense expressed in the generous conclusion of Mr. Zens' letter, that the efforts of all men of good will should be directed.

L. Poliakov
Centre de Documentation Juive Contemporaine
Paris

Imber and Zangwill

To the Editor of Commentary:

I found Gerard H. Wilk's article, "The Bohemian Who Wrote 'Hatikvah,'" in the January Commentary, most interesting. Imber was such a character as S. Baring-Gould would have delighted in.

It is natural, of course, that Imber's friends should try to protect him, and it is not at all to Mr. Wilk's discredit that he has inherited (for he did not know his subject personally) this partisanship. Nevertheless, a certain amount of by-passing and glossing over of material has led him to an unworthy denigration of better and greater men than Imber, such as the English scholar and writer Joseph Jacobs and the American jurist, the kindly and cultured Mayer Sulzberger, and particularly to his sneers at a man who has not yet, twenty-four years after his death, been succeeded or superseded by any other Jewish writer, the brilliant, many-faceted Israel Zangwill. Opinions are not arguable, but facts are, and Mr. Wilk's prejudices in behalf of his subject have led him to some egregious errors of fact. On page 54 he mentions that Mr. Wilk also remarks in triumph that Imber's songs are on the lips of a nation while "Zangwill's books are gathering dust on library shelves." So, alas, are the works of Milton and Shakespeare, Dickens and Thackeray, and countless other writers with whom, we trust, Mr. Wilk does not intend to compare Imber. Francis Scott Key wrote the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" and few today read Whitman and Lowell and Emerson, nevertheless he would be bold indeed who championed Key as a poet against any of these. . . . Israel Abrahams' dispassionate appraisal of "Hatikvah" as poetry and as popular song is nearer to the mark than Mr. Wilk's exaggeration of its worth.

Rose Rosensohn Jacobs
East Orange, New Jersey

Mr. Wilk's Reply

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mrs. Jacobs' letter reveals an intimate knowledge of the subject and I would have welcomed an opportunity to discuss it with so well informed a reader before I tried to recapture the spirit of Imber and his day. However, my article is not concerned with the artistic value of "Hatikvah," but was only an attempt to rescue the author of the national anthem of Israel from oblivion. I agree with Mrs. Jacobs that Israel Abrahams accurately appraised the artistic value of the song. He writes, in his article on "Hatikvah": "Throughout its whole range modern

revealing that the very story from *In Search* which is quoted at the beginning of this review has been told by Levin before, in the character of Joe in *The Old Bunch*. In the 30's, too, Levin remembered that he had once blurted out the desire to be "a good Jew," but in the novel he went on to comment that "a kind of sickness was growing in Joe . . . at the hopelessness of finding one simple truth, in a world so involved. . . . Why did everyone get sidetracked with some shred of truth, with religion or love, politics or surrealism, but so few seemed to keep themselves open for the whole bitter and nourishing truth of the human race?"

In the course of his quest Levin has tried all of these various "sidetracks." He has conceived puppet shows, written a political novel about the labor risings of the early Roosevelt years, and shared the rebellious emotions of the 30's to the extent of going to Spain during the civil war. He came closest to a "bitter" and "nourishing" truth when he described the pain of the Jews in Europe after their decimation by Hitler and celebrated the glory of the arising nation in and transcend by making the whole Jewish people his folk-father. He never mentions his mother, but perhaps she is the more important in his development. His image of the Jewish people seems to have been cast in the figure of a mother whom the wandering son neglects, is fitfully concerned about, and helps in time of trouble. For such a son it is important to have her to return to when he feels lonely and broken, to be cleansed by her forgiveness, and healed in the refuge of her bosom. This story is, alas, all too familiar to those who have sat before the footlights of Second Avenue. It is not without its pathos, but it is hardly a strong or creative summing up of Jewish destiny, much less any light for the future.

Toward an Understanding of Gandhi

The Life of Mahatma Gandhi. By Louis Fischer. Harper. 558 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by Hazel Whitman

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

You Can Come Home Again

IN SEARCH. By MEYER LEVIN. Horizon Press. 524 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR HERTZBERG

IN THE concluding pages of this autobiography, Meyer Levin tells a story about himself as a very young man: "Once in Paris, in a general talk about aims in life, Marek Swarc asked me 'What do you want? What do you want to be?' and the definition that slipped out was a bit startling to me, for I blurted, 'A good Jew.'" So, quite like one of Sartre's heroes, Meyer Levin has spent his life searching for authenticity, attempting to relate himself as an artist, an honest man, and a Jew to a world which, as he is painfully aware, often frustrates the artist, subverts personal integrity, and rejects the Jew. He has learned what Sartre means when the latter writes that "authenticity . . . consists in having a true and lucid consciousness of the situation, in assuming the responsibilities and risks that it involves, in accepting it in pride or humiliation, sometimes in horror or hate."

Though there is much in Levin's Jewishness which he identifies with the experience of being rejected, he would deny that his search has come exclusively or even primarily from the desire to stand fast against attack and hit back as a Jew, or that his sense of community with other Jews comes merely from having found in them fellow partisans also at war against the common enemy, anti-Semitism. What he has been seeking is a society and a tradition in which he can share more than the chance camaraderie of the battle.

Levin thus presents himself as the antithesis of the "rootless Jewish intellectual" about whom we have heard so much discussion in recent years. To be sure, he tells us that he began in shame and self-hatred, and even wrote his adolescent first novels out of the desire to pass, at least in fantasy, beyond the barriers of the Jewish world he rejected. He was not content, however, to take root in his rootlessness and he has written his autobiography to portray his achievement of a new understanding, and affirmation, of his Jewishness.

AS THE fruit of a quarter of a century of effort, Levin's achievement, one must say, is hardly impressive. His affirmation, as he reports it, does not involve any deep religious or cultural identification with Judaism but seems rather to consist of a happy participation in certain customs, particularly those associated with eating *homentashen, kreplach,* and similar dishes that "link us to our horde." The ethical content of his Jewishness is a pervasive but vague sense of being commanded to live by a higher code, but since he is an agnostic, the sanction for this "Torah" is not religious; and it is difficult to discover where it is based. For the most part, the core of his Jewishness seems to be in sentimentalizing about the mystic destiny of the Jewish people and envisaging as the contemporary commandments of identification any actions —it does not matter whether it be dancing a hora, being associated with a Jewish center, or becoming a *halutz*—that express a desire to belong to "the folk."

Beneath his generalizations there seems to exist an ideal Jewish type which Levin, after all his soul-searching, has found good and acceptable. It is the American Jew who eats mama's cooking with relish, considers himself a good liberal, goes to synagogue for *Kol Nidre* and is moved by *Eili, Eili,* gives to UJA and approves of Israel, but will never make his home anywhere else than in New York or Chicago. This may or may not be the typical American Jew today (I believe there is much more to him than this description would suggest); but it does sound, sixteen years later, very much like the characters of Levin's novel *The Old Bunch* (1935). In the time that has intervened Levin has come to accept and identify himself with the very people about whom he once wrote with a realism tinged with some venom.

The conclusion of Levin's search is, therefore, no new vision. It is merely a return to his earliest environment, after his repeated forays into both the Jewish and non-Jewish worlds. It is

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revealing that the very story from *In Search* which is quoted at the beginning of this review has been told by Levin before, in the character of Joe in *The Old Bunch*. In the 30's, too, Levin remembered that he had once blurted out the desire to be "a good Jew," but in the novel he went on to comment that "a kind of sickness was growing in Joe . . . at the hopelessness of finding one simple truth, in a world so involved. . . . Why did everyone get sidetracked with some shred of truth, with religion or love, politics or surrealism, but so few seemed to keep themselves open for the whole bitter and nourishing truth of the human race?"

In the course of his quest Levin has tried all of these various "sidetracks." He has conceived puppet shows, written a political novel about the labor risings of the early Roosevelt years, and shared the rebellious emotions of the 30's to the extent of going to Spain during the civil war. He came closest to a "bitter" and "nourishing" truth when he described the pain of the Jews in Europe after their decimation by Hitler and celebrated the glory of the arising nation in Israel. But it was not possible to remain a DP and he has not chosen to become an Israeli. He believes that he has found peace in accepting himself as "a peculiar mixture of Chicago and Chassidism."

IT IMPLIES no lack of respect for the countless American Jews who have in the last decade felt a stronger tie of sentimental attachment to their people and helped bear its burdens in a critical time to suggest that a Jewish writer should be more exacting than to take even the best kind of American Jewish Babbitt for his ideal. As a resolution of Levin's search this is a disappointment, and it is not made any the more imposing by Levin's final words about "bearing witness to truth," which seems to mean no more than standing up with dignity to be counted as a Jew.

In all fairness it must be said, however, that there is a certain kind of representative importance to his story in that he has shared, at one time or another, most of the Jewish moods of our time. Those parts of the book that report on Europe and Israel are interesting in themselves. Certainly one respects his various substantial services to the Jewish cause and, even though often annoyed by his self-pity, one sympathizes with his torment.

Again and again Levin locates the origin of his inner conflict in an early rejection of his immigrant father, which he has come to resolve and transcend by making the whole Jewish people his folk-father. He never mentions his mother, but perhaps she is the more important in his development. His image of the Jewish people seems to have been cast in the figure of a mother whom the wandering son neglects, is fitfully concerned about, and helps in time of trouble. For such a son it is important to have her to return to when he feels lonely and broken, to be cleansed by her forgiveness, and healed in the refuge of her bosom. This story is, alas, all too familiar to those who have sat before the footlights of Second Avenue. It is not without its pathos, but it is hardly a strong or creative summing up of Jewish destiny, much less any light for the future.

Toward an Understanding of Gandhi

THE LIFE OF MAHATMA GANDHI. By LOUIS FISCHER. Harper. 558 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by HAZEL WHITMAN

MEN like Gandhi do not happen very often—no oftener perhaps than men like Buddha, Jesus, and Mohammed. Unhappily, the lives of such great spiritual leaders are too often shrouded in the aura of sanctity created by their followers, and the clouds of piety are already closing around Gandhi. Now that he is dead, his life and teachings are rapidly taking on the irrelevance of a saint's.

To this tendency Louis Fischer's straightforward biography is a welcome and necessary antidote. The author deliberately limits himself to the record of Gandhi's life, with a minimum of analysis and interpretation. The book follows Gandhi through his childhood in a little state in western India, his marriage at the age of thirteen, his training for the bar in England, his residence in South Africa where his "experiments with truth" began in earnest, the first civil disobedience movement in South Africa, his return to India, and his emergence as the greatest leader of India and one of the truly universal men of history.

Some of this record has been available before, notably in Gandhi's autobiography and in his book on South Africa. But they cover only the early period of his life and are not intended as a full record. In Fischer's book, the Western reader can see Gandhi's development as a whole for the first time. This is important, because a key to the understanding of Gandhi is to know

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that he was a man with an extraordinary capacity for growth. While his central approach and the outlines of his techniques were developed early in his public career, they were constantly modified and enriched by experience and self-examination. Gandhi had all the flexibility possible to a man who is sure of his first principles. He was not afraid to admit that he had been wrong. In fact, he often changed his mind in public. His opponents found this quality disconcerting and many of his friends found it bewildering. But when seen as a process and understood in context, his development has a compelling internal consistency.

FISCHER's book rights some misplaced emphases and corrects some misapprehensions about Gandhi. Many Westerners think of Gandhi solely as the leader of India's independence movement, but much of his work had little direct (albeit enormous indirect) application to the achievement of independence. He fought untouchability. He labored mightily for Hindu-Moslem unity. He advocated spinning and cottage industries. To him, independence was not an end but one of the means by which India could contribute to the world. He had no use for an independent India without spiritual content. On August 14, 1947, India's first day of freedom, Gandhi was conspicuously absent from the public ceremonies. He was deeply troubled, for independence had brought with it the partition of India and terrible Hindu-Moslem riots. Much of his life's work seemed to lie in ashes. Yet ahead of these days of tragedy lay his pilgrimage of reconciliation to the blood-soaked riot areas and his fasting for communal harmony.

Gandhi's fasts, too, have been widely misunderstood in the West. They are often thought of as a kind of political blackmail, whereas they were first of all a method of self-purification, an essential part of his spiritual growth. But they were more than this. Gandhi's fasts made a continent stop and consider: they provided a kind of cooling-off period. During the fasts, people were not simply worried about what would happen to the Mahatma. They worried also about what had happened to them and they searched their consciences. A new set of forces was released and from this creative process flowed political consequences.

Gandhi was a man of God, but he was not a mystic. He neither saw visions nor heard voices. To him, God was "an eternal principle." One of Gandhi's approaches to God was through prayer, which he called "the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening." Another was through active, creative love for his fellow men. To the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Gandhi answered an unequivocal yes. But he went much further. He *was* his brother. He said, "I am a Moslem, a Hindu, a Buddhist, a Christian, a Jew, a Parsi." Gandhi had an almost overwhelming sense of identification, not only with "the people" but with persons. When there were Hindu-Moslem riots, Gandhi went to live in Moslem homes in the riot areas. In his fight against untouchability, he adopted an untouchable as his daughter.

Gandhi's varied activities were directed at the outward and inner condition of men. Nonviolence to him was not just a convenient political technique, as it was to many of his followers. It was an act of love, and if the act were separated from the motive, or the motive distorted, the technique was useless and dead.

ONE of the most troubling aspects of Gandhi's life was his relations with his family, with which Fischer deals frankly. When a man considers all humanity as his family (Indians call Gandhi *Bapu*—"Father") what becomes of the

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people who actually happen to be his wife and children? Gandhi's wife Kasturbai must have been for years the most miserable woman in India. She was constantly in the position of having to carry out orders and adapt herself to situations that were completely outrageous to her most fundamental prejudices. Though an illiterate woman, she was certainly not a simple one, and she remains a somewhat enigmatic figure. In Fischer's book, she comes most clearly to life in a pathetic letter to her son Harilal, who was an alcoholic. Gandhi's sons, too, suffered from alternate suffocating supervision and what seems to have been almost indifference. Gandhi did not allow himself many reticences, but he seems to have been less frank than usual about his family.

FISCHER has not said the last word on Gandhi; in a sense, he has said only the first. Gandhi's life raises many questions which need further exploration.

Among these questions are: What were the psychological factors which helped to produce Gandhi? Does his technique of non-violence have a more universal validity? Can it be recreated for use in the Western world? What can we learn from Gandhi's unique experience in seeking equality for religious and racial minorities? (He had the extraordinary experience of being the leader of an oppressed minority in South Africa and an often oppressive majority vis-à-vis the untouchables and Moslems in India.)

In America, serious study of Gandhi has been limited almost exclusively to two groups: the clergy and the friends of India. He is considered their proper oyster. Intellectuals, when they interest themselves in India at all, usually by-pass Gandhi in favor of Nehru. Nehru is a man of great charm and unquestioned intelligence, but he is essentially derivative. Gandhi was an original. His basic ideas were, in a sense, as hackneyed as Shakespeare's plots. They had been the common property of mankind for thousands of years. But he was able to take them, and through the totality of his life, re-create them with all their elemental freshness and force.

Just as it would be unthinkable for a serious and intelligent person in our time to fail to formulate an attitude towards Stalin or Stalinism, it should be unthinkable to fail to have an attitude towards Gandhi and Gandhism. Louis Fischer's book is the place to begin.

Before the Deluge

THE FAMILY MOSKAT. By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER. Translated from the Yiddish by A. H. Gross. Knopf. 611 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by SOLOMON F. BLOOM

Two Yiddish writers have supplied us, from a wide experience and observation, with the best introduction to Jewish life in Poland before the Extermination. In *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, the late I. J. Singer wrote a bulky saga of the industrialization of Poland and its effect upon the Jewish masses and particularly upon Jewish capitalists. *The Family Moskat*, by the younger Singer brother, deals with the evolution, the rise, and the final disintegration of a wealthy and prolific Jewish clan of Warsaw. Perhaps the two novels may be regarded as complementary, for the first is industry-minded, the second commerce- and speculation-minded.

The differences between the two books are as striking as the similarities. The social and cultural changes incident to industrialization were etched memorably in *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, which grew to the stature of an imaginative and mature work of history. *The Family Moskat* is much rather anthropology than history. What it lacks in continuity and analysis it makes up in variety and color of cultural and folkloristic detail. The manners and morals of the quickly risen rich, the widening gap between old and young, the face, ways, and vocabulary of the ghetto street, the running debate between modernists and traditionalists, Zionists and socialists, cosmopolites and provincials, and the infinite and self-winding quibbles of the Hasidim and Orthodox—these spectacles crowd a vivid review, almost a circus, of Jewish mores. But whereas history can meet fiction on the common ground of story, anthropology and sociology cannot of themselves supply a forward-driving impulse. In *The Family Moskat*, the conveniences and necessities of plot and character are so often sacrificed by the author to the temptations of still another detail, and yet another dab, that the novel is finally jerked out of alignment with its own meaning and objective.

INDEED, so crowded is the scene that only two characters manage to find room enough to act out their passions and their destiny: Hadassah, the lover and second wife of the hero, and her full-blooded and Rabelaisian Uncle Abram.

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They are all caught in a maelstrom of intrigue, vanity, lust, selfishness, and corruption that, however insistently the author dilutes it with elements of generosity, taste, and reason, constitutes a satiric indictment of Jewish society in pre-war Poland. The realism of the novel is only apparent; a symbolism rises gradually to the surface and perhaps supplies the key to the puzzle of why the central figure is also the least realized. Asa Heshel is introduced as the more or less typical idealistic student, not to say typical *yeshiva bocher,* since he has rebelled outwardly as well as inwardly against the Orthodox environment of the small town of his birth and set out in search of secular enlightenment. The ecstatic irony with which Abram greets him establishes Asa Heshel as the representative of the familiar tradition:

"'He came to Warsaw to study—the grandson of a rabbi—a prodigy.'

"'Really? There are still specimens of that kind around? And I thought they'd gone for good, the whole species extinct, like the aurochs, if you'll forgive the comparison. Let me take a look at him. Tell me, professor, what sort of blessing does one recite over such a rarity? What does he want to study?'

"'He has a letter, from Zamosc.'"

The irrelevancy of the answer seems to anticipate the airiness of the character. Asa Heshel achieves the mood of cosmopolitanism, but the discipline of secular learning eludes him. He never matriculates at the Swiss university in whose shadow he lives a while, and he never completes the work of his imagination and ambition. Yet he is no run-of-the-mill intellectual *luftmensh.* There is too much explosion and steel in Asa Heshel. His stormy love affair and marriages, his obstinate impulsiveness, and his defiance of emotion as well as of convention, endow this man who can hardly persuade us that he is alive with a glow of impervious individuality and supreme conquest. He is, at worst, the abstracted and generalized hero of a certain type of Jewish fiction and serial, and at best, a historical symbol. Asa Heshel is not known of men, even of himself. Here he is, parting finally from his first wife:

"At this moment, as he sat leaning against a pine tree, it seemed to her that there was a strange delicacy in the outlines of his face. Golden strands of hair trembled on his high forehead; from the clear blue eyes a childish simplicity looked forth. Only on the sharp lips a bitterness lay. It occurred to Adele that she had never been able to understand what it was that tortured him. Was it the failure to have had a career? Did his heart long for someone? She was on the point of asking him, but held herself back. She knew it would be useless. He would say anything that came into his head at the moment, perhaps because he himself did not know the answer."

He is indistinct, yet portentous. At the last seder (!), he alone plainly descries the course of impending Fate:

"What did they talk so much about miracles for, Asa Heshel thought. 'They kill them in each generation. If not for the slaughterers and pogroms, we'd number in the hundred millions by now.' He looked at Yezhek, Stepha's son, and Dacha, and the other children. They were all doomed. The brandy that he had taken earlier began to lose its effect."

Did Asa Heshel remember the frustrated promise that the Jews would be as the sands of the sea? Is he the reflective, questing, self-willed—the Eternal Jew?

The Road to the Dreyfus Affair

ANTI-SEMITISM IN MODERN FRANCE. By ROBERT F. BYRNES. Rutgers University Press. 348 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by HANNAH ARENDT

ANTI-SEMITISM is a deplorably neglected area of modern history, and every contribution that does more than simply add another title to the formidable library of apologetics, anti-Semitica, or superficial sociology is welcome. The general contempt in which the topic of anti-Semitism has been held by the historical sciences has led not only to stereotyped interpretations without basis in fact, but also—and this is more serious—to an ignorance of the events themselves. A great deal of spadework is still necessary and monographs, therefore, are especially welcome. They have the additional advantage of not demanding too much of the historian—only reasonably good professional training, sufficient for a reliable account of what happened in a given country during a limited period. The present volume sheds light on some episodes in French history that might otherwise have been forgotten or left unrecorded; it belongs in the category of badly needed research work.

French anti-Semitism, as distinguished from the Central European (German and Austrian)

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varieties, was deeply rooted in the 18th-century Enlightenment. Until the Dreyfus Affair, anti-Semitism in France had a decidedly left-wing and radical flavor, and anti-Jewish attitudes, ranging from contempt to hatred of *the* Jew (though not necessarily of Jewish individuals), were a matter of course in all revolutionary lower-middle-class and workers' movements. One consequence of this was that anti-Semitism never had to fight in France, as it did in Germany, for recognition in the salons and among the more reputable elements of the intelligentsia. As an opinion (though not as a fanatical ideology that would place the Jews at the center of world events) it had far too illustrious an ancestry—from Voltaire and Rousseau to Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Proudhon—to be simply discarded as the hobby of crackpots and charlatans.

This tradition of "enlightened" anti-Semitism has never altogether died in France, despite the severe blow it suffered in the Dreyfus Affair, when the cry "Death to the Jews" proved to be a political rallying point for all the enemies of the Third Republic. It was not the half-hearted monarchism of the anti-Dreyfusards, but precisely their anti-Semitism, with its old revolutionary and radical connotations, that attracted to them such men as Valéry, Cézanne, Degas, Rodin, Renoir, or made it possible for the young Briand to write for Drumont's *Libre Parole*. If the Dreyfus Affair became a turning point in the history of French anti-Semitism, it was because of the official Catholic support then given to anti-Semitic slogans, which from that time on were used against the Third Republic and the tradition of the French Revolution. Yet even the new clerical anti-Semitism in the beginning showed clear traces of the older tradition: certain leftist Catholic factions, who were inclined to accept the Republic and to advocate decisive social changes, accepted anti-Semitic arguments all the more eagerly for that. This is one, though certainly not the most important, reason why Catholic opinion reacted with such uniformity during the Dreyfus crisis.

By that same token, clerical support of anti-Semitism, which formed passing episodes in the history of anti-Semitism in other countries, spelled its doom as a politically organized movement in France. It was their anti-clericalism which made large parts of the French people join the Dreyfusards under Clemenceau's leadership and which eventually persuaded the French socialists to discard anti-Jewish attitudes altogether. Clerical anti-Semitism has never been strong enough to develop into a major factor of modern politics. Like all Christian brands of anti-Semitism, it could not achieve the degree of radical fanaticism necessary for modern mass movements.

THE chief and the most valuable part of Mr. Byrnes's study deals with French anti-Semitism during the eight years between the publication of Drumont's *La France Juive* in 1886 and the arrest of Captain Dreyfus in 1894. The preceding chapters, which try to portray the general European and French setting as well as the general anti-Semitic background, are not too helpful for the understanding of this short period. There Mr. Byrnes tries without much success to transcend the limitations of a mere monograph; his somehow overgrown, frequently vague, and always unoriginal introduction to an otherwise sober and reliable statement of facts could conceivably lead the serious reader to set the book aside before he discovered its genuinely valuable portions.

Mr. Byrnes is at his best when he attempts no more than to gather facts industriously and report them clearly. The discussion of inner-Catholic factions in the 80's, the brief account of Freemasonry in French politics, and the detailed biographies of Morès, Taxil, and a great number of less well-known anti-Semites are noteworthy in this respect. Of equal interest are the carefully outlined histories of the more important anti-Semitic newspapers. However, the somewhat barren quality of Mr. Byrnes's general notions of European history occasionally disturbs this narrative, too. A whole section devoted to the "Revolution in French Publishing" has little bearing on the subject—except that anti-Semitic writings share with other books the need to be printed. More irritating than such irrelevancies is Mr. Byrnes's tendency to "embellish" his narrative with certain loose and inconsistent evaluations which have become the hallmark of apologetic writing—a category of literature to which this otherwise honest and unbiased study does not belong at all. Marx, for example, is called in one place the "most important philosopher of the nineteenth century" only to be accused a little further on of having a confused mind. Rousseau and Proudhon share the same fate—they are "confused thinkers."

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I am afraid the confusion is Mr. Byrnes's, and the reason for it is entirely honorable. Because of the inherent limitations of his approach, he has to record, but cannot explain, why so many "great men," including quite a few great Jews, showed this deplorable tendency not to like the Jews; he became confused as he went along precisely because he tried honestly to report what he had found. The difficulty of the historian touching upon any aspect of the Jewish fate in recent European history is always the same: a phenomenon like the "anti-Semitism" of "great men" cannot be understood without a history of anti-Semitism which does not exist; and this history can hardly be written without an account of the Jewish part in general European history during the last three centuries, which does not exist either.

Mr. Byrnes's valuable book remains a book for specialists, the jacket blurb notwithstanding. A history of anti-Semitism for the general reader will be written only after many monographs on the level of the best sections in this book have been produced. The bibliographical references overload the text without always clearly documenting it; they may well lead, however, to the exhaustive bibliography which is promised us, together with two more volumes that will carry the subject up to the time of the Vichy government.

In No Man's Land

THIS LAND, THESE PEOPLE. Edited by HAROLD U. RIBALOW. Beechhurst Press. 302 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by SAUL BELLOW

MR. RIBALOW is convinced that the two dozen stories in his collection make up "a definitive composite portrait of American Jewish life." Certainly the variety of subjects is large enough to make his claim seem just. Howard Fast begins with the story of an unarmed Jewish fur trader among the Indians and the even more wicked and savage Redcoats; Jo Sinclair writes about an inarticulate greenhorn peddler, pathetic Mendel; Yuri Suhl follows with the story of an immigrant scholar incapable of hawking from a cart; Waldo Frank contributes a chapter from *City Block*, and Leonard Q. Ross one from *The Education of Hyman Kaplan;* Jerome Weidman writes about East Side superstition; Ludwig Lewisohn describes the cultured Jew in the fast

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days of prosperity and flaming youth, and Robert Markewich the rebellious Communist younger son of a Bronx family in the period following; Arthur Kober does the Bronx in another aspect; Victor Wolfson the doomed rich Jewess in the horrors of Central Park West; Meyer Levin the Jewish dilettante; Delmore Schwartz the intelligent teacher baffled by the barbarousness of his anti-Semitic students; Irwin Shaw the Jewish fighting man. Mr. Ribalow ought therefore to be right—and is extraordinarily wrong. The subjects are here but they are not, except by Schwartz, Michael Seide, and two or three others, entered, opened, and brought to life.

Still I was intrigued with this collection, not because it added much to my knowledge of Jewish life on the frontier or in Cleveland or the Bronx, but because of the writers. Their own difficulties, and the degree of resourcefulness they brought to their solution, were often far more interesting than those of the characters in their stories.

ONCE or twice I was carried back in thought to the kitchen, where the gifted and inspired adolescent theme-writer sat beside the stove; as when, in Louis Zara's "Resurgam," I read:

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"Each scholar sat swaying and muttering, with his back bent and his head bowed over the folio before him, while the combined murmurings that rose from the entire congregation as it labored by the light of the thick candles became a haunting and mournful sursurrus, a tender chant in a minor key. . . . Then from the lips of the aged scholar who stood at the head of our bench muttering to himself, swaying back and forth and beating at his breast, I heard a thin plaintive note that seemed to set the key for the complete threnody. Humble and beseeching was the tone, an obbligato in the song of lament. I opened the seventeenth century tome which lay before me . . ." *undsoweiter.* Ludwig Lewisohn's "Writ of Divorcement," in which I encountered again that great plush horse of a style, sixteen hands high and panting like Macaulay, also touched my memory: "Having consciously repudiated for myself that absence of shame which a contemporary mood calls frankness, I find it hard to approach, however reverently, any analysis of that fundamental relation between my parents which made possible the absence of friction in their complementary activity." With Mr. Lewisohn's point about the Jewish conception of the flesh and of marriage I am very much in sympathy. But I can also sympathize with the bride in this story whose husband makes such a record of his griefs. What a stuffed shirt! Did he really speak to her in this language? And does he expect us to believe that it is the language of a modern American's soul?

For the majority of these writers the problem of language is not an easy one. You find it in the Hyman Kaplan story uneasily hiding in the heart of the fun, and you are aware that it exists even for someone like Irwin Shaw, whose cool proficiency would satisfy the toughest director of Freshman English. Meyer Levin, in "Maurie Finds His Medium," comes out with it. "Yes [says Maurie], I was writing. The words fell apart. I was a foreigner, writing in a foreign language. . . . What am I? Native, certainly. My parents came to this country . . . they were the true immigrants, the actual foreigners. . . . But I, American-born, raised on hot dogs, I am out of place in America. Remember this: art, to be universal, must be narrowly confined. An artist must be a perfect unit of time and place, at home with himself, unextraneous. . . . Who am I? Where do I come from? I am an accident. What right have I to scribble in this American language that comes no more naturally to me than it does to the laundry Chinaman?"

Levin is poking fun at Maurie, who becomes a painter of banal pictures in Palestine, but I assume that he is also serious. He cannot easily accept the historical accident of being a Jew in America that is nevertheless among the first facts of his life. But this accident—the strangeness of discontinuity and of a constant, immense change—happens to all and is the general condition. The narrowly confined and perfect unit of a man, if we could find him now, would prove to be outside all that is significant in our modern lives, lives characterized by the new, provisional, changing, dangerous, universal. Why is there this anxiety about using a language our parents did not speak? Music also is a second language, yet the composer, unlike Maurie, does not think to examine his right to it. For Americans, what there is to be said, passionately said, can only come out in American, the language we have in common with the Chinese laundryman's son.

In his rather inflated introduction, Mr. Ribalow is, I think, trying to speak for the record and perform a public-relations function. And the contributors do something similar. They produce pictures of Jewish life, nostalgic, pathetic, pious, romantic, or comic, even "radical" pictures. Their effort is to present themselves, to explain differences and strangeness, and back of it, behind the painting of the radiance of Jewish virtue in the face of a mother, the solemnity of a *kaddish,* the naming of Jewish dishes, behind the comedy of Jewish American speech, behind even the "social criticism," there is something uneasy and not quite true. I realize that on the whole these writers are guilty of no conscious desire to deceive or deform. Children of immigrants, they are subject to the irresistible forces of Americanization. They are formed as other millions are by industry, business, schools, great cities. But the suspicion falls on them that they are not so fully committed as others are. It is more difficult for them than for other descendants of Europeans to divorce themselves from a long history, and they therefore feel obliged to explain themselves and create an acceptable picture of the American Jew. He is not in all ways an imitation, for what there is to imitate is not stable or fully formed. The American character is in a fluid state, not yet defined, and teachers, leaders, scholars, publicists, and writers are engaged in defining it. Or, rather, not so much in defining as in assert-

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ing what it is. The New Deal Man, the "radical democrat" of Howard Fast, the bundle of virtues who speaks from Norman Corwin's radio script, the Common Man of Henry Wallace, the People of Carl Sandburg, the imaginary citizen of the Chicago *Tribune,* the gay innocent of William Saroyan, all these exist by fiat. They are constructions and, at this level, construction faces construction and type faces type, abstractly. The Jewish figures in this volume come into being by a comparable process.

This fiat is what causes the writers' uneasiness over language. They are not describing actualities and they therefore doubt their words.

The less we find of actuality in reading stories such as these, the more a mass of unreclaimed material lies with a great weight upon us. And as long as American Jewish writers continue to write in this way we will have to go elsewhere for superior being and beauty, and will thus continue to be foreigners, seeking these things in other centuries and other countries.

Judaism and Jesus

JESUS IN THE JEWISH TRADITION. By MORRIS GOLDSTEIN. Macmillan. 319 pp. $4.00.

THE MAN JESUS WAS. By MAX SCHOEN. Knopf. 271 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by RALPH MARCUS

IN *Jesus in the Jewish Tradition* Rabbi Goldstein claims to have given an accurate, complete, and up-to-date account of Jewish views concerning the career and teaching of Jesus from the 1st century to early modern times. His account is, of course, not complete. If it were, the book would be several times its present size. But the book is accurate on the whole, it is up to date, and it is instructive as well as informative. If put into the hands of Christian theologians, ministers, and students it will undoubtedly improve their understanding of Jewish attitudes toward Jesus and help get rid of many errors for which some modern scholars, as well as medieval polemicists, have been responsible.

The following are perhaps the most significant and soundly reasoned of the author's findings. In the Talmudic literature of the Tannaitic period (1st and 2nd centuries CE), among the many passages supposed by modern scholars to refer to Jesus there are only five which can with reasonable certainty be regarded as authentic. Of these five only two are earlier than the 2nd century (both dating from the period between 70 and 100 CE). What these few Tannaitic sources and the more numerous sources of the Amoraic period (3rd to 6th centuries) do tell us amounts to little more than that Jesus was a heretical Jewish healer, that he had disciples, and that he was condemned to death. Many scholars have held that the somewhat scandalous stories about Ben Stada and Balaam contain covert references to Jesus, but Rabbi Goldstein has convincingly shown that they do not. With the very complicated problem of the *Minim* (roughly "sectarians") in early Talmudic literature the author has dealt competently in a brief space, and he has made out a good case for the theory, held by some experts, that for the most part the *Minim* are not Christians or Jewish Christians (Ebionites). As he himself puts it, "in the earliest period of Christianity sharp lines were not drawn [by the rabbis] between Jewish Christians and Jews nor between Jewish Gnostics and Christian Gnostics."

As for the Christian-Jewish disputations and polemics of the Middle Ages, Rabbi Goldstein rightly stresses the fact that Jewish apologists were less disrespectful toward the person of Jesus than were Christian apologists toward the teachings of the Talmud. The Jewish scholars were on the whole less interested in the negative work of disproving Christian arguments for the uniquely divine character of Jesus than in the positive work of proving the eternal validity of the Mosaic Law.

Although this little book is not remarkable for felicity of expression, it is highly interesting and useful and, above all, is a substantial contribution to the scholarly labor that is unfortunately still required to convince many Christian theologians that the Talmud and medieval Jewish literature do not display an unreasonable animosity toward Jesus.

FROM the jacket of *The Man Jesus Was* we learn that the author was brought up as an Orthodox Jew but in early manhood was "captivated by the character of Jesus and abandoned his rabbinical studies." Whether Dr. Schoen became a convert to Christianity is not clear either from this statement or from the book.

The first part of the volume is an able account of modern scholarly attempts to evaluate the sources of the Synoptic Gospels, and a dis-

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cussion of the leading schools of interpretation of the Gospel reports on the sayings and career of Jesus. The second part, which is distinguished by quiet eloquence, unpretentious learning, and great sympathy for Judaism, is a broad but unhurried survey of the Biblical traditions familiar to Jesus and his Jewish contemporaries. The only serious error in this section is the implication that the Jews of the post-Exile period called their Bible a "testament" or "covenant." These are, of course, Christian designations of the Scriptures.

The most original part of the book and that which is probably of greatest interest to Jewish readers is Part III, which discusses Jesus' conception of the Kingdom of Heaven and compares his teaching with that of the Pharisees. Informed Jews will understandably be reluctant to admit that the Pharisaic concept of God as lawgiver led to such a degree of self-glorification as the author implies or that "the principal trait of God as lawgiver is His aloofness from His subjects." One may doubt whether Jesus was more insistent upon distinguishing between the inner and the outer than were the Pharisees, who were wont to praise a man by saying "*toko kebaro*—he is the same inwardly as outwardly." Nor has the author convincingly documented his statement that the ethical teachings of Jesus "were not mere aphorisms and proverbs, like those of the Rabbis and sages, to serve as guides for the wise conduct of life."

But if, in the eyes of liberal Jewish theologians, Dr. Schoen has not been sufficiently appreciative of Pharisaic teaching as contrasted with that of Jesus, he has made partial amends for any unfairness in this respect by boldly asserting that Christianity since the time of Paul has been further removed from the spirit of Jesus than Judaism has been. "When Paul transformed the Jesus of history into the Christ of faith he sowed the seed which developed the crop of a new Pharisaism in the form of Christian theology. . . . The new religion became as legalistic . . . as the old. . . . The Pharisees of the old religion rejected [Jesus] completely. Those of the new reject him while claiming him for their own. There can be no question as to which of these rejections is the more honest and which of them Jesus would have chosen."

If Dr. Schoen's book is widely read, as it ought to be, it will undoubtedly be violently attacked by conservative Christian theologians and will probably be at least mildly criticized by Jewish theologians. But the author should not be dismayed if this happens. He may rightly take comfort in the thought that he has made an honest and reverent attempt to see more clearly what Jesus was really like by penetrating the cloud of theological distortion.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ARTHUR HERTZBERG is rabbi of the West End Synagogue in Nashville, Tennessee.

HAZEL WHITMAN has written on India for various periodicals.

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HANNAH ARENDT's book on the origins of totalitarianism is to be published shortly.

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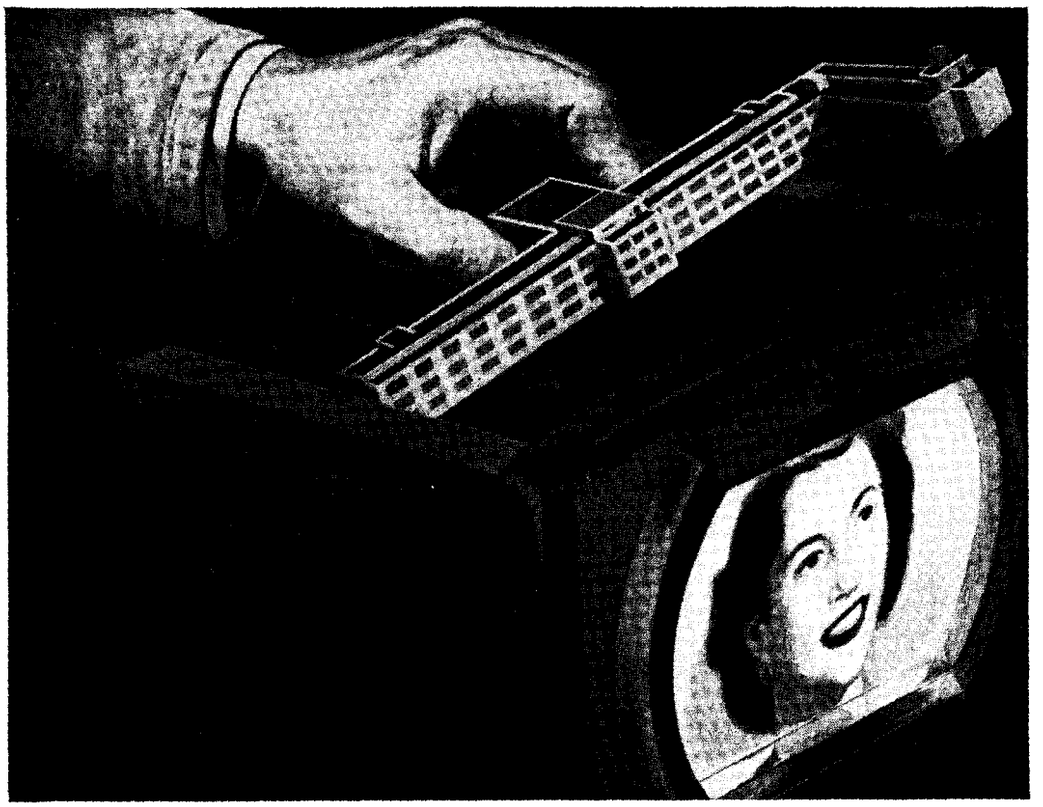

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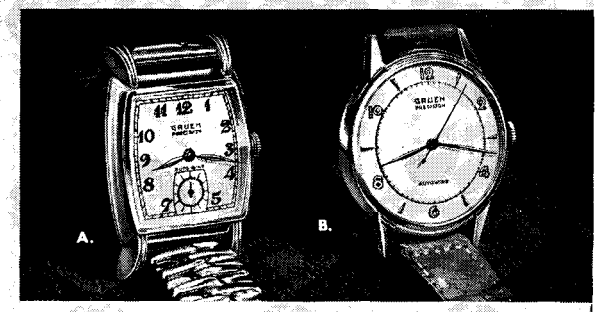

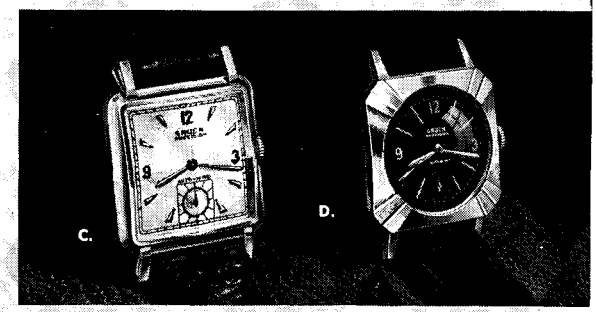

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